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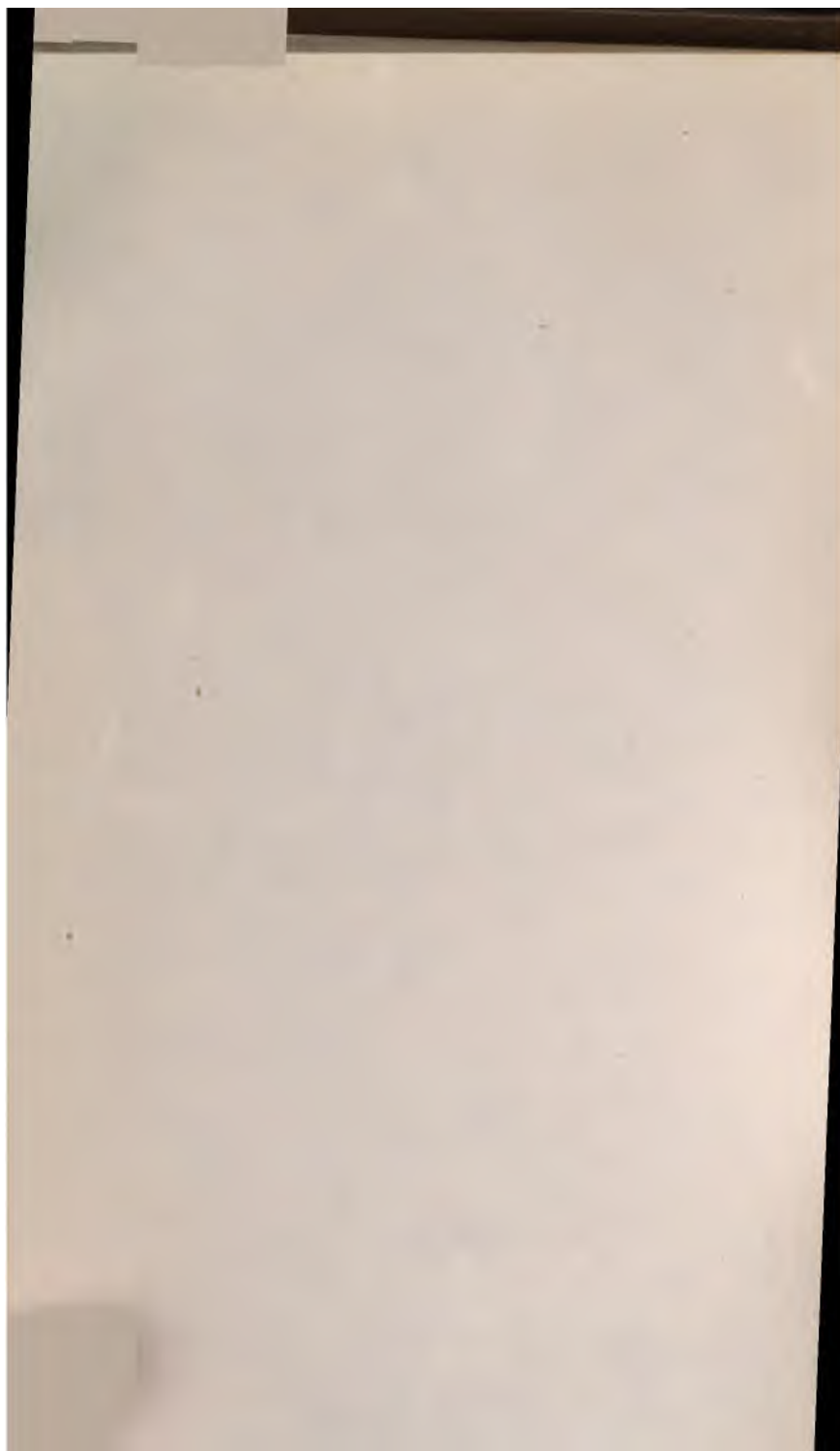
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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Life of William Blake, illustrated from his Works.*  
By the late Alexander Gilchrist, of the Middle Temple.  
2 vols. 1863.\*

‘YOU know, dear, the first time you saw God, was when you were four years old, and He put His head to the window, and set you screaming.’ This singular remark was made by Mrs. Blake to her husband, at the close of a life in which Visions (as he called them) had formed what William Blake was disposed to regard as the real, essential portion. It was of visionary images that he spoke and wrote; above all, they were the subjects of his art during a career of fifty industrious years. Such an artist—a rare being at all times—appears especially strange *regnante* *Georgio III.*; and we are much indebted to the writer who, before the last of those who knew the seer had gone, has enabled us, in some degree, to become familiar with Blake, and to comprehend the conditions under which he produced works which, at once in their wildness and their originality, are without parallel in English art.

Taking into account the long interval which separates us from Blake, who died, an old man, in 1827, and the fact that Mr. Gilchrist was himself removed before the conclusion of his work, we consider this book one of the most satisfactory amongst our recent biographies, a province of literature in which England has not been particularly eminent. It is brief—a praise which few readers will quarrel with us for placing first—for the *Life* is contained in one volume. It appears to unite the chief available records of Blake with a complete account of his works; and, from the fortunate accident that Blake gave his ideas to the world by engraving, the illustrations are able to convey a much more adequate picture of the artist, as artist, than is generally possible. What we mainly miss is a fuller statement, from letters or from printed criticism, of what Blake’s contemporaries thought of him. How much could be collected for this purpose we know not. The two friends who knew Blake best, and were best qualified to judge him, were Stothard and Flaxman. Blake

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is entirely passed over in the published Life of the first, and of Flaxman we have, as yet, no detailed biography. It is possible that letters from them may, however, be in existence, which might serve to fill the blank we regret. Mr. Gilchrist writes in a language which, if not free from a certain mannerism, is at least clear and animated, and is alive to those characteristic incidents which are in place (and only in place) in biography. When a very young man he published a Life of Etty, which, though much superior in accuracy and completeness to the superficial volumes which have formed the brief 'In Memoriam' of most of our recent artists, was seriously disfigured by its style. This is the most perfect imitation of Mr. Carlyle's manner we have ever had the ill-fortune to meet with. Perhaps it was not surprising that the peculiar merits of the 'Life of Sterling,' by that distinguished writer, should have fascinated a youthful biographer; and, although much less prominent, yet decided traces, of this fascination remain in the Blake—something of hero-worship in the comparisons drawn between Blake and his contemporaries, and something of abruptness and off-hand criticism in the incidental remarks. Crudities such as these, like spurts of the pen, are just what a fervent writer, animated with his task, throws off *currente calamo*; they are the natural protests of honest admiration for one who never found his due recognition in life, against that smirking, complacent, and complimentary worship of charlatanerie, which is the besetting sin of the English public in matters of art; they are in refreshing contrast to the 'mealy-mouthed' belaudations of everything, from worst to best, which superficial or time-serving writers fancy proofs of catholic taste. But they are also flaws which a sober judgment effaces in giving its last touches; and, had Mr. Gilchrist been spared to his task and to us, we may hope that he would have effaced them.

To complete our short sketch of the quality of this book, let us add that, by aid of Mr. Linton's well-known skill as a wood-cutter, and of some new process in photographic engraving, it has been illustrated with a copiousness and a skill which leave little to desire. Blake's poems (of which more anon), with his scanty pieces in prose, have been wisely added by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and accompanied with notes, which, though not free from occasional fancifulness and fanaticism, show much of that delicate taste in poetry that we should expect from the admirable translator of Dante's lyrics. Finally, Mr. W. Rossetti, known to the serious students of art as one of our most intelligent and accomplished critics, has compiled a descriptive and critical catalogue of Blake's drawings and paintings, which is a model of brevity, fulness,

fulness, and good sense. By this indispensable adjunct to an artist's life, the labour of love which so many hands have built up in Blake's honour has been, on the whole, well completed. *Sero, sed serio.*

The early circumstances of Blake were not unlike those of Turner. Both were born of fathers belonging to the small tradesman class, and both saw the light and spent their youthful years within the duskiest recesses of London—Turner near Covent Garden, Blake (born 1757) in the scarcely less unpicturesque region of 'Carnaby Market,' Golden Square. Yet two men could hardly be named whose art is more free from the associations of the 'great city.' By ten years old there was no mistaking the vocation of our young artist; indeed, to the angelic eyes which Blake imagined about him, his style might have been already prefigured. Beside the vision quoted above, he had seen a tree at Peckham Rye (presumably on one of his earliest insights of the country a hundred years since), clustered with as many angels as leaves. We do not find that the parents interfered much, for blame or praise, with the boy's chosen pursuit. He grew up in those quiet ways and sheltered by-places which are the best home of young Genius, drew casts from the antique, frequented sale-rooms to pick up old Italian and German prints (Dürer, the early line engravings from Raphael, and the like), and was finally apprenticed to an architectural engraver in 1771. This artist—one of several who bore the name Basire, was among the first to attempt accurate delineations of our Gothic buildings, being employed by the Society of Antiquaries on their 'Monumenta;' he was also (says Mr. Gilchrist) 'well grounded in drawing, of dry, hard, monotonous, but painstaking, conscientious style,' admired for its 'firm and correct outline.' But he cannot have shared his pupil's enthusiasm for the early masters of engraving; and from some expressions we infer that Blake, later in life, regretted the mechanical 'cross-hatchings' (always the vice of English engraving) in which he had been grounded by Basire. A comparison of his early copper-plates, 'The Gates of Paradise,' with the 'Illustrations to Job,' will show that it was not until he cut the latter work, that the technical method of Dürer or Marcantonio told decisively on Blake as an engraver.

Let us now try to mark out the influences which, during Blake's youth, contributed to form his style. The main direction of it, indeed, as with all creative minds, must be sought within. On the singular structure of Blake's own soul we shall afterwards speak more fully, endeavouring to bring out, by degrees, its many and perplexing aspects. Here it will be enough to say that from the first he appears to have had that vivid imagination

which painted as literal objects of sight, the images called up by the mind, combined with an equally marked deficiency in that regulative intellect and cultivated experience which would have enabled him to separate the 'within' from the 'without,' and to guide, rather than to follow, his own visionary conceptions. Already, as we have noticed, at ten years old, he saw a tree at Peckham Rye filled with angels. Working under Basire in the Abbey, he now not only discovered the tenderness and invention of the old Gothic art, which were hidden from the eyes of his contemporaries, but divined its origin. Joseph of Arimathea, according to Blake, was 'one of the Gothic artists who built the cathedrals in what we call the dark ages, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins.' Fancies and judgments of this kind are not uncommon amongst clever children, or amongst grown-up people of vivid imagination and untrained mind. Most remarkable examples are given by Bunyan, in that astonishing autobiography which we think the greatest effort of his great genius. There is nothing wonderful in seeing visions and dreaming dreams, unless they are accompanied by mature intellectual or imaginative power. They were, indeed, so accompanied in Blake. But whilst in the case of Bunyan the visionary impulse (as an object of real belief) passed away or transfigured itself into the sublime realities of his immortal allegory, in the less powerful and coherent nature of the artist the marriage of imagination and reason was never completed. To the close of his life we find Blake more or less unable to distinguish between fact and fancy; between what he had learnt from other artists, or from the books which he was illustrating, and the immediate inspirations of his own fertile genius. Add to this his total inexperience as a writer; that though he read much, he read (as his notes on Lord Bacon and Sir Joshua Reynolds prove) without judgment, and was early seized on by Ossian and Swedenborg; that he was apt to speak, as self-trained men are wont, without reserve or qualification; nay, when provoked, was not without a pleasure in mystifying his hearer; lastly, that he was of a peculiarly vivid, untiring, and courageous mind, restrained by no fears, and modified by no counter-arguments, and we have (we think) the key to Blake's psychological peculiarities. How these affected his art, we hope afterwards to show.

Led away, perhaps, by the fascination of so peculiar a talent as Blake's, and by the force with which he ascribed his work to direct internal prompting, Mr. Gilchrist appears to us very decidedly to overrate Blake's originality in style. 'A good deal in Flaxman and Stothard may be traced to Blake, is, indeed, only Blake in the vernacular, classicised, and (perhaps half-unconsciously) adopted. He was placed above all need or inclination

to

to borrow from others. His friend Fuseli, with characteristic candour, used to declare *Blake is d——d good to steal from.*'

Whether Fuseli, whose own inventive faculty outran his power of expressing himself as an artist, stole from Blake, or no, it will not be doubted by those who are acquainted with his works, that he, at any rate, set a powerful impress upon Blake. They appear to have become friends about 1780, when the ages of the two sufficiently indicate the relation in which they really stood—Blake twenty-two, the enthusiastic and highly-educated Swiss thirty-nine. The first important picture produced by Fuseli after this date is 'The Nightmare.' This is significant, both of Fuseli and of his influence over Blake, an influence of which Blake's style of drawing throughout his life, but especially during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, bears unmistakable traces. The differences between the two friends might, perhaps, be summed up thus: that Fuseli, in spite of his dreamy tendencies, was saved, by his better education, from the aimless wildness (ill-named extravagance or madness) of Blake; whilst Blake, in his turn, possessed of a force and tenderness of imagination to which Fuseli had no claim, saw and drew Visions, where the other composed and painted Nightmares.

Mr. Gilchrist gives no adequate proof of the assertions we have quoted above in reference to Flaxman and Stothard. Nor does acquaintance with their works appear to us in any way to confirm these assertions. Here and there, amongst Flaxman's drawings, occurs a visionary sketch, which more or less recalls Blake. Stothard's graceful designs, about the middle of his life, resemble in general style Blake's own early manner. In most, however, of their works, there is no sign of resemblance; nothing in the exquisite studies from contemporary life and manners with which Flaxman began his career, or in the delicate trans-fusions from Raphael and Watteau, recreated by his own charming fancy, that characterise the close of Stothard's long and honoured life. With the Hellenic element which forms the most conspicuous and the best known part of Flaxman's genius, Blake has even less of sympathy. The two artists are wide apart as Greek and Goth. Where they resemble each other, the likeness is due to the fact that both were influenced by the mystical religious element of the time. Allan Cunningham's interesting sketch \* gives

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\* We are glad to learn that a detailed Life of Flaxman (we hope, not without copious illustrations) is in preparation by Mr. Teniswood. As an English artist Flaxman ranks with our four or five greatest men. As a sculptor, he is, in our judgment, beyond comparison the most gifted inventor since Michel Angelo. When Canova came to England, to be caressed by our noblemen of taste, his generous nature revolted against the total neglect of Flaxman. But his protest (like that



gives us some glimpses into the sculptor's inner life, and indicates how much he was affected by Swedenborg, as Jung Stilling and Jacob Boehmen affected Goethe. The distinction between these men and Blake was that they mastered their spiritual enthusiasm. Hence the work of Goethe and Flaxman, as artists, is incomparably more complete; for completeness is impossible without sanity. Yet Blake's art, from the author's self-abandonment to his imaginations, wields a certain wild and entrancing power over sympathetic natures. It speaks to the initiated. Every hint to them seems pregnant with meaning, as the letter of Scripture to the allegorical interpreters of old. It even gains no little by its very imperfection and want of purpose, as the weather-stains on a wall, or the cinders of the grate, present landscapes and faces to a dreamy mind. Those to whom such art speaks are apt, perhaps, to overrate at once its intrinsic value, and their own taste in admiring it. They forget that their sympathy is so deep, precisely because a limitation in the artist's genius fits in with a limitation in themselves. Some remarks in Plato may occur to scholars here. 'The poetry of the sober man,' said Socrates, 'is annihilated before the poetry of the enthusiast.' But he is careful to add, 'I too am a prophet, but not altogether an enthusiastic prophet.'\* In truth, there was no risk, amidst the well-balanced nature and cultivation of the Athenians, if Plato preached the necessity of rapture, enthusiasm, madness, or however we may try to translate one of the many untranslatable words of that perfect language, for success in art. No people were more thoroughly aware than his countrymen, that this ecstasy must repose on underlying sanity and moderation. They said to themselves, with Hamlet, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of their passion, they must acquire and beget a temperance;' for only thus could perfect things and things for all time be produced. It was thus that Phidias and Plato, Thucydides and Sophocles worked, and Flaxman after them. Their creations, like those of all the very highest men, tremble with suppressed emotion. They are white hot with the fire of imagination. Yet they never abandon their majestic calm; they never outstep the tenderest lines of grace; they unite the strength of man to the reserve of maidenhood—in one word, they are *sane*.

We set a value on William Blake's genius which will, perhaps,

that of our intelligent foreign critics against some of those sculptors who are now fashionable among us) was totally unheeded. It is one of the innumerable proofs how dead the English mind is to the highest of the Fine Arts, that we should have had to wait forty years for this biography. But we hope, *nunc demum redit animus*.

\* Phædrus, c. xx. xxii.

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appear 'madness' to the 'sober man' of Plato's dialogue. Mr. Gilchrist, even though the last moderating touches which a man of sense generally finds proper to give his book are inevitably absent, keeps himself clear, on the whole, from extravagant or fanatic estimate of his subject. Yet it may be expedient thus to premise the limitations under which the art of this remarkable man was produced, as general conditions which will underlie the estimate we shall try to make of it. There is small profit in that overpraise, even of the dead, to which a proverb that has sheltered many a knave invites us. Blake, at any rate, is great enough to bear *nil nisi verum* for his epitaph. By recognising that much in him, as with all other men, was due to the circumstances of his age, and that everywhere in his art he fell short of completeness, often of moderation, we do not impair his claim to the extraordinary gift in which he probably has had no superior, and by which we desire at once to sum up our impression of his genius—the gift of imaginative intensity.

Returning to the narrative of Blake's youth, Mr. Gilchrist tells a story that he visited Reynolds, and received from him the advice 'to work with less extravagance and more simplicity, and to correct his drawing.' The President must have been advanced in life and Blake a youth at the period of this visit. They were not, indeed, men likely at any time to understand each other. The younger artist had also in him the narrowness of the half-educated or 'self-made' man, united to the firmness of conscious power. Yet no one can doubt that, had Blake been able to accept the counsel, he would not have been the 'Pictor Ignotus' which Mr. Gilchrist has happily named him. The result was that he confused through life his dislike at Reynolds's implied criticism with his dislike of Reynolds's method in painting, and expressed his feelings in sundry comments which might, we think, have been much better left to the privacy of the note-books in which they were jotted down by their irritable and neglected author.

On the close of his apprenticeship, Blake set up as an artist after his own fashion, making his livelihood as a professed engraver, and before long marrying a lively and generous-hearted girl, whose loving fidelity to her wild and gifted husband through more than forty struggling years proves that she did not regret her frank acceptance of his brief and characteristic courtship. This was the beginning of the great age of English line-engraving, and Blake appears to have had a fair amount of business, to which the friendship of Stothard, then rising into popularity, probably introduced him. The vignettes by Blake, which we have been able to identify, are cut with delicacy and spirit,  
and



and the extremities treated with care; but they never exhibit a trace of the artist's own style—a curious proof of self-mastery.

Meanwhile, however, the imagination within him was active. Honestly as he might accept the business by which he was to live, it was in the intervals when he could be himself that Blake found his real life. For some years he had worked in putting some of his thickcoming fancies on paper in the form of verse, and painting others in water-colour. A striking design, representing Plague as one of the attendant horrors of war, engraved in the 'Life,' shows that by 1784 the main elements of his style were already formed, although we have seen other early specimens much less marked with his manner.



THE PLAGUE.

The poetry came into print through the aid of Flaxman and of a kindly-natured couple named Mathews, who, about 1783, introduced Blake to a literary circle which met at their house. The volume is amongst the *rarissima* of collectors, vying in scarcity with some of the Elizabethan books of verse; nor does the resemblance stop here. For this singular genius, original in everything, had, from his youth, according to the testimony of Dr. Malkin, been a diligent reader of our early poetry. Shakspeare's

spere's Poems and Sonnets, and Ben Jonson's 'Underwoods,' are specially noted; and although, by 1770, students of the Elizabethan literature were probably less unfrequent than Mr. Gilchrist supposes, yet it is very remarkable that these lyrical writers should have been selected for his models, with instinctive taste and insight, by an engraver's lad some thirty years before the date of the ballads in which Wordsworth and Coleridge first made their submission to antiquity. A copious selection from these, and from Blake's later poems, has been wisely added to the Life. We cannot, as we have already intimated, join with Mr. G. Rossetti in that bias of mind which treats imperfect suggestiveness with the honours due to finished art; but a little fanaticism may be readily pardoned to the editor, if not precisely the first admirer, of such exquisitely tender and original stanzas as occur amongst Blake's earlier poems. It is sad but instructive to watch their steady decline, not less in poetry than in meaning, as Blake endeavoured to express ideas which could only be mastered by that sane experience of life and of literature which lay so far distant from the circumstances of his career. But when, in youth, and yet unvitiated in his mental vision by the distorting fog of religious mysticism, he poured forth his fine instincts in 'strains of unpremeditated art,' he could write with a most unusual delicacy of touch and music of expression. His verses at fourteen may be fairly set beside any specimens of early promise we know of.

*To the Muses.*

Whether on Ida's shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the sun that now  
From ancient melody have ceased;  
Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air,  
Where the melodious winds have birth;  
Whether on crystal rocks ye rove  
Beneath the bosom of the sea,  
Wandering in many a coral grove;  
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;  
How have you left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!  
The languid strings do scarcely move,  
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

Blake's brief poetical career may be traced in Mr. Gilchrist's volumes, through the 'Songs of Innocence' (1789), the 'Songs  
of

of Experience' (1794), and some few pieces now first printed from his MS., to the mystical strains in which, amidst a torrent of high-sounding phrases and oracular annunciations, here and there a glimpse, not simply of meaning, but of profound spiritual insight, relieves for a moment, if it does not repay, the labour of perusal. Our criticism would seem exactly such as might fit the writings of insane genius. We think that no one who, ignorant of their author's life, opened 'Jerusalem' or 'Albion,' 'Los,' 'Ahania,' 'America,' and the rest, would assign them a different origin.

Clouds roll heavy upon the Alps round Rousseau and Voltaire,  
And on the mountains of Lebanon round the deceas'd gods of Asia,  
And on the deserts of Africa round the Fallen Angels.  
The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent!

Or how, except as a contribution from St. Luke's, should the respectable public of 1804, to whom Hayley was a poet, and Wordsworth a heretical innovator, receive such an announcement as prefaced Blake's epic of 'Jerusalem'?

SHEEP.

GOATS.

*To the Public.*

After my three years' slumber on the banks of ocean, I again display my giant forms to the public, my former giants and fairies having received the highest reward possible.

Yet we are convinced no judgment would be more false than that which should set these down as the utterances of insanity. They are simply the singular forms taken by total inexperience in literature, combined with the wish to express in words what can only be expressed in drawings; the writer being also a man of fervent genius and entire disregard to everything but the expression of what he thinks the truth. Blake, says Mr. Samuel Palmer, himself a water-colour painter of no small poetical faculty and technical power, in an excellent letter of reminiscences, 'wanted that balance of the faculties which might have assisted him in matters extraneous to his profession. *He saw everything through art*; and, in matters beyond its range, exalted it from a witness into a judge.' One of his most favourite aphorisms, 'Art is Christianity, and Christianity is Art,' explains the *modus operandi* of Blake, when working at his own free will. It may be compared with that phrase, 'The Beautiful is the Good, and the Good the Beautiful,' which, like many similar word-juggles, has fascinated more than one gifted man. Such a nature is led, by an impulse he cannot resist, into grappling with those problems which wider mental cultivation and experience of life would warn him should be touched with reserve and commanding

manding ability, or not touched at all. The identity of the visible and invisible, or rather, the recognition of the ideal world as the true real (forcibly set forth in his *Notes on a drawing of the 'Last Judgment,'* vol. ii.), the mystery of evil, the real meaning of sin,—these, and a few other like subjects of high import, haunted Blake with all the intensity of his imaginative nature. Here and there he says on them a few words of marvellous force and tenderness. It is possible that, had his whole training and career been different, he might have been the Coleridge of his time. But he was born an artist; and only by this standard is it fair or possible to judge him. 'Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God, and in the abysses of the accuser.' 'I have composed an immense number of verses on one grand theme, similar to Homer's *Iliad* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*,' wrote the enthusiastic Blake to his friend Mr. Butts,—'an immense poem, which seems to be the labour of a long life, all produced without labour or study.' There are, certainly, few proofs of 'labour or study' in the instalment of the work hitherto published. But this was not his *métier*.

Nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures,  
Jure igitur vincemur.

It is in the brief stanzas which Blake wrote before the evil spirit of mysticism and the chimera of regenerating England by a new Christianity of Art took possession of his mind, that we find his genuine claims to rank among our poets. Such are eminently 'The Lamb,' 'The little Black Boy,' 'The Blossom,' 'The Chimney-sweeper,' the 'Laughing' and 'Cradle' Songs, 'Infant Joy,' the first 'Nurse's Song,' and the 'Wild Flower.' Some of these little pieces, by their melody and a certain suppressed symbolism of meaning, remind us of Shelley. We quote two, regretting that we have not space for a fuller analysis:—

*Nurse's Song.*

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.  
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away  
Till the morning appears in the skies.  
No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well,



Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
 And then go home to bed :  
 The little ones leapt, and shouted, and laugh'd,  
 And all the hills echo'd.

*Infant Joy.*

"I have no name ;  
 I am but two days old."  
 What shall I call thee ?  
 "I happy am,  
 Joy is my name."  
 Sweet joy befall thee !  
 Pretty joy !  
 Sweet joy, but two days old !  
 Sweet joy I call thee :  
 Thou dost smile ;  
 I sing the while,  
 Sweet joy befall thee !

The 'Songs of Innocence,' Blake's first publication, are a specimen of that original and truly artist-like manner in which almost all his own independent works were produced. Each poem is surrounded by a beautiful arabesque, with figure-vignettes interspersed, which bear reference to the poem. The words, with the outline of the decoration, are engraved on metal, in a style so eminently simple and effective that it is wonderful it should not have been more often employed. The process may be described as a reversed etching, the lights being bitten out with acid, and the darks printed from the surface left, in the manner of a woodcut. The chiaroscuro of these outlines is admirable ; anything less mechanical, or further from the neat work which delights the vulgar in all ranks, cannot be imagined.\* They may be fairly compared, in these respects, with the famous

\* Blake, much later in his life, engraved a few woodcuts, specimens of which are included in the 'Life.' Rude as these are in a technical way, they are perfect examples of imaginative power. Every touch tells. Albert Dürer's work, or Bewick's, is hardly more original ; and, like all really high art, with their simplicity they leave an impression of strange mysteriousness—of something that one cannot exhaust. It is to be regretted that engraving of this quality should have been almost extinguished in England in favour of that tricky sparkle and mindless minuteness which too often predominate in the popular landscape-series. Many of the cuts in Dr. N. Macleod's periodical, 'Good Words,' are, however, honourable exceptions to the 'Book of Beauty' style just noticed. Blake, with a truth which his epigrams do not always touch, has marked with legitimate bitterness of sarcasm a trait in the English mind which is certainly not less salient now than in the age that neglected him :—

Give pensions to the learned pig,  
 Or the hare playing on a tabor ;  
 Angels can never see perfection  
 But in the journeyman's labour.

etchings

etchings which Turner made for his 'Liber Studiorum.' Turner's were the foundation for the light and shade of the mezzotint in which the plates were finished. Blake's were similarly meant for completion in colour. And the colour is not less original and perfect in its way than the etching and the designs. Nothing so tenderly vivid, so gay with almost rainbow lucidity and sweetness (not excluding more forcible effects), has been seen in art since the days of Angelico. The little 'Songs of Innocence,' in Blake's most finished copies (for the copies differ in merit), are like what one might fancy of a fairy's missal. Some valuable and sympathetic remarks on the colour-system of this and of the artist's later works will be found in Mr. G. Rossetti's supplementary chapter, and in his concluding note to the second volume.

Blake, in the steady friendship of Flaxman and Stothard, possessed a powerful lever to move public recognition; and the 'Songs of Innocence' appear to have had as fair a success as originality in its first essay can ever hope for in this country. Unhappily for himself and for us, that obstinate element which is rarely absent from genius, and which natural quickness of mind combined with imperfect mental culture always intensify to the uttermost,\* led Blake into that unsafe prophetic region, where, whilst we sympathise throughout with the noble nature and unworldly loftiness of the man, and are amazed at the imaginative power of his work, we have to lament that so much grandeur and so much skill should be wasted on the unintelligible. We must refer our readers to the careful account which Mr. Gilchrist has given of the singular illustrated poems which Blake produced between 1789 and 1804. The artist has kept his faculty most within bounds in the 'Songs of Experience'; 'Thel' is the most purely graceful and idyllic of the series; the 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' perhaps, the most characteristic of Blake's fervent sensibility, and of his vivid insight into a philosophy which he could not grasp or master. There is an irony, in the Greek sense, about some of the 'Proverbs of Hell,' as he names them, which is truly sublime. Occasional glimpses of political reference occur: the American and French revolutions loom before us, in allusions much like those which Indians or Africans may make on debates in Parliament: in the 'Milton,' traces of Blake's personal dispute with Hayley and Flaxman are dimly perceptible; but there is no coherence in the tale.

\* We cannot name a better or a sadder instance than the career of David Gray, whose 'Luggie' and other poems have been lately edited by the pious care of R. M. Milnes (Lord Houghton). The book is on many accounts well worth study; though *non res, sed spes*, might have been the poor boy's epitaph.



Velut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit  
 Nocte quies, nequidquam avidos extendere cursus  
 Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus ægri  
 Succidimus. . . . .

Even so the visions fade and fleet in these Sibylline volumes. From the very rare 'Gates of Paradise' (a collection of small etchings) we give two designs. Blake in this case refrained from his customary accompanying text: is it to the absence of any text that we may ascribe the comparative clearness of these singularly powerful emblems?



ALAS!



WHAT IS MAN?

*Si sic omnia*, we may again say, and Blake need not have been so long 'Pictor Ignotus.' Meanwhile, turning from the resolute visionary's esoteric labours to his outer life, in 1797 we notice the first important work on which he was employed on commission as a designer, the illustrated edition of part of Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Though this cannot rank with the 'Grave' and the 'Job,' it has great power in Blake's peculiar way, and must have, we should think (even if not very successful as a speculation), made his name known to a larger public than had been reached by the 'Songs.' At any rate, in 1800, Blake was introduced by Flaxman to Hayley, the somewhat vain and affected but good-hearted and cultivated biographer of Cowper. Hayley's property

property lay in one of the most beautiful regions of the Sussex coast; and there, at the village of Felpham, he settled Blake in a pretty cottage for some four years, employing him partly to design and engrave illustrations for a series of Fables (to which we may fairly say that Hayley supplied the verse, and Blake the poetry), partly in those varnished *tempera* pictures which the artist maintained were legitimate frescoes.

This was Blake's first, and as it proved, his only experience of country life. Wrapt up in his inner world as he was, pure in heart as a child, and little vexed by the busy and harassing amusements of society, London had not been to him that utter antithesis to a sweet and happy existence which it must be to most poets. Yet the first draught of existence among woods and farms, green pastures and blue sea, worked on him with a kind of intoxication. We know little so Theocritean in its tender enthusiasm—little also so genuinely characteristic of Blake—as the letter in which he announced his arrival at Felpham to Flaxman:—

\* Dear Sculptor of Eternity,—We are safe arrived at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging, not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other formed house can ever please me so well, nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty or use.

Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates: her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. My wife and sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace. Our journey was very pleasant; and though we had a great deal of luggage, no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another; for we had seven different chaises, and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes and portfolios full of prints.

And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and those works are the delight and  
study



study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to his Divine will, for our good.

You, O dear Flaxman! are a sublime archangel,—my friend and companion from eternity. In the Divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other.

Farewell, my best friend! Remember me and my wife in love and friendship to our dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold. And believe me for ever to remain your grateful and affectionate

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*Felpham, Sept. 21, 1800, Sunday Morning.*

For a time, all went well with the artist and his patron. Blake even entered into common ways so far as to paint likenesses and give lessons in drawing amongst neighbouring families. But no two natures could be more essentially opposed than those of the artist Blake and the dilettante Hayley. There was also an element of irritability and suspicion in Blake, such as, indeed, the self-made man is peculiarly exposed to—a sort of one-sided keenness and unbalanced sense of injustice, which led him afterwards to dissensions with more valuable friends than the Poet of Felpham. A curious village quarrel with a drunken soldier,—reminding us somewhat of the story of a spy who was set, in those bitter political days, to report on Coleridge,—completed Blake's annoyance; and the current of his life resumed its ancient way. He returned to London; there, amidst comparative neglect and noble poverty, to work out not only those visionary poems in which he thought his genius found its fullest expression, but to create, at the suggestion of others, those other works where his intensity of spiritual insight, restrained within intelligible limits, reached higher altitudes, and sounded deeper depths, by virtue of its enforced concentration.

Of the 'Jerusalem' and the 'Milton,' executed soon after what Blake called his 'three years' slumber on the banks of Ocean,' we have already spoken. The latter, amidst its incoherent philosophies, contains a lovely description of some spring morning at Felpham, which Mr. Gilchrist has judiciously reprinted. Grand and inventive as are the mystic designs of these two works, and highly as they are now prized by intelligent men (a copy of the 'Jerusalem' sold the other day for 50*l.*), they were not works from which any artist could reasonably expect an immediate  
return

return. Blake, indeed, endured penury with all the heroism which is ascribed to Epictetus, in that most noble and most touching of the many noble and touching epitaphs which the Greeks have left us:—

Δούλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμεν, καὶ σώμ' ἀνάπηρος,  
καὶ πενίην ἱρός, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

Even so the artist toiled on in the long laborious mechanical process of rendering his thickly crowding imaginations, within dingy lodgings in South Molton Street, 'poor, and sick in body, and beloved by the gods.\*' 'If a man,' said Epictetus, 'desires to advance, for the sake of the inner life, he will endure to be thought a fool; for it is not easy to keep at once his own fixed purpose of following nature, and the things of this world. He who has the one, must neglect the other.'† In the spirit of this creed it was that Blake lived. His unconscious adoption of it is one of the many mental peculiarities which help us to comprehend the strangeness of his work as an artist; a phenomenon which no one phrase can adequately explain. We have noticed those features in his early training, which partly account for the singularities which, in the noble phrase of Jeremy Taylor, 'the world misesteemed as madness.' We have now to add that Blake may be also regarded as a man who was not, as most men must be, tied down to the century in which he lived. His mind dealt with the great elementary problems of all ages. His art ranged in a primary world, where the first forms of all created things were dimly seen emerging from a creative chaos. Blake himself may be said to have lived apart from chronology. In turn he was a philosopher of the early Hellenic world, with Heraclitus, when he uttered his dark sayings; or of the Roman time, in his practical life, with Epictetus; or, again, he seemed one of the Freemasons of the Middle Ages, in his passion for Gothic art and mysticism; or an anchorite in some mountain-cell, in his realistic belief in the world of dream and vision; or a poet of the Elizabethan age in his own exquisite lyrics. Whilst, in one sense, a markedly individual man, there is another in which we might say that he wanted individuality. Hence his incompleteness in art; hence,

\* 'Art was recreation enough for Blake. Work itself was pleasure, and any work—engraving, while he was at it, almost as much as design. He worked steadily on through health and sickness. Once a young artist called, and complained of being very ill—what was he to do? "Oh," said Blake, "I never stop for anything; I work on, whether ill or not." —' *Life*, Vol. I., p. 246.

† 'Encheiridion,' ch. xvii. In τῶν ἐντὸς we have followed the reading of Simplicius. May we express a wish that Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose beautiful criticism on Antoninus, published lately in one of the Magazines, gives proof also of his skill and taste as a translator, would render the little Handbook of Epictetus into scholarly and readable English? ;



also, his manifold suggestiveness. Looking at life, as it were, *à priori*, his rendering of human character is feeble: 'his faces are almost all *natural types*, instead of giving infinitely blended shades of expression.' But these natural types are treated with such power and insight, that he claims no remote kinship, in this respect, with the mighty Buonarroti. It is useful to look at so singular and gifted a man as this, in the light of all the suggestions that appear to bear on him. But, meanwhile, the painter of this century, with all his industry, was in no remote prospect of ruin and starvation.

Cromek, an engraver and publisher, by commissioning Blake in 1805 to illustrate 'The Grave,' a poem by a Scottish minister named Blair, at once did something to rescue Blake from utter poverty, and gave occasion to the production of one of his best and sanest works. For this service we are so grateful to Cromek, that we would wish that the little disputes which arose, during and after the transaction, between the unworldly and irritable artist, and the keen but not unkindly or ungenerous speculator, had been passed over by Mr. Gilchrist, who enters into the controversy at some length. We are content with remarking that, in his zeal for Blake, the biographer puts a construction which the evidence does not require on Cromek's conduct, and which, from what we know of the honourableness of Mr. Gilchrist's nature, had he been spared to publish the book, he would probably have been willing to modify.\* Cromek, at any rate, was not deficient in zeal for the success of the work, and, by one step which annoyed Blake, he really did much to promote his popularity. The designs were engraved by the skilful hand of Schiavonetti. By this, no doubt, something of the first-hand quality which Blake would have thrown into his own work was sacrificed. But everyone who looks at Blake's Illustrations to Young, before noticed, will admit that the translation of his startling visions into the common language of engraving was a vast advantage in securing the attention of ordinary judges. It is probable that

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\* We cannot, however, pass over without a word of protest the violent language in which Mr. D. G. Rossetti (note on p. 118, Vol. II.) has endorsed Blake's charges against his brother-artists. Even were these accusations of plagiarism 'constant' in the pages which follow (which we do not find to be the case), Mr. Rossetti should have remembered that something beyond the assertion of Blake is required when Stothard and Flaxman are the subjects of such an attack. His remark that 'justice perceives these words to be true' is unsupported by any evidence here adduced. It is not proved that even the idea of painting the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' was borrowed by Stothard; and the two pictures, as every one knows, and as Blake himself distinctly asserts, are totally dissimilar. The truth is, that Blake (to any except the distorted vision of partisanship) stands as little in need of certificates of inventiveness and originality as his two great contemporaries. ■



Schiavonetti corrected in some degree the Fuseli-like mannerism of Blake's drawing; at least, he mediated between the transcendental world of the artist and that decidedly more terrestrial region in which the British public has its being. This was no unworthy function. The end of all art is to please. It is well to meet halfway, as it were, the highest or most imaginative natures. But it is well, also, to raise less-gifted but still accessible minds by the medium of lofty pleasure. Blake's weak side, a noble weakness indeed, was that he worked too exclusively for the initiated. The 'Grave' rendered the 'Job' intelligible to learners.

Many years after, one of Blake's young friends, who has himself risen since to no common distinction in his art, Mr. Linnell, the landscape-painter, gave him the commission to execute the series of designs last named. In selecting for his subject the Book of Job, Mr. Linnell showed a discrimination worthy of his insight as an artist. He chose at once a poem, which, by its infinite spiritual suggestiveness, exactly suited Blake's best genius, and by its definite images, perhaps in part by the very sacredness of its text, confined that genius within rational limits. That these illustrations stand supreme amongst the artist's efforts seems generally admitted. The 'Songs of Innocence,' with their idyllic grace of design and charm of colour, might perhaps be placed nearest. But the Songs are amongst the rarest of rare books, whilst the 'Job' is less uncommon.\* Photolithographic copies of all the plates have been wisely given in Mr. Gilchrist's second volume. These, it is true, cannot reproduce the peculiar combined sharpness and delicacy of Blake's own engraving, which, in this series, but only in this, shows more of the essential quality of the great old masters,



DEATH'S DOOR.

\* If, as we believe, the original plates, which cannot be seriously worn, are still in Mr. Linnell's possession, we would venture to urge on him a re-issue of the work. It could not be done under better auspices than those of Blake's most distinguished pupil. That it is a re-impression should be distinctly expressed on each plate, in any such case, to prevent subsequent fraud or uncertainty.

Marcantonio and Dürer, than any modern copperplates we know of. The study of Bonasoni, Marcantonio's ablest successor, is stated by Mr. Gilchrist to have been the reason of this change in style. The copies, however, are sufficient to give readers a fair idea of the original; and will, we think, be a source of deep interest to all, who, not discouraged by certain limitations rather than defects of style, are willing to make the effort needful to appreciate an originality of idea unsurpassed by any other artist, ancient or modern. Within Blake's own circle, we know no such spiritual veracity as his—no such intensity. On his frequent ascription of his designs to direct vision,—the one fact with which he is identified in the popular mind,—we shall have presently a few words to say. It is noteworthy that he nowhere lays claim to such an origin for the 'Job.' Yet, if any man, the author of these marvellous inventions might have been justified in ascribing them to some visionary inspiration,—in doubting whether they were the work of his own hands. Here, if anywhere, in the sublime language of Plato, is that 'possession and ecstasy with which the Muses seize on a plastic and pure soul, awakening it and hurrying it forth like a Bacchanal in the way of song and poetry in all her kinds, to set forth a thousand deeds of old for the instruction of those who come after.'\* Not without a full measure of this divine *Mania* did Blake 'approach the gates of poetry.' To quote a recent criticism†:—

'As we turn these singular pages we find the spell which they have held over us from childhood powerful as ever. In the earlier scenes of the history, although perhaps less intimately suited than the later to Blake's visionary genius, yet from the very first he has mastered the most difficult point in such a task; he has transported us into a primæval atmosphere. The landscape has that vague, far off quality, neither indeed Syrian nor Egyptian, but infinitely old, poetical, and mysterious, which seems, as it were, natural to the "Land of Uz" and its primitive inhabitants. The architecture, half Druidic, half Cyclopean, belongs to no known style, but is of that elementary fashion which might have been practised in the world newly rising from the Deluge. The figures of the patriarch and his pastoral family exhibit the same imaginative propriety. The admirably touched vignette-borders which surround each print repeat or allude to the subject of it with a symbolism not inferior to the Greek in perfect poetical adaptation. They are the chorus to the drama enacted within. There have been artists who might have caught the dramatic character of the scene with equal force, and with more mastery in design and expression than Blake; but, since Christian art began, we doubt whether any one could have thrown himself into the spirit

\* 'Phædrus,' c. xxii.

† 'London Review.'

of the pastoral age with such penetrating identification. Then the strain changes; we hear Job recount the visions of the night, and the voice from the whirlwind paints the wonders of Almighty power in language of unapproachable sublimity. These are scenes where even the greatest of artists might have been inclined to stay their hands, and withdraw from the hopeless effort of representation; but such scenes were the natural sphere of Blake; and if by their character they transcend all strict representation, it may at least be said that no one has equalled him in the veracity with which his intense imagination saw first, and then set forth for our instruction, the things in the heavens above, or the waters below the earth.'

We have classed the 'Job' with the 'Grave,' not only on account of their common excellence, but of their common origin. Remark that these are Blake's finest productions, after his first youthful 'Songs,' and that both are illustrations of given subjects, not of his own inventions. Similar as they are in quality of art, no contrast can be greater than between the wonderfully illustrative character of the 'Job' and the vague, helpless dreams which fill the 'Jerusalem.' This is a real clue to a right comprehension of Blake. When he drew 'Jerusalem' and its companions, he spoke of transcribing his visions. The result is a magnificent and unintelligible chimera. When he illustrated 'Job' and 'The Grave,' and ultimately Dante's 'Inferno' (also for Mr. Linnell), he was working, on commission, from prescribed materials. He now drew 'like a Christian, or any ordinary man.' All the fine qualities of his art appeared, and with them a beauty and a sanity, a depth of insight and a power of coherent expression, which are wanting in the visionary series. And this great superiority cannot have been altogether due to the nature of the subjects provided. In real elevation and beauty nothing can be more opposed than the poems of Young and of Blair, and the poems of Job and of Dante. But they each supplied a nucleus of intelligibility, and this was enough. Whether transcending in every line the narrow and prosaic utterances of 'The Grave' and the 'Night Thoughts,' or almost rivalling the old Hebrew poet in the sublimity of his conceptions, Blake could cling fast in every case to the centre of solid thought provided, and save his genius, in his own despite, from wasting itself in wild gyrations through the dim and monster-haunted infinite.

Blake, in truth, may be said to have been least himself when most left to his own free devices. We have already alluded to the visions which, in his latter days, formed a pregnant subject of his conversation, and have ever since formed a favourite text for anecdotic gossip to lovers of the marvellous. Even were not  
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the art of an artist the proper subject for study (a suggestion which some recent biographies provoke), the importance of this matter has been, we think, much exaggerated. It is curious that the series of drawings directly taken from what Blake termed visions, and engraved, in part, in Mr. Gilchrist's book, are precisely the least valuable of the innumerable designs by Blake which we have examined. The heads of Edward I., Wallace, and the rest, are equally wanting in force of drawing and in character. Even the famous 'Ghost of a Flea,' at least as here engraved, we must venture to think a feeble production. Had Blake always worked thus, he would have ranked no higher than the American spirit-artists. But the truth seems to be that his language on visions hardly exceeded what a more completely educated man would have simply confessed to be a figure of speech. When annoyed by questions, or when invoked by a credulous friend (as by the astrologer Varley, whom he gratified by the series just noticed), he would, it is true, indulge his bent to the utmost. The curious conversations printed in the 'Life,' from Mr. C. Robinson's notes, give also an idea that, as Blake's bodily strength failed, some half-believing, half-ironical delight in such hallucinations may have grown upon him.

Blake's own words, in some curious writings on art, which have been included in Mr. Gilchrist's second volume, may be taken as the best authority on this subject. They seem (to us at least) entirely to clear up the 'vision' hypothesis. No such aid appears to have been claimed by Blake for his Illustrations to Job, Dante, and the rest. None such is claimed in the Catalogue of his Exhibition for its most important item, the 'Pilgrimage.' On the contrary, he here analysed Chaucer's intention in his characters, with a sane and penetrating insight which few commentators have approached. 'As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men. Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters.' Under the next heading occur also a few words to which we request attention. Blake is speaking of the visions described by the ancient Prophets. 'He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organised than anything seen by his mortal eye.' Soon after, in some curious notes on a design of the 'Last Judgment,' Blake remarks:—

'I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation  
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and that to me it is hindrance, and not action. *What, it will be questioned, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?* Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty! I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it.'

These passages appear to us conclusive as to Blake's real view of his art. Translated into ordinary language from his Swedenborgian or Lavater-like style, they assert his absolute reliance on the inner eye of imagination as his guide. As Mr. Gilchrist notes, they are phrases much like the 'vision and the faculty,' which the sanest of all our modern poets applied to poetry. The remark that to him the outward creation was a hindrance, is in conformity with other similar expressions, and is fully borne out by Blake's work in its strength and its weakness. It has the wild, mystic, alluring power which belongs only to imaginative intensity. But it wants, to take Mr. Rossetti's phrase, the 'lovely impression of natural truth.' He had an indestructible animosity towards what, to his devout old-world imagination, seemed the keen polar atmosphere of modern science. In society, once, a cultivated stranger was showing him the first number of 'The Mechanic's Magazine.' 'Ah, Sir,' remarked Blake, with bland emphasis, 'these things we artists HATE!' (*Life*, p. 328). This hatred to the mechanical he seems to have carried into an aversion from anything which seemed like merely transcribing nature. He has the rarer gift, indeed, yet only one of the two main gifts which are required for the perfect artist. When a centre of fact and truth was provided, as in the 'Job,' the deficient balance of his faculties is almost supplied. Yet even here, when we compare him with a man like Flaxman, he leaves us with an impression of unique and glorious incompleteness.

In the preceding pages we have anticipated most of Blake's achievements during the last third of his life. The story of his latter years, as told by Mr. Gilchrist, is indeed one of eminent interest: a tale of high and noble pathos, not uncheered by many of the consolations which rarely fail a man who, even with certain of the infirmities of genius, pursues his course in singleness of heart and utter unworldliness. Here, too, we reach what in the earlier part of his 'Life' is wanting—an abundance of details upon Blake, given by the attached observers, who were naturally gathered together by the attraction of so much genius, united to so much suffering. It is not to be admitted that minute illustration, but it is a most characteristic touch.

The quarrel between Blake and the world, Blake, who in spite of his physical infirmities, had a true passion



passion for literature, appears, before his connection with the publisher was broken off, to have shown him a sketch, representing Chaucer's *Pilgrims on the Road to Canterbury*. What followed is matter of dispute. But it is possible that the subject, as if on his own suggestion, was mentioned by Cromek to Stothard, who, probably without any idea that Blake had pre-occupied it, saw its capabilities, and set to work forthwith to paint it after his own fashion. Of course, it is also possible that the *Pilgrimage* may have been suggested to Stothard in perfect good faith by Cromek, or even by Blake himself, in whom narrow jealousy had no place. At any rate, Stothard's honest disposition is alone quite enough to clear him of any dealing in the matter which could be open to censure. Blake, however, irritated with Cromek, and, like all guileless people, apt to see deceit everywhere when he fancied himself once deceived, included his old friend in his condemnation of the publisher, and, not satisfied with producing a more powerful design before Stothard's was ready, attacked him in the Catalogue already noticed. The breach thus made—in which for a while even Flaxman was included (vol. ii. p. 156)—was never healed. Flaxman's unwearied and unwearyable kindness indeed conquered Blake; but Stothard, according to Mr. Gilchrist's report, would not be reconciled. This, even on the least favourable construction, was not a case of decided, still less of ill-intentioned plagiarism. It was much less, for example, than the aid which Stothard gave to Chantrey, and was far indeed from such assistance as at least one sculptor of our day (under the very highest patronage) is understood to receive. In the absence of more than our present hearsay information we can only suspend our judgment, and regret the human weaknesses which, even for a time, divided three friends, so long attached and so worthy of each other's friendship. They have now passed where 'beyond these voices there is peace;' and it is only the Immortals, in the phrase of Homer, who, at whatever distance, never fail to recognise each other.

This transient storm is, however, almost the single break in the lofty and admirable tranquillity of the artist's career. The world was not his friend, nor the world's law. We turn gladly from the uncongenial dispute to the contemplation of Blake's latter days, where, whilst his noble endurance of poverty and unflagging creative genius give elevation to the picture, it is also cheered by the troops of friends who, during his latter years, paid honour to the 'old man eloquent.' Beside the 'Job' and the woodcuts to Malkin's 'Eclogues,' Blake now produced a long series of designs to Dante's 'Commedia,' still in possession of  
Mr.

Mr. Linnell, whose liberality thus a second time did Blake and us good service. Of these drawings Blake engraved seven. We give one specimen (reduced), which may be profitably compared with Flaxman's version, remembering that the artist was now approaching his seventieth year:—



THE CIRCLE OF THE TRAITORS.

Meanwhile the House of the 'Interpreter,' as the younger circle of friends named one who, certainly, himself was in no small need of interpretation, was the scene of a calm and happy old age, such as might well be called the Euthanasia of a true artist. One story preserved by Mr. Gilchrist is eminently characteristic. A lovely child of wealthy parents was one day brought to Blake, sitting in his old worn clothes, amidst poverty, decent indeed, but only one degree above absolute bareness. 'He looked at her very kindly for a long while without speaking, and then, stroking her head and long ringlets, said, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!"' We hardly know a tale of more pathetic beauty:—

'Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

Not less characteristic is the anecdote preserved by Mr. C. Robinson, how he read Wordsworth's great Ode aloud to Blake, almost ready to omit (for fear of unsympathy), as with a sensitive man of fine feeling it always *must* be, the most imaginative and  
transcendental



transcendental of its expressions; and how Blake at once, with fellow-insight to Wordsworth's, fastened in 'an almost hysterical rapture' on the very words which the reader justly regarded as the central clue to the poet's magnificent creation:—

'But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have look'd upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat :  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?'

It is, indeed, no marvel that these words impressed Blake. They are the expression of that imaginative impulse, of that spiritual insight, which he was rarely able himself to embody in such perfect form. They also are words which—and this though the words of the calmest and most philosophical of our modern poets—the world might easily misconstrue into exaggeration or folly. 'Blake is a wild enthusiast, is not he?' we read that Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, said about this time before Charles Lamb and Flaxman. 'Ever loyal to his friend, the sculptor drew himself up, half-offended, saying, "Some think me an enthusiast,"'

Our last extracts are from the letter of Mr. Samuel Palmer, already alluded to. It seems to us, on the whole, the closest and wisest judgment preserved on Blake:—

'In him you saw at once the maker, the Inventor. He was energy itself, and shed around him a kindling influence, an atmosphere of life, full of the ideal. To walk with him in the country was to perceive the soul of beauty through the forms of matter. . . . He was a man without a mask; his aim single, his path straight forwards, and his wants few; so he was free, noble, and happy. His eye was the finest I ever saw; brilliant, but not roving; clear and intent, yet susceptible; it flashed with genius, or melted in tenderness. Nor was the mouth less expressive; the lips flexible, and quivering with feeling. I can yet recall it when, on one occasion, dwelling upon the exquisite beauty of the Parable of the Prodigal, he began to repeat a part of it; but at the words *when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him*, he could go no further; his voice faltered, and he was in tears.'

A saying of Blake's on art is in exact correspondence with the fine sensitiveness here displayed. 'Do you work in fear and trembling?' he asked of a student who came to him for advice. 'Indeed I do, Sir.' 'Then you'll do!' was the reply.

The same unity of character and simple persistence in his straightforward course mark the dying hours of the good and noble

noble old man, Aug. 12th, 1827. It probably was within a very short distance from his own death that Mr. Gilchrist wrote this chapter of his work, and we think he has touched the tale with much skill and tenderness. The last anecdote is well known.

For one of the friends who watched by his bedside the dying artist coloured with his utmost skill that magnificent design of the 'Ancient of Days,' which may well bear comparison with the sublimity of Milton and Michel Angelo. After he had frequently touched upon it, and frequently held it at a distance, he threw it from him, and, with an air of exultation, exclaimed, 'There, that will do; I cannot mend it!'

Whilst he said these words his glance fell on his loving Kate, now no longer young, but who had lived with him in these and like humble rooms in hourly companionship, ever-ready helpfulness, and reverent sympathy for now forty-five years. As his eyes rested on the once-graceful form, the thought of all she had been to him in these years filled Blake's mind. 'Stay, Kate!' he cried, 'keep as you are!—you have ever been an angel to me!'—and his last work was her likeness.



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ART. II.—1. *Historia de Animalibus, Gr. et Lat., Jul. Cesare Scaligero interprete, cum ejusdem commentariis.* Ed. Phil. J. Maussacus. Tolosæ, 1619. Folio.

2. *Histoire des Animaux d'Aristote, avec la Traduction Française.* Par M. Camus, à Paris. 2 vols. 4to. 1783.

3. *Aristotelis de Animalibus Historiæ, Libri X. Gr. et Lat.* Ed. J. G. Schneider. 4 vols. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1811.

4. *Aristoteles Naturgeschichte der Thiere, übersetzt und mit Anmerkungen begleitet,* von Dr. Friedrich Strack, Frankfurt am Main. 8vo. 1816.

5. *Aristoteles*

5. *Aristoteles Thiergeschichte, in zehn Büchern; Uebersetzt und erläutert*, von Dr. Ph. H. Kùlb. Stuttgart, 1856.
6. *Aristotle's History of Animals, in Ten Books*. Translated by Richard Cresswell, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1862.
7. *Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science, including analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings*. London, 1864.

**ZOOLOGY**, like every other branch of physical science, is in its nature essentially progressive. 'First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' is a law no less in philosophy than in nature. Ever since the Creation the intellectual mind of man has been acquiring fresh stores of knowledge, generally, indeed, by slow and laborious steps, sometimes by rapid strides, as here and there some master mind has succeeded in moulding into some well-defined form the results of previous discoveries. Each succeeding generation inherits some valuable patrimony bequeathed to it by the speculations or discoveries of a former age,—

'For I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.'

'The physical sciences are, commonly, not formed by one single act,' as Dr. Whewell has well said, 'they are not completed by the discovery of one great principle; on the contrary, they consist in a long continued advance, a series of changes, a repeated progress from one principle to another, different and often apparently contradictory.\*' The torch of science, that burns in these days with a full and clear but continually increasing light, emitted for ages an unsteady flickering glare; at certain epochs it was fanned by the breath of some pre-eminently endowed mind—*aliquo afflatu divino*—into a clearer but still a transient flame, again perhaps for centuries to smoulder with an all but extinguished fire; yet he who now from the lofty pinnacle of the temple of science surveys with just pride the vast field, rich in promises for the future, which opens to his view, and fails to bear in mind the labours of those who, in ages past, have helped to rear the scaffolding or to build the fabric, commits a grave mistake indeed. 'The final form of each science'—we quote again the words of Dr. Whewell—'contains the substance of each of its preceding modifications; and all that was at any antecedent period discovered and established ministers to the ultimate development of its proper branch of knowledge.'†

These remarks apply, it is true, more particularly, though not

\* 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' i. p. 9.

† *Ibid.*, p. 10.  
exclusively,



exclusively, to what we understand by *positive science*; that is to say, to that method of inductive reasoning, by which from our knowledge of one or more particular facts we infer the general law of any phenomenon; but at the same time we ought also to take into account the various speculations that have emanated from disciples of the metaphysical schools of ancient Greece, which, though doubtless generally barren in results, have still contributed something to the general fund. It is very curious to note how the physical theories of the ancients occasionally coincide with the discoveries of modern science, and who can say that their 'guesses at truth'—for they were generally nothing more—have not had some real though unrecognised influence in directing the minds of future generations to the investigation of those laws which they have successfully determined. 'All those who have any conviction in the steady development of humanity,' a thoughtful writer has admirably remarked, 'and believe in a direct filiation of ideas, will at once admit that the curious but erroneous speculations of the Greeks were necessary to the production of modern science.'\* It would be easy to adduce instances in which the ancient philosophers, by some fortuitous speculation, appear to have anticipated modern discovery; their theories, however, for the most part, rested on no foundation; they were simply guesses, their authors were quite unable to prove their truth. Democritus, it is said, maintained that the milky-way was only a cluster of stars. He was quite right, but he could not *know* the fact. The telescope of Galileo *revealed* it. The atomism of the philosopher of Abdera is identical with the *Monadologie* of Leibnitz, and although unquestionably distinct from the true atomic theory of Dalton and the moderns—the former being 'the affirmation of indefinite combinations,' the latter 'the law of definite proportions'—it may perhaps be considered to contain its germ.† The principle of the astronomic system of Copernicus was foreshadowed by Philolaus and other disciples of the school of Pythagoras, for they considered the sun to be fixed, and attributed a motion to the earth.

'All natural science, and indeed science of every kind, is to be referred,' as the learned German historian of Botany‡ has remarked, 'to the mingling together of two distinct sources, the observation of facts, and speculation upon the facts observed,' or to use the language of Whewell,§ we may say that to the formation of science two things are requisite—facts and ideas; observation of things without, and an inward effort of thought, or in

\* 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' by G. H. Lewes, i. p. 12.

† Ibid., p. 153.

‡ Ernst H. F. Meyer, 'Geschichte der Botanik,' i. p. 3.

§ 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' i. pp. 6, 7.

other words sense and reason. Neither of these elements, by itself, can constitute substantial general knowledge. The impressions of sense, unconnected by some rational and speculative principle, can only end in a practical acquaintance with individual objects; the operations of the rational faculties, on the other hand, if allowed to go on without a constant reference to external things, can lead only to empty abstraction and barren ingenuity. Real speculative knowledge demands the combination of the two ingredients—right reason, and facts to reason upon.

In the early ages of the world we may say without hesitation that there was no science in the true sense of the term. Knowledge for the simple sake of knowledge had no existence. Of speculative philosophy there is scarcely a trace to be found before the time of Thales, who may fairly be looked upon as the father of Greek speculation. It was the Greeks, moreover, who first developed this habit of mind; they first separated the speculative from the practical tendencies of mankind.\* Amongst the Shemitic nations barely a vestige of the scientific spirit is to be seen before the middle ages when the Arabs began to cultivate it, but it was not indigenous to the Oriental mind. Arabian science was essentially Greek, and borrowed from Aristotlean and others of the metaphysical school of Greece.

The striking generalization of a modern philosopher, which has received the sanction of writers so eminent as Grote, Mill, and Lewes, is certainly very applicable to the development of the mind of the ancient Greek philosopher. According to these authors there are three distinct and characteristic stages which history reveals to us in man's attempts to explain natural phenomena; these stages have been named the supernatural, the metaphysical, and the positive. In the supernatural stage, to borrow the words of Mr. G. H. Lewes, man explains phenomena by some fanciful conception suggested by the analogies of his own consciousness. 'Nature is regarded as the theatre whereon the arbitrary wills and momentary caprices of superior powers play their varying and variable parts. Men are startled at unusual occurrences, and explain them by fanciful conceptions. A solar eclipse is understood, and unerringly predicted to a moment by positive science; but in the supernatural epoch it was believed that some dragon had swallowed the sun!' In the metaphysical stage man 'explains phenomena by some *à priori* conception of inherent or superadded *entities*, suggested by the *constancy* observable in phenomena, which constantly leaves him to suspect that they are not produced by any *intervention* on the part of an external being, but are owing to the *nature* of the things themselves.'



selves.' Here 'the notion of capricious divinities is replaced by that of *abstract entities*, whose modes of action are, however, invariable, and in this recognition of *invariableness* lies the germ of science.' In this epoch Nature has a 'horror of a vacuum'; organised beings have 'a vital principle,' and matter has a '*vis inertiae*.' In the third stage, 'man explains phenomena by adhering solely to these constancies of succession and coexistence ascertained inductively, and recognised as the *law of Nature*.' . . . In this positive stage 'the invariableness of phenomena under similar conditions is recognised as the sum total of human investigation; beyond the laws which regulate phenomena it is idle to penetrate.' Grecian philosophy, as we have already stated, belonged to the metaphysical stage; to the stage of positive science neither Aristotle, nor Plato, nor any ancient philosopher ever arrived; but the progress from one to another of these stages has been gradual. The step from the supernatural stage to the metaphysical was one in the right direction, though it was not made without much opposition; that from the metaphysical to the positive we are accustomed correctly, we think, to date from Francis Bacon, the father of inductive science.

Natural science, therefore, in the supernatural stage of the Greek mind had no existence whatever. The natural productions of the earth, whether river, sea, or mountain were identified with heroes, nymphs, and genii. The sun and moon were veritable personages, Helios and Selene, that drove their chariots—the horses of which lived on herbs that grew in the islands of the blessed. They possessed flocks and herds, and were endowed with other attributes of humanity. To the mind of the early Greek there was nothing absurd in such notions, they seemed perfectly natural and plausible. 'Mythology is poetry to us; to the ancients it was religion and science.' The animals that figured in the zoology of the early Greek were hydræ with nine heads, one of which was immortal; stags with golden antlers and brazen feet, birds that used their feathers as arrows, and fed on human flesh; and centaurs half men and half horses, with talking doves, 'Gorgons, harpies, and chimæras dire.' In the supernatural stage of the Hellenic mind these and many other fabulous monsters were doubtless regarded as veritable living forms. Again, the belief in gods and heroes naturally led the early Greek worshipper to suppose that these quasi-human personages had their favourite animals and plants; hence, it may readily be imagined, arose various popular superstitions with regard to them.

That the progress from the mythopœic or supernatural stage to the

the metaphysical one was effected only very gradually and in spite of much opposition will be apparent from the fact that even in the times of Socrates and Plato, at the very zenith, that is, of the development of the Grecian intellect, these great thinkers asserted their belief in the divinity of Helios and Selene. How far this belief was spontaneous, or how far it was exacted by the intolerant religious spirit of the age, we will not presume to say; at any rate, it contrasts strongly with the teaching of the first disciples of physical philosophy, Thales, Xenophanes, and Pythagoras, who a hundred years before had opposed the current theology, 'recognising determinate properties, invariable sequences, and objective truth in nature, either dependent on willing or designing agents, or serving to these latter at once as an indispensable subject-matter and as a limiting condition.'\* That Socrates professed to believe in the divinity of the sun and the moon is evident from the following conversation between him and Meletus:—

'*Meletus*.—This I say, that you entirely disbelieve in the gods.

'*Socrates*.—O wonderful Meletus, why do you say such things? Do not I consider the sun and moon to be gods, just like other men?

'*Mel.*—No; by Jupiter, O judges! since he asserts that the sun is a stone and the moon earth.

'*Soc.*—You are imagining you are accusing Anaxagoras, my dear Meletus; thus you have a poor opinion of these your judges here, and suppose that they are so ignorant as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras of Clazomene teem with such remarks. And, in truth, the young men learn these things from me which they can buy for about a drachma in the orchestra, and thus laugh at Socrates, if he pretended he was the author of them, especially since they are so absurd.'†

No doubt the views of Socrates and Plato with regard to the divinity of the sun and moon were far in advance of many of their predecessors, though they showed also a retrograde step when compared with the philosophy of Anaxagoras. Subjects, moreover, which related to the laws of the physical world were not suitable topics for discussion in the mind of the pious Socrates; and when we bear in mind how jealously such speculations were looked upon by the illiterate and superstitious public, and how frequently and virulently they were made the butts for the scorn of the intolerant Aristophanes, we shall be in no degree surprised to find how slowly any advance in the knowledge of natural phenomena was made; how, too, in the writings of men most distinguished for subtle intellect and patient research, the

\* Grote, i. p. 496.

† Plato, '*Apol. Socer.*' xiv. D. E. Ed. Stallbaum, Lips., 1820.

most foolish speculations find a place beside sober and philosophical reasoning.

Aristotle's 'History of Animals' forms one of the most important of all his writings. It has occasionally met with adverse criticism, but on the whole the judgment which has been accorded is favourable in the highest degree. Whether Aristotle merits the eulogies which have been very lavishly bestowed upon him will be seen as we proceed.\* Aristotle is proudly regarded by the zoologist as the 'father of natural history,' and with justice; for although it is certain that the various statements and observations recorded in his zoological treatises do not proceed from himself, and that a large proportion of them are erroneous, still, he it is who first produced, so far at least as can be learnt, a compendious work on zoology. In this work will be found truth and error, fact and fable, grain and chaff strangely mingled together; it would indeed have been a wonder had it been otherwise, considering the state of the Greek mind in Aristotle's time, a mind, as we have seen, so generally opposed to the investigation of natural phenomena. And although we must allow that the Stagirite did, 'in an age of universal superstition, discard from his works many popular tales, and fancies, and beliefs which were received by the mass of his countrymen as religious truths, sanctioned by antiquity, interwoven in their history, and consecrated in their poetry,' yet the fact is indisputable that he is found here and there quite as credulous and absurd as he represents both Ctesias and Herodotus to be; sometimes, indeed, seeming to assert in one part of his writings the very things which elsewhere he has ridiculed one of them for believing.† That Aristotle credited the story of the Salamander being able to live in the fire is evident from the following quotation:—

'In Cyprus, where the stone *chalchitis* is burnt by men who heap it together, for many days, small winged creatures, a little larger than big flies, are produced, which walk and leap about in the fire. . . . These animals die if taken out of the fire; and that it is possible for

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\* Compare for instance the exaggerated remark of Buffon, who thus speaks: 'Aristotle's "History of Animals" is perhaps even now the best work of its kind; he probably knew animals better, and under more general views, than we do now. Although moderns have added their discoveries to those of the ancients, I do not believe that we have many works on Natural History that we can place above those of Aristotle and Pliny.' 'The language of Cuvier,' says Mr. Lewes, 'passes all bounds permissible to sincere enthusiasm.'

† Compare v. 4, § 5, with 'De Generat. Anim.,' iii. v. How is the opinion of Herodotus (ii. 93), that fish were impregnated by swallowing the milt of the male, more foolish than Aristotle's assertion that the hen-partridge was similarly operated upon by the wind when it blew from the male bird to her; or that his breath was sufficient for the purpose? (v. 4, § 7). Of two ridiculous notions, Aristotle's is the more absurd.



some living animals to sustain the effects of fire is evident from the case of the salamander, for this animal, it is said, extinguishes the fire as it walks through it.' (V. 17, §§ 12, 13.)

The 'History of Animals' consists of ten books; the tenth book, however, is supposed by many writers not to be the genuine work of Aristotle; others again have supposed that it was a continuation of the seventh book. There is certainly some reason to doubt its genuineness. 'Aristotle's Natural History' as Külb observes in his introduction, 'formed a connected whole according to its whole philosophical system, but the chain—of whose existence there still is clear evidence—is now broken, and we can with difficulty bring its scattered links together from indications to be gathered from the work itself.' It is quite impossible to fix with any degree of certainty the chronological order of Aristotle's 'Natural History' treatises. According to Külb they may be arranged in the following series. The first is formed by the 'History of Animals;' with this treatise the four books on the 'Parts of Animals' are connected, of which, however, the first book is regarded by Schneider and Külb as a general introduction to the 'Natural History.'

'The conclusion of this work was, in all probability, a treatise now separated from it, concerning the "Gait of Animals." Afterwards follow three books "On the Vital Principle," and a few fragments of a similar writing "On the Breath," and the closely-connected treatise "Of Perception and Things perceived," "Of Memory and Recollection," "Of Sleep and Waking," "Of Dreams," "Of Prophetic Dreams," "Of the Motion common to all Animals." In conclusion come the larger work "On the Generation of Animals," in five books, and the shorter treatises "On Long and Short Life," "On Youth and Age, Life and Death," and "On Breathing." Moreover, to this series of Aristotle's writings belong several, which we no longer possess, viz. :—Eight books on Anatomy, which were furnished with illustrations; a fragment on Anatomy (*Ἐκλογὴ ἀνατομῶν*) in one book; a work on "Made-up Animals" (*ὑπερ τῶν συνθέτων ζώων*), i. e. figures of animals fantastically formed by poets and artists out of the parts of different real animals; a book "On Fabulous Animals." Also we may reckon here, as clearly connected, seven books upon "Medicine." Thus the sum of the several treatises and books amounts to fifty, a number which answers tolerably well to the declaration of Pliny, that Aristotle had written fifty books about animals.'

A glance at the above-named works, without taking into account his numerous metaphysical writings, will suffice to show in what a vast and comprehensive field the great mind of Aristotle wrought. It is a matter of deep regret that so many of his works have perished, and especially must we deplore the  
loss

loss of the 'Anatomical Illustrations and Diagrams,' to which he frequently refers, and from which much curious and interesting knowledge might have been derived.\*

Aristotle's ideas of physiology, which doubtless were generally identical with those taught in the medical schools of Greece about our author's age, were very far from the truth; but considering that he had no knowledge of the circulation of the blood, nor of the nervous system, this is no matter of surprise; and yet the bold confidence with which he upsets the opinions of his predecessors, and seeks to establish his own—which are nearly always quite as visionary as the others—is very characteristic of the metaphysical mind of ancient Greece. Truly has Dr. Whewell remarked that these early philosophers entered upon the work of physical speculation in a manner which showed the vigour and confidence of the questioning spirit, as yet untamed by labours and reverses. It was for later ages to learn that the man must acquire, slowly and patiently, letter by letter, the alphabet in which nature writes her answers to such inquiries; the first students wished to divine, at a single glance, the whole import of her book.†

Külb, in his recent German translation, has put together some of Aristotle's physiological views in something like the following form. It need hardly be added that the Stagirite's ideas are altogether erroneous.

'The heart is regarded by Aristotle as the source of everything to all living beings; for the blood, the aliment of the whole body, is prepared by it and poured into the vessels that issue from it; but to itself no supply comes from any part. The circulation of the blood was not then thought of; consequently no distinction was made between the veins and the arteries, and very extraordinary were the conjectures touching the course of these vessels through the body. Through the natural heat of the heart, the blood becomes heated, and thus the heart is the source of warmth to the whole body. On this heat of the heart also depends its motion, for as the nourishing juices contained in the blood become warmed, there ensues an evaporation which causes the heart to heave, or, as we say, to beat, and simultaneously the chest is distended. Into the space thus produced the cold external air rushes, and under its condensing influence everything resumes its original smaller size, until a fresh evaporation in the heart again distends the chest, and gives motion to all the vessels, even to the extremities of the body. The heart fulfils another important duty. As it contains numerous sinews, it is the source of all

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\* It is usually asserted that these diagrams were made by the philosopher himself; we have been unable to discover the slightest proof that the illustrations to which he alludes were done by his own hand, or under his direction.

† 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' i. p. 25.

the sinews that put the various joints in motion. Furthermore, the heart as being the seat of the sentient soul is regarded as the source of all sensation. . . . The importance of the heart in having so many functions to perform is very obvious, and Aristotle therefore considers it the fortress of the body; hence it lies in the middle, the most protected spot, with a slight direction forwards. Life begins with its action and ceases with it. Next to the heart ranks the brain, and the efficiency of the brain lies in its antagonism to the heart, for the latter is warm, the former cold; but as nature universally produces her perfect harmonies by means of antagonism, so she formed the brain to correct the heat of the heart, out of earth and water, and suffered no blood to pour into it, in order that the work of cooling might go on undisturbed, and only sent a few slender branches of bloodvessels into the enclosing skin, in order that circling there they might serve to modify such an overpowering mass of coolness. Aristotle expressly denies that the brain has anything to do with sensation, and rests upon the fact that the brain by its motion produces no kind of sensation. As relates to the senses, man is principally distinguished from other animals by his greater delicacy of touch, the other senses being often possessed by animals in greater perfection than by him. Touch and taste are the only senses absolutely essential to animal existence; the noblest of the senses are sight and hearing;—sight, because of the needful and instantaneous service it renders,—hearing, because it takes in sounds which warn of danger.

‘In addition to the brain, another means of cooling the heart’s heat is the act of breathing. The greater or less importance of this function depends on the greater or less degree of the natural temperature of the animals. Hence the breathing organs are made proportionate to the animal’s necessities, the bloodless or cold animals requiring them smaller, those provided with blood, or the warm animals, requiring them larger. Fish which have little blood are sufficiently cooled by the water. The rest of the animal creation, which have much blood, need a lighter medium and one which shall permeate the whole body and extend its influence even to the heart; and such a medium is air. This is inspired and expired by all creatures, and hence they all require a lung, and an air-tube. The inspired air is cold, and thus acts upon the heart in the manner mentioned before. In this operation the lung does exactly the work of a pair of bellows, except that, in the latter case, the incoming and outgoing air has not one and the same passage. A difference in the form of the air-tube produces difference of sound. On breathing motion also, that is, motion within the body itself, depends. Locomotion Aristotle makes subject to volition and predetermination, and only in this sense ascribes voluntary motion to a living animal. As the heart is the seat of sensation it naturally must be regarded as the centre whence issue volition and desire. But the mechanical media by which such will or desire is carried out are not hinted at; and it must be confessed that Aristotle was totally uninformed concerning the mechanism of regulated motion by means of muscles, bones, and nerves. Whether he perceived that



that the nerves formed a distinct portion of the animal economy remains at most very doubtful. The muscles he included under the general name of flesh, and his representation of the bony system is a curious mixture of perfect adaptation and great inefficiency.\*

Aristotle held some peculiar notions with respect to the skull. He says, 'that part of the head which is covered with hair is called the cranium; the fore part of this is called the sinciput; this is the last formed, being the last part in the body which becomes hard.' He correctly alludes here to the opening in the frontal bone of a young infant, which gradually becomes hardened by ossification; 'the hinder part is the occiput, and between the occiput and sinciput is the crown of the head. The brain is placed beneath the sinciput, and the occiput is empty (!) the skull has sutures; in women there is but one placed in a circle (!) men have generally three joined in one, and a man's skull has been seen without any sutures at all.† The often repeated question as to how far Aristotle's observations are the result of his own investigation naturally suggests itself again here; had Aristotle ever dissected a human body, he never would have asserted a proposition so manifestly false as that the back of the head is empty, or that women have only one suture placed in a circle. It would be easy to adduce many other passages in proof that Aristotle very often borrowed his statements from others, or that he generalised hastily. 'The dog's cranium,' he says, 'consists of a single bone.' It is probable that Aristotle had got hold of the cranium of an old individual in which the sutures had become obliterated. 'There is a kind of ox which has a bone in its heart, though it is not found in all oxen; the horse also has a bone in its heart.' It would seem that Aristotle supposed every horse had a bone in its heart; indeed, from a comparison of another passage, he appears to regard the bone as a necessary part of the animal's heart; for, he says, 'the heart in all animals which we have considered is without bone, with the exception of horses and a certain kind of oxen, which, on account of their great size, have a bone for the sake of support.'‡ The bones to which Aristotle refers are abnormal osseous depositions in the valves of the heart, which occur in many of the mammalia, and indicate a diseased state. The seal and the pig are said to have no gall, though Aristotle correctly attributes the non-existence of a gall to the stag, elephant, horse, &c.

\* Külb's 'Einleitung.'

† This seems to be copied from Herodotus (ix. 83), εὐρέθη κεφαλὴ οὐκ ἔχουσα ῥαφήν οὐδεμίαν, ἀλλὰ ἐξ ἑνὸς λούσα δαστέου, who speaks of a skull found by the people on the battle-field of Plataea some years after the battle. There is nothing very remarkable in such a discovery. The sutures are not unfrequently obliterated.

‡ 'De Partibus Animalium,' iv. 2.

It is impossible to study Aristotle's Natural History Treatises and not be convinced that he borrowed largely from his predecessors. It is probable that his observations on human anatomy and physiology were derived in great measure from the writings of the illustrious Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and from the information, whether oral or written, obtained from his own father Nicomachus, who was physician in ordinary to the King of Macedon, Amyntas II., and who was himself, as Stahr informs us, 'the author of several treatises on subjects connected with natural science.'

Do we detract aught from the fame of Aristotle when we assert that his 'History of Animals' is largely indebted to the labours of others? Did not Cuvier acknowledge his obligations to his predecessors in the field of zoological science, to Lacépède, Levaillant, Blainville, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and a host of others? Has Cuvier's fame thereby decreased? Is it possible that the life of a man, the author of so many and various learned works, who died at sixty-two, could have sufficed for the observation of such a mass of recorded facts? Does the evidence of the existence of much error and want of investigation in Aristotle's Natural History writings close our eyes to the greatness of his intellect, and to the fact that those very writings contain vast stores of interesting matter which evince the brilliancy of his genius, the originality of his mind, and the philosophic combination of his ideas?

With regard to the question of the formation of a systematic classification by Aristotle, people's views differ so widely as to be almost irreconcilable; for while some maintain, as Kùlb has remarked, that 'Aristotle purposely abstained from forming *any system*, in order not to prejudice the more accurate conclusions of better and later wisdom, or at least laid down no such marked distinctions, as we fancy we perceive in his writings, and had merely a vague general idea of classification, which as little resembled a *system* as a mere jotting down of all the letters of the alphabet would resemble an essay; others are resolved to discover a system so perfect that it leaves to us little to alter in it.' Nothing can be more erroneous than this latter view, which has been so successfully combated by Dr. Whewell more than twenty years ago, that it is a wonder to find it still maintained by some writers. Were it a fact that Aristotle's classification is in many respects 'superior to some of the most admired and recent attempts of modern times,' the law of evolution, upon which we have laid so much stress, would be materially interfered with, or indeed completely destroyed. 'But in reality,' we now quote Dr. Whewell's words—

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'The statements to which we refer respecting the scientific character of Aristotle's zoological system are altogether without foundation, and *this science confirms the lessons taught us by all the others*. . . Aristotle's nine books "*On Animals*" are a work enumerating the differences of animals in almost all conceivable respects; the organs of sense, of motion, of nutrition, the interior anatomy, the exterior covering, the manner of life, growth, generation, and many other circumstances. These differences are very philosophically estimated. . . . Aristotle proceeds to state his object, which is, to describe the differences of animals in their structure and habits. He then observes that for structure we may take man for our type, as being best known to us. . . The authors of this "*Systema Aristotelicum*" have selected, I presume, the following passages from the work "*On Animals*," as they might have selected any other; and by arranging them according to a subordination unknown to Aristotle himself, have made for him a scheme which undoubtedly bears a great resemblance to the most complete system of modern times:—

'Book I. chap. v.—"Some animals are viviparous, some oviparous, some vermiparous. The viviparous are such as man, and the horse and all those animals which have hair; and of aquatic animals, the whale-kind, as the dolphin and cartilaginous fishes."

'Book II. chap. vii.—"Of quadrupeds which have blood and are viviparous, some are (as to their extremities) many-cloven, as the hands and feet of man. For some are many-toed, as the lion, the dog, the panther; some are bifid, and have hoofs instead of nails, as the sheep, the goat, the elephant, the hippopotamus; and some have undivided feet, as the solid-hoofed animals, the horse and the ass. The swine-kind share both characters."

'Chap. ii.—"Animals have also great differences in the teeth, both when compared with each other and with man. For all quadrupeds which have blood and are viviparous have teeth; and, in the first place, some are ambidental (having teeth in both jaws), and some are not so, wanting the front-teeth in the upper jaw. Some have neither front-teeth nor horns, as the camel; some have tusks, as the boar, some have not. Some have serrated teeth, as the lion, the panther, the dog; some have the teeth unvaried, as the horse and the ox; for the animals which vary their cutting teeth have all serrated teeth. No animal has both tusks and horns; nor has any animal with serrated teeth either of those weapons. The greater part have the front-teeth cutting and those within broad."

'These passages undoubtedly contain most of the differences on which the asserted Aristotelian classification rests; but the classification is formed by using the characters drawn from the teeth, in order to subdivide those taken from the feet, whereas, in Aristotle, these two sets of characters stand side by side, along with dozens of others; any selection of which, employed according to any arbitrary method of subordination, might with equal justice be called Aristotle's system. Why, for instance, in order to form subdivisions of animals, should we not go on with Aristotle's continuation of the second of the above  
quoted



quoted passages, instead of capriciously leaping to the third. "Of these some have horns, some have none. . . . Some have a fetlock-joint, some have none. . . . Of those which have horns, some have them solid throughout, as the stag; others, for the most part, hollow. . . . Some cast their horns, some do not." If it be replied, that we could not by means of such characters form a tenable zoological system, we again ask by what right we assume Aristotle to have made or attempted a systematic arrangement, when what he has written, taken in its natural order, does not admit of being construed into a system?

'Again, what is the object of any classification? This, at least, among others:—To enable the person who uses it to study and describe more conveniently the objects thus classified. If, therefore, Aristotle had formed or adopted any system of arrangement, we should discover it in the order of the subjects in his work. Accordingly, so far as he has a system, he professes to make use of it. At the beginning of the fifth book, where he is proceeding to treat of the different modes of generation of animals, he says, "As we formerly made a division of animals according to their kinds, we must now in the same manner give a general survey of their history. Except, indeed, that in the former case we made our commencement by a description of man; but in the present instance we must speak of him last, because he requires most study. We must begin, then, with those animals which have shells (*testaceous molluscs*); we must go on to those which have softer coverings (*crustacea*), then to the *cephalopoda* and annulose animals; after this to fishes, both viviparous and oviparous, then to birds, then to land-animals, both viviparous and oviparous."

'It is clear,' Dr. Whewell continues, 'that Aristotle had certain wide and indefinite views of classification, which, though not very exact, are still highly creditable to him; but it is equally clear that he was quite unconscious of the classification that has been ascribed to him. . . . The honour due to the stupendous accumulation of zoological knowledge, which Aristotle's works contain, cannot be tarnished by our denying him the credit of a system which he never dreamt of, and which from the nature of the progress of science could not possibly be constructed at that period. But, in reality, we may exchange the mistaken claims which we have been contesting for a better, because a truer, praise. Aristotle does show, as far as could be done at his time, a perception of the need of groups, and of names of groups, in the study of the animal kingdom: and thus may justly be held up as the great figure in the prelude to the formation of systems which took place in more advanced scientific times.\*

We have given at some length Dr. Whewell's remarks on this point. They evince great powers of discernment, and are incontrovertible. But although we deny to Aristotle the *formation* of any grand philosophical system of classification, we must not

\* See 'History of Inductive Sciences,' iii. pp. 344-355.

suppose that he *had* none at all. There appear certain indications that he *adopted* the one in general use amongst his contemporaries, such as it was; we regard this early prelude to the formation of a zoological system rather as the exposition of the knowledge and opinions of others than his own; he very frequently in the course of his writings refers to certain groups or families which he says are 'without a name,' 'have never received any name.' Now it is observable that Aristotle *never proposes names* for these anonymous groups. He adopts the current nomenclature without alteration or addition. He employs only two formal terms of classification, namely, *γένος* and *εἶδος*. The former term denotes an assemblage of different species having some general resemblance to one another; it may be synonymous with the modern terms, *family*, *order*, or *class*; the latter term is usually, though not exclusively, applied to what modern naturalists commonly understand by *species*.

The first great division in the classification of Aristotle is made between 'animals that have red blood' (*ἐναιμα*) and 'those whose blood or vital fluid is not red' (*ἄναιμα*). It is incorrect, we think, to suppose that the *ἄναιμα* were regarded by Aristotle as being entirely destitute of a vital fluid analogous to blood. He states that every living creature is furnished with moisture, the loss of which occasions death. In some animals this moisture is found in the blood and veins; in others the situation is analogous only; but these are imperfect as fibres and serum. The red-blooded animals were divided into (1) *Viviparous and Oviparous Quadrupeds*, (2) *Birds*, (3) *Fishes*, (4) the *Cetacea*, and perhaps (5) *Serpents*. These are the principal classes (*γένη μέγιστα τῶν ζῶων εἰς ἃ διαιρεῖται τὰλλα ζῶα*). Of the *ἄναιμα*, or animals without red blood, the following are the great divisions, though some of these were without recognised names:— (1.) A class of animals covered with a shell (*τὸ τῶν ὀστρακοδέρμων γένος*) called shell-fish (*ὀστρεον*); this corresponds to the *testaceous molluscs* of modern naturalists. (2.) Animals having a soft shell (*τὸ τῶν μαλακοστράκων γένος*), such as crabs, lobsters, &c.; this division had no recognised name, it answers to our *Crustacea*. (3.) Soft-bodied Mollusca (*τὸ τῶν μαλακίων*), such as the *teuthis* and *sepia* (cuttle-fish); this division corresponds with the *Cephalopoda* of the moderns. (4.) Annulose animals (*τὸ τῶν ἐντόμων*), such as bees, scolopendra, corresponding generally with the *Insecta* and partly with the *Annulata* of present zoologists. Aristotle, it is true, hints at further division of these great groups, but we nowhere find that he proposes any systematic arrangement of them into sub-orders, families, &c.

The whole history of Zoology points unmistakeably to the gradual

gradual evolution of the great truths of the science: our present knowledge, imperfect it is true, is the result of the accumulated efforts of many labourers in the wide field of nature; 'not only labour but time, not only one man of genius but several, and those succeeding each other, are requisite to the formation of any considerable science.' To Aristotle and Gesner, Marcgrave, Swammerdam, Willugby, Ray, Harvey, Linnæus, Cuvier, Hunter, Milne Edwards, Owen, Huxley, and a host of other celebrities, the science of Zoology is indebted—to some of these, doubtless, more than to others, but still to all she owes something; each earnest inquirer into the truths which Nature has to reveal has it in his power to add some trifling contribution to the general cause.

Aristotle was well aware of the great difficulty in deciding whether certain organisms belonged to the vegetable or animal kingdom. The following passage is extremely interesting:—

'Nature passes so gradually from inanimate to animate things that from their continuity, their boundary, and the mean between them is indistinct. The race of plants succeeds immediately that of inanimate objects, and these differ from each other in the proportion of life in which they participate, for compared with other bodies, plants appear to possess life, though when compared with animals, they appear inanimate. The change from plants to animals, however, is gradual, as I before observed. For a person might be in doubt with regard to some things that are found in the sea whether they are animals or plants; for many of them are attached to the rock and perish as soon as they are separated from it. The pinnæ are attached to the rocks, the solens cannot live after they are taken away from their localities; and on the whole, all the testacea resemble plants, if we compare them with locomotive animals; some of them appear to have no sensation; in others it is very dull. The body of some of them is naturally fleshy, as of those which are called *tethya* (Ascidian molluscs); and the *acalephe* (*actinia*) and the sponge entirely resemble plants.'

Aristotle believed in spontaneous generation—an opinion, we may observe, which has been revived in modern times and defended with considerable ability:—

'It is evident,' he says, 'that some fish are of spontaneous birth and do not originate from ova. Those which are neither oviparous nor viviparous are all produced from mud or sand, or from the putrid matter on the surface, as also the foam in sandy places produces the *aphya*. This *aphya* never increases in size, and is barren, and as time advances it perishes and another fry is formed . . . this is a proof that it sometimes originates in the soil, for it is not captured by fishermen in cold weather, but on a fine day it may be taken as it comes up from the ground for the sake of the warmth; when they have dragged the ground and scraped up the surface the fish are more numerous



numerous and better. Sometimes it is found on the surface of the sea, hence called *aphrus* ("foam") during fine weather; here it is whirled about, and like the little maggots in dung, so this is found in the foam which floats on the surface.'

Some worm-like creatures, called 'entrails of the earth,' which perhaps denote the *gordius aquaticus*, were also believed to be produced spontaneously from mud and moist earth; many insects, too, were supposed to spring from putrid matter.

Although Aristotle's *Natural History* contains little that is minutely descriptive, here and there he gives us complete pictures of his animals. Here is an admirable account of those attached semi-transparent, sub-cylindrical masses familiar to every dredger under the name of tunicated molluscs, the simple or solitary ascidians:—

'The creatures called tethya have a most distinct character, for in these alone is the whole body concealed in a shell. Their shell is intermediate between skin and shell, so that it can be cut like hard leather; this shell-like substance is attached to rocks, in it there are two perforations, quite distinct from each other, and not easily seen, by which it emits and receives water . . . when laid open there is first of all a sinewy membrane lining the shell-like substance, within this the fleshy substance of the *tethyon*. Unlike any other creature, its flesh, however, is alike throughout, and it is united in two places to the membrane and the skin from the side, and at its points of union it is narrower on each side; by these places it reaches to the external perforations which pass through the shell; there it both parts with and receives food and moisture as if one were the mouth, the other the anus, the one is thick, the other thinner. Internally there is a cavity at each end, and a passage passes through it; there is a fluid in both the cavities. Besides this, it has no sensitive or organic member. The colour of the tethyon is partly ochreous, partly red.' (IV. 6, §§ 1-3.)

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the small-framed, thin-legged lisping pupil of Plato, notwithstanding his conspicuous dress and the rings on his delicate fingers,\* was occasionally found by his fellow-disciples at Athens, or his friends in Macedonia, busily dissecting some fish or cephalopod. Sponges afforded matter for speculation to our philosopher's inquiring mind:—

'The sponge-fisheries,' we are told by the late Edward Forbes, 'were probably conducted among the ancient Greeks, as they are now. Hence, information being obtainable with facility, we find a full account of the sponge in the writings of Aristotle. He appears to have been deeply interested in its history on account of the link it

\* The description given of Aristotle's personal appearance by Diogenes Laërtius. seemed

seemed to present between the animal and vegetable natures. Therefore the question whether sponges possessed sensation is discussed by him more than once, and left undecided. The statements for and against their capacity of feeling are, however, fairly put forward. Aristotle distinguishes sponges under two heads, those that might be cleaned, and those which could not. Of the last he states that their substance was compact, but perforated by large canals. They were more viscous than other sponges, and when dried remained black. The description exactly applies to the common coast-line sponges of the Ægean, useless for economic purposes. His account of the sponges of commerce is more detailed. He distinguishes three varieties: those which are lax and porous; those of thick and close texture; and a third kind, called sponges of Achilles, finer, more compact, and stronger than the others. These last were rarest and used to be placed in helmets and in boots, as protections from pressure for the head and feet. They all grow on the rock, adhering not by one point only, nor by the whole surface, but by some extent of their surface. The best kinds grow on the coasts which become suddenly deep. He attributes the superior fineness of texture in these deep-sea kinds to the greater uniformity of temperature of the water in such places. When alive and before they are washed they are black. Their canals are often inhabited by little crustacea. Such are the leading points of the account given of sponges in the fifth book of the "History of Animals." The statements are very exact, and must have been the result of careful observation and inquiry.\*

Some of our readers have doubtless seen a small round crab (*Pinnotheres veterum*), that lives parasitically within the valves of the 'wing-shell' mollusc (*Pinna*), or the common muscle. This little crustacean was known to Aristotle and the ancients under the name of *pinnophylax* or *pinnotheres*, both of which terms show that the story about the friendship between the crab and the mollusc is older than the time of Aristotle. 'The pinna,' he says, 'contain a *pinnophylax*, either a caris or a cancer, of which, if they are deprived, they quickly die.' Among the bivalve testacea, mentioned by Aristotle, 'we find,' says Edward Forbes, 'on the shores of Asia Minor, the pinna, living, as he described it, fixed by one extremity, and standing upright in sand or mud, moving itself by a byssus. Open a few, and in five out of ten you find the little crab, the *πιννοθήρης*, the fabled guardian and cherished friend of the pinna. It is pleasant to find this little crab in a *pinna* grown at home, but pleasanter to find it in a free *pinna*, the descendant possibly of those in which Aristotle caught that little crab's progenitor.'† The story of the partnership between the *pinnotheres* and the wing-shell, mentioned by Pliny, Oppian,

\* Spratt and Forbes's 'Travels in Lycia,' ii. p. 128.

† 'Travels in Lycia,' ii. p. 111.

and others, is doubtless a fable; but it is curious to observe that Hasselquist seems to have credited it, for he says:—

‘The *Pinna muricata*, or great silk muscle, is here found in the bottom of the sea in large quantities, being a foot long; the *ὀκτώποδια* or cuttlefish with eight rays, watches the opportunity when the muscle opens her shell, to creep into it and to devour her; but a little crab, which has scarcely any shell, or has at least only a very thin one, lives constantly in this shellfish; she pays a good rent, by saving the life of her landlady, for she keeps a constant look out through the aperture of the shell, and, on seeing the enemy approach, she begins to stir when the *πύρα* (for so the Greeks call the shell), shuts up her house, and the rapacious animal is excluded. I saw this shellfish first at the island of Milo, and found such a little crab in all I opened. I wondered not a little what was her business there; but when I came here (Smyrna), I was first informed of it by the secretary of our consul, Mr. Justi, a curious and ingenious man, who has travelled much and lived long in this place. This was afterwards confirmed by several Greeks, who daily catch and eat both these animals.’\*

The mention of the cuttlefish suggests our making a few remarks on Aristotle's observations with regard to the habits and structure of the *Μαλάκια*, or cephalopod molluscs. The term *μαλάκια*, corresponding etymologically with the modern *mollusca*, now employed to denote one of the great classes or primary divisions of the animal kingdom, was used by Aristotle to signify the cephalopoda or cuttlefishes. ‘Respecting the living habits of the cephalopods,’ Professor Owen remarks, ‘Aristotle is more rich in details than any other zoological author, and Cuvier has justly observed that his knowledge of this class, both zoological and anatomical, is truly astonishing.’

‘The remarkable changes of colour,’ writes Professor Forbes, ‘presented by the polypus was noticed by the ancients, and the truth of the statement of Aristotle that such change is suddenly produced by fear,† may be easily verified by observing one of these creatures when suddenly taken out of the water.’‡ Aristotle notices four species of polypus, of which, however, only two appear to be identified with certainty, viz., the *Octopus vulgaris* and the *Elidone macropodia*. Some of these cephalopoda were articles of food; they were said to be best when in spawn. That

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\* ‘Voyages and Travels,’ Lond. 1766, p. 406.

† That the changes of colour in the skin of the *Loligo* is not caused by mental emotion,—an explanation sanctioned by modern naturalists of note,—has been proved by Mr. Lewes, who observed the colour specks to appear and disappear in detached portions of the skin of the *dead* animal. See this author's charming ‘Sea-side Studies,’ pp. 94-97, 1st Ed.

‡ ‘Lycia,’ ii. p. 98.



cuttle-fish were considered delicacies by the ancient Greeks is evident from numerous passages cited by Athenæus.

Every visitor to the sea-side, if he uses his eyes at all, is familiar with the sight of that curious occupant of empty uni-valves, popularly called the 'hermit' or the 'soldier' crab—the drollest of the droll order of stalk-eyed crustacea. There are several species, one of which is thus described by Aristotle:—

'The creature called *carcinium* resembles both the malacostraca (*crustacea*) and the testacea, for this in its nature is similar to the animals that are like carabi, and it is born without a shell; but because it makes its way into a shell and lives in it, it resembles the testacea, and for these reasons it partakes of the character of both classes. Its shape, to speak plainly, is like that of a spider, except that the lower part of the head and throat is larger. It has two thin red horns and two large eyes below these, not within, nor turned on one side, like those of the crab, but straightforwards. Below these is the mouth, and round it many hair-like appendages; next to these, two divided feet with which it seizes its prey, and two besides these on each side, and a third pair smaller. Below the thorax the whole creature is soft and when laid open is yellow within . . . it is not united with the shell like the *purpura* and *ceryx*, but is easily liberated from it.' (IV. 4, § 14.)

Edward Forbes remarks on Aristotle's observations upon the hermit crab, as follows:—

'Curiously enough the truth of this statement was made a matter of controversy among naturalists in the early part of last century, for Swammerdam denied the assertion of Aristotle that the hermit was not the true owner of his shell, and maintained that the contrary was the case, and that there was a muscular attachment connecting the crustacean to its house. Although old Rondeletius and others had previously certified to the truth of Aristotle's narrations, yet the faith of many, such as the French Commentator Camus, was shaken by the great Dutchman's positive assertion and reputation for accurate observation. Yet was the Father of Natural History right after all. And that he had observed most carefully is evident from his details respecting the several kinds of these hermit crabs and the variety of their borrowed habitations.' ('Lycia,' p. 114.)

The account Aristotle gives of the crocodile is evidently taken from Herodotus, and there is no proof that Aristotle had ever seen a crocodile. Cuvier, indeed, crediting a story purporting to have as its author Ammonius, son of Hermeas (A.D. 480 circ.) thought that Aristotle had gone with Alexander's expedition into Egypt and brought back from thence considerable materials for his 'History of Animals.' Subsequently, however, Cuvier abandoned this idea. Aristotle notices the smallness of the eggs of  
the

the crocodile when compared with the size which the mature animal attains. 'The river crocodile produces as many as sixty eggs, which are white. She sits upon them for sixty days, for they live a long while. A very large animal is produced from these small eggs; for the egg is not larger than that of a goose and the young is in proportion, but when full-grown the creature measures seventeen cubits.' Herodotus's words are: 'Of all known animals this is the one which, from the smallest size, grows to be the greatest, for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more.' The moving of the upper jaw, erroneously ascribed by Herodotus to the crocodile, is repeated by Aristotle. The well-known story about the trochilus flying into the crocodile's mouth and picking the leeches out, as told by Herodotus, finds a place in Aristotle's account. We may here remark that this habit of a little bird—which appears to be some species of plover—entering the jaws of the huge saurian, has been confirmed by Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and is so far from being 'contrary to all reason,' as maintained by Sir Gardner Wilkinson,\* that it is supported by several curious analogous cases in nature.

It must be confessed that Aristotle appears to have made use of the observations of other writers without due acknowledgment. That he borrowed from other sources is unquestionable; but whether he intended his readers to suppose that his descriptions were the result of his own investigations or not we cannot undertake to affirm. He does not hesitate to quote their names when he is opposing their theories or their statements: then Herodotus is 'the mythologist' and Ctesias 'utterly unworthy of credit.'

Aristotle's observations upon bees and wasps are very curious. The queen-bee is called a king. The drone, therefore, was not recognised as being the male bee. He seems to have been a useless sort of personage, making no honey, and supported by the other bees. The bee (*μέλιττα*), the king-bee (*βασίλειος τῶν μελιττῶν*) and the drone, *κηφήν* (*ὁ ἐν ταῖς μελιτταῖς*), though living together in the same establishment, were regarded as distinct kinds (*γένη*). The drones which were produced after the death of the king in the cells of the bees (*μέλιτται*) were supposed to be very passionate; they were therefore called 'stingers' (*κεντρωτοί*), for the following strange reason, that, though being really destitute of stings, and without the power to sting, they yet had the will! The honey-dealers used to fumigate the hives

\* Notes on Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' ii. p. 97. See also 'Ancient Egyptians,' iii. pp. 79, 80.

when they took the honey. 'When bees have stung anything, they perish, for they cannot withdraw their sting from the wound without leaving their entrails; but they are frequently saved, if the person stung will take care to press the sting from the wound; but when its sting is lost the bee must perish.' 'Bees also appear to have pleasure in noises, so that they say that they can collect them into their hives by striking earthen vessels, and making noises. But it is very doubtful whether they hear or not; and if they hear, whether they collect together from pleasure or from fear.' Aristotle notices the fact, that wasps are injurious to bees, also titmice, swallows, and the bee-eater (*Merops apiaster*). He enumerates frogs and toads amongst their enemies. The toad, of course, does something very wicked and unnatural—he blows into the entrance of the hive, and destroys the bees as they fly out.'

Aristotle paid much attention to fish; and his observations on this interesting class of animals are often true to nature. His remarks on the cartilaginous order, the sharks, rays, &c., would lead us to believe that they are the result of his own anatomical investigations. The quasi-placental connection that exists between the uterine portion of the oviduct and the egg which it contains, in the case of some species of viviparous sharks, as in the genus *Mustelus*, has been well described by Aristotle. He thus speaks of the habits of the angler-fish (*Lophius piscatorius*) and its device in procuring food: 'Marine animals also have many artful ways of procuring their food; for the stories that are told of the batrachus, which is called the fisher, are true, and so are those of the narke. For the batrachus has appendages above its eyes, of the length of a hair, with a round extremity to each like a bait. It buries itself in the sand or mud, and raises these appendages above the surface, and when the small fish strike them it draws them down till it brings the fish within reach of its mouth.'

The torpedo, endued with the power of giving electric shocks, was well known to the ancients under the appropriate name of Narke (*νάρκη*), 'the benumbing fish.' Meno accuses Socrates of resembling 'both in form and other respects the broad marine narke; for this fish benumbs the man who approaches and touches it; and you appear to have done to me the same thing, for in truth I am benumbed, both in mind and mouth, and I don't know how to answer you.'\* Aristotle thus speaks of the torpedo: 'The narke stupifies any fish it may wish to master with the peculiar force which it has in its body, and then takes and feeds upon

\* Plato, 'Meno,' 80. A.

them :



them: it lies concealed in sand and mud, and captures as they swim over it any fish that it can take and stupify: of this circumstance many persons have been witnesses. The narke has plainly caused stupefaction in men.'

Dr. Whewell illustrates the confusion of thought on mechanical subjects that characterised the minds of the early writers by the fable of the *Remora*, which was supposed by Pliny and others to have the power of stopping the progress of a ship. The word used by the Greeks to denote this ship-stopping fish was *ἐχέμυς*: the Roman writers used a term of nearly similar import, *remora*, 'the delayer.' Pliny's fine words, in which he laments for the vanity of human affairs, when a little fish, as he believed, could stop an admiral's ship, have been often quoted. We only allude to them as proof that Pliny implicitly credited this supposed power of a small fish. Was Aristotle as credulous? He mentions the *echeneis* once only, in a passage where it is evident he is speaking of a small blenny, and not of the remora, with its curious suctorial disc. 'There is a small fish which lives among the rocks, which some call echeneis; some people use it for philters; it is not fit for food: some people say it has feet, but it has none; the fins, however, are like feet, which gives it this appearance.' There is not a word about the supposed power of the fish to stop a vessel in its course. Was it generally credited in the philosopher's time, or was it a subsequent addition? The etymology of the word may simply point to the fact of the remora adhering by its disc to the bottoms of ships, and need not imply the idea of its being able to stop their course; that latter absurdity may be the offspring of a mistaken interpretation of the word, eagerly adopted by writers fond of the marvellous. At any rate, we may safely conclude that Aristotle would have rejected the story as impossible and absurd.

Aristotle's observations on the habits and structure of some of the birds are, on the whole, true to nature. He thus writes of the cuckoo:—

'The cuckoo is said by some persons to be a changed hawk, because the hawk which it resembles disappears when the cuckoo comes, and indeed very few hawks of any sort can be seen during the period in which the cuckoo is singing, except for a few days. (!) The cuckoo is seen for a short time in the summer, and disappears in winter. But the hawk has crooked talons which the cuckoo has not, nor does it resemble the hawk in the form of the head, but in both these respects is more like the pigeon than the hawk, which it resembles in nothing but its colour; the markings, however, upon the hawk are like lines, while the cuckoo is spotted. Its size and manner of flight is like that of the smallest kind of hawk, which generally disappears during the

season in which the cuckoo is seen. They say that no one has ever seen the young of the cuckoo. It does, however, lay eggs, but it makes no nest; but sometimes it lays its eggs in the nests of small birds and devours their eggs, especially in the nest of the pigeon. Sometimes it lays two, but usually only one egg; it lays also in the nest of the *hypolais* (hedge-sparrow), which hatches and brings it up. At this season it is particularly fat and sweet-fleshed. The flesh also of young hawks is very sweet and fat.' (!) (VI. 7.)

Various opinions prevailed in Aristotle's time with regard to the singular habits of the cuckoo in the matter of the education of its young:—

'Some people assert,' he adds in another place, 'that when the young cuckoo grows it ejects from the nest the other young birds which thus perish; others say that the mother bird (the cuckoo foster-parent, that is) kills them and feeds the young cuckoo with her own brood; for the beauty of the young cuckoo makes her despise her own offspring. . . . Some say that the old cuckoo comes and devours the young of the other bird; others say that the great size of the young cuckoo enables it to seize upon the food which is brought to the nest, so that the rest perish from starvation; others say that the cuckoo, being the stronger bird, kills those that are brought up with it.' (IX. 20, §§ 1, 2.)

The following is Aristotle's reason for the singular and exceptional habit of the cuckoo depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds:—'The cuckoo appears to act prudently in thus depositing her egg; for it is conscious of its own timidity, and that it cannot defend its young, and therefore places them under the protection of another bird, in order that they may be preserved; for this bird is very cowardly, and when it is pecked by even small birds it flies away from them.' It need scarcely be said that Aristotle's reason is mere conjecture, and very far from the true one. In another place he mentions the fact of the cuckoo changing its voice when it is about to migrate.

Passing on from birds to mammals, we may notice Aristotle's account of the lion. Comparative anatomists will be surprised to learn that the king of beasts has only one bone in its neck, but no cervical vertebræ. Whence arose such a preposterous opinion? The lion is no exception to other viviparous quadrupeds, having seven vertebræ in the neck, like them. It is clear from this statement that Aristotle is depending upon others, and that he never saw the skeleton of a lion. Again, he states that the lion, whose bones are small and slight, has no marrow in them, except just a little in the thigh and fore-leg; and that the bones are so hard that they will emit fire on percussion. He mentions the existence of lions in Europe, in the country between the Acheiōus and the Nestus. There is no reason whatever to doubt that lions

lions existed formerly in Europe. In this passage Aristotle is simply copying Herodotus.—(vii. 126.)

The following is Aristotle's account of the habits of the lion :—

' The lion in his manner of feeding is very cruel; but when he is not hungry and is full fed, his disposition is gentle. He is neither jealous nor suspicious. He is fond of playing with and affectionate towards those animals which have been brought up with him and to which he has become accustomed. When hunted he has never been seen to retreat or be alarmed; and if compelled to yield to the numbers of his hunters, he retires slowly and leisurely, and turns himself round at short intervals. If overtaken in a thicket, he flies rapidly till he reaches the open plain, and then again he withdraws slowly. If compelled by numbers to retreat openly on the plain ground, he runs at full stretch, and does not leap. His manner of running is continuous, like that of a dog at full stretch. When pursuing his prey, he throws himself upon it when it comes within reach. It is however true, as they say, that the lion is afraid of the fire, as Homer also writes, "The burning fagots which he fears when urged against him;" and that he observes the person who strikes him and attacks him; and if a person aims a blow at him without hitting him, the lion, if he can rush upon and seize him, does not do him any injury, nor tear him with his claws, but shakes and frightens him, and then leaves him. They are more disposed to enter towns and attack mankind when they grow old; for old age renders them unable to hunt, from the disease which attacks their teeth.

' They live many years; and a tame lion has been captured which had many of its teeth broken, which some persons considered as a sign that it had lived many years. There are two kinds of lion. One of these has a round body and more curly hair, and is a more cowardly animal. The other is of a longer form, has straight hair, and is more courageous. Sometimes when retiring they stretch out their tails like dogs; and a lion has been at times observed, when about to attack a hog, to retreat when that animal erected its bristles. The lion is weak if struck in the belly, and will bear many blows on other parts of the body, and its head is very strong. If they bite or tear anything, a large quantity of yellow serum flows from the wound, which can never be stopped by bandages or sponges. The mode of healing is the same as in the bite of a dog.' (IX. 31.)

The above account of the lion, which on the whole is tolerably correct, is in all probability derived from others. There is no evidence of any kind that would lead us to suppose that Aristotle had ever dissected a lion, or had ever accompanied a hunting expedition, in order to observe its habits. We have already seen indications of one part of his account being taken from Herodotus; from Homer and Hesiod also he appears to derive some of his information. It is interesting to note how frequently



quently the lion is introduced in some of Homer's grandest similes: we do not remember a single passage in the 'Iliad' relating to the lion that contains anything that is not true to nature. The fable, that the lioness only brought forth one cub in her lifetime, and parted with her womb at the same time with her young one—a story evidently believed by Herodotus and ridiculed by Aristotle—finds no place in Homer. In his time—whenever or wherever he lived—lions must have been tolerably abundant. The allusions probably have reference to the lions of Asia Minor more particularly, although, as we have said before, these animals might have been far from uncommon in Europe in early times.\*

The lion's 'retreating slowly and leisurely, turning himself round at short intervals,' of which Aristotle speaks in the above-quoted passage, is the very simile used by Homer to express the retreat of the sullen Ajax from the Trojan host:—†

'O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,  
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew:  
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,  
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,  
Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls,  
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls;  
Long stands the showering darts and missile fires;  
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.'

Aristotle duly appreciated the characters of the aberrant forms of animal life. In the opinion of the vulgar and uneducated the whale is always considered a fish. Aristotle was not deceived by external form, and correctly describes the animals forming the Cetacean order as air-breathing mammals. The fins of the seal are homologous with the feet of a quadruped. 'The seal,' he says, 'is like a maimed quadruped; for immediately beneath the scapula it has feet like hands; for they are five-fingered, and each of the fingers has three joints and a small claw: the hind feet are five-fingered, and each of the fingers has joints and claws, like those upon the forefeet: in shape they are very like the tail of a fish.' In another place Aristotle has given a very accurate account of the habits of the seal. 'When the young are twelve days old it leads them to the water several times a day, in order to habituate them by degrees. It drags its hinder parts along, and

\* Some writers have supposed that the fable above alluded to is derived from Egypt. It appears from Horapollo, ii. c. 82, that the Egyptians believed that the lioness was able to conceive once only.

Γυναῖκα γεννήσασαν ἅπαξ βουλόμενοι σημῆναι, λείαναν ζωγραφοῦσιν· αὕτη γὰρ δις οὐ κοῖσκει.

†

Θῆρι· εὐκῶς

Ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γονὺς ἀμείβων.—'Il., xi. 545.

does not walk, for it cannot erect itself upon its feet, but it contracts and draws itself together. It is fleshy and soft;—and now follows a strange error—‘its bones are cartilaginous. It is difficult to kill the seal by violence, unless it is struck upon the temple, for its body is fleshy. It has a voice like an ox.’ With respect to the teeth of the seal, Aristotle admirably observes: ‘All the teeth of the seal are sharp pointed, showing an approximation to the race of fishes, for all fishes have pointed teeth.’ The slight indentation at the extremity of the tongue of the seal is rather too strongly expressed by, ‘the seal has a cleft tongue’ (ἐσχισμένην γλῶτταν).

We have already observed that Aristotle, in the compilation of his ‘History of Animals,’ though occasionally dependent on his own powers of observation, drew largely also from other sources. The learned German commentator, J. G. Schneider, thus writes on this point:—

‘Aristotle had very likely more authorities, whom he has followed, or converted to his own purposes, than those whose names he has given. There are, however, a few whom he has named, as Alcmaeon of Crotona; Dionysius of Apollonia; Herodorus of Heracleum in Pontus; Ctesias of Knidos; Herodotus of Halicarnassus; Syennesis of Cyprus; Polybius; Democritus of Abdera; Empedocles of Sicily. . . . There are many places both in his “Natural History” and his other works on animals where our philosopher refers to the ancient fables of men who were transformed into the nature and forms of various animals. The oldest author of such fables is Boeus\* (or Boeo, in the feminine gender as some have conjectured). From this book Antoninus Liberalis has extracted many chapters in Greek. Nicander of Colophon, and others, followed the example of Boeus. Among Latin writers, the “Metamorphoses of Ovid” have always commanded attention. All who have read the work of Antoninus and the “Metamorphoses of Ovid,” will easily perceive how much information on the nature and habits of animals our philosopher could have derived from the very character of the books which had come down from the remotest antiquity to the time of Aristotle, especially if they bear in mind that the ancient teachers of physics always compared the habits of animals with those of man and conjectured the causes and reasons of their actions from similar impulses in man. This may be seen in the Fables of Æsop, for they contain the first elements of the doctrines of the ancients on physics and morals. We might also offer a surmise on Eudoxus, and Scylax, and others, who wrote “Travels round the Earth,” in which they described the animals of different countries; for our philosopher appeals to the testimony of both these authors in his works on “Meteorics” and elsewhere.”

The writings of Archestratus, Hippocrates, Dorio, Diphilus of

\* See Schneider's ‘Annotat.’ ad lib. ix. 17, § 2.



Siphnus, and Xenocrates, doubtless, also supplied Aristotle with materials for his works.

There is an old story told by Pliny, that King Alexander, being much interested in the habits of animals, commissioned several thousand men, whom he placed in various districts of Asia and Europe, to communicate to Aristotle the result of their observations either in hunting, hawking, fishing, &c. Athenæus says that a report was current in his day that Aristotle received the enormous sum of eight hundred talents for writing the 'History of Animals.' Both these stories may be fairly pronounced entirely untrue, notwithstanding that the first named is frequently repeated in various accounts of the life of Aristotle. Schneider has abundantly proved the improbabilities of them both. There is no evidence whatever to show that Aristotle received animals from India and other parts of Asia. Most of the animals of which he speaks belonged to the fauna of the lands and seas of Greece and Asia Minor; when Indian animals are mentioned, the accounts are either derived from the writings of other authors, or else from his own examination of such animals as may have been introduced before his time into Greece. The discerning mind of Mr. Grote rejects these stories without hesitation. He says, 'These exaggerations are probably the work of those enemies of the philosopher who decried him as a pensioner of the Macedonian Court;' and again, he makes the very just observation that 'the intellectual mind of Alexander was towards literature, poetry, and history, rather than to scientific studies.'\* Humboldt makes the following remarks:—'The belief in an immediate enrichment of Aristotle's zoological knowledge by the campaigns of Alexander has been rendered very uncertain, if not entirely dissipated by recent and very careful researches.' 'May not the notices, mostly so brief,' of the forms and habits of the above-named animals, have been derived by Aristotle from information obtained by him quite independently of the Macedonian expeditions, from Persia and from Babylon, the centre of such widely-extended trading intercourse?'† The 'above-named animals' of which Humboldt speaks refer more especially to the elephant, the Bactrian camel, the hippelaphos, and the hippardion. These two last animals appear to denote the nylghau (*Portax tragocamelus*) and the giraffe respectively; but from the brevity of description it is not possible to pronounce with certainty the animals they are intended to represent; nor is it probable that Aristotle had ever seen either one or the other; though it is

\* 'History of Greece,' xii. p. 369.

† 'Cosmos,' vol. ii. p. 158. (Sabine's Translation.)



easy to see that he could have obtained information about the Nylghau from residents in Macedonia, whose ancestors may have heard descriptions or seen figures of this antelope from the Persians, in whose country it was found. Aristotle's account of the camel and the elephant shows that the Ancients had considerable knowledge of these two animals. The camel was well known to the Greeks long before the time of Herodotus. Both the Arabian and Bactrian camels were employed by the Persians in war; whether Aristotle had ever seen living specimens or not we will not say, but it is certain that the Greeks had knowledge of this animal long before the expedition of Alexander. But whence did Aristotle obtain his information about the elephant, of which he has given a full, and, in many respects, a correct account? Is it necessary to suppose that specimens had been sent to him from India for the purpose of dissection? Such a supposition is incredible, for, as Humboldt has observed, 'it should be remembered that when preparations by means of alcohol were wholly unknown, it was only skins and bones, and not the soft parts susceptible of dissection, which under any circumstances could be sent from remote parts of Asia to Greece.' A. W. von Schlegel went so far as to maintain that Aristotle had a menagerie near his house at Athens, and had dissected an elephant taken at Arbela. Aristotle speaks of the docility of the elephant; he gives a true account of the animal's proboscis, its function and form; he notices correctly the absence of a gall-bladder; the construction of its feet; the great age which it attains; the mode adopted in hunting and taming wild elephants; the peculiar structure of its hind legs, which bend like those of a man. One would almost suppose that Aristotle never saw a live elephant, otherwise he would have been able more confidently to correct the absurd opinion which appears to have been prevalent in his time—that the elephant has no joints in its legs, and is in consequence unable to lie down, but sleeps leaning against a tree.\* 'The elephant is not constructed as some have said, but is able to sit down and bend his legs, but, from his great weight, is unable to bend them on both sides at once, but leans either to the right side or the left, and sleeps in this position.' Neither is it at all probable that Aristotle had ever dissected an elephant: the question about the joints in the elephant's knee, of which he is in doubt, would have been cleared up at once by two minutes' examination of a dead specimen. It is probable, therefore, that he derived the greater part of his information from others;

\* Pliny had assuredly seen abundance of elephants, yet he repeats these assertions. Indeed Aristotle so often puts forth absurd statements on points open to daily observation, that no conclusion can be drawn.

perhaps

perhaps the lost work of Ctesias on India, to whose writings he occasionally alludes, supplied him with some materials. The Indian elephant, however, was, there is reason to believe, never known to the ancient Greeks in Aristotle's time, but there can be no doubt that the African species was tolerably well known. It is true that we do not read of elephants being employed in war before the time of Pyrrhus, who, in B.C. 280, made use of these animals in the war with Tarentum against the Romans. Pyrrhus was King of Epirus, a country which adjoined Macedon, and as the elephant was used by him not more than forty years after the death of Aristotle for the purposes of warfare, it is probable that the people of Epirus had long before that time been acquainted with elephants, which they could have procured from the Carthaginians, who also in the time of Hannibal (B.C. 210) certainly, if not before, used these animals in war. But be this as it may, it is evident that Aristotle's knowledge of the habits and form of the elephant does not oblige us to suppose that any specimens were procured for him through the liberality of Alexander; on the contrary, there is good reason for believing that the best and most reliable sources of information are to be traced to authorities nearer home.

The editions of Aristotle's '*History of Animals*,' whose titles we have given at the head of this article, demand from us a few words of notice. Scaliger's work, which probably is indebted, as Külb has remarked, to the labours of the learned naturalist Gesner, who has admirably commented on the observations of the ancients in *Natural History*, was followed by that of Camus, containing the Greek text, with a French translation, which, on the whole, is commendable, and a volume of notes, which, though they do not answer the present demands of zoological science, are valuable, as comprising under their respective heads all that Aristotle has said on the various subjects. Schneider's edition is far superior to any other; it is the work of an erudite scholar and an excellent naturalist. Külb's German edition has quite superseded that of Strack. The translator tells us, that he 'endeavours to avoid Strack's faults—of not adhering sufficiently to the Greek text, and of making too little of the idiom of the German language.' Külb has embodied in his short, but valuable, foot-notes the remarks of Billerbeck, Müller, Wiegman, and others, who have studied Ancient Natural History. The English version of Cresswell—which forms one of Mr. Bohn's classical translations—quite supersedes the uncouth and incorrect version of Taylor. This translation, on the whole, is carefully made, but we miss the foot-notes which illustrate the very  
useful



useful edition of Pliny by Bostock and Riley. It would be easy, moreover, to point out errors in Physiology or Natural History, both in the very few explanatory notes which are given, and in the identification of many animals. 'The vein (!) ( $\phi\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\psi$ ) which extends from the brain to each ear,' for instance, is curiously explained by Mr. Cresswell (p. 13) to be the Eustachian tube, instead of the auditory nerve. The identification of the various animals mentioned by Aristotle is often a difficult matter. Mr. Cresswell has depended too much, in this respect, upon the explanations of Strack, which are often unsatisfactory.

The Natural History of Aristotle, of which we have sought to give some general notions in this paper, will ever remain a monument of the extraordinary diligence and mental power of the Stagirite; but we must also say, 'Those pay a very absurd homage to antiquity who, on occasions like the present, would place the pretensions of the ancients upon an equality with those of the moderns: for the question does not regard the original powers of the mind, but the amount of accumulated knowledge on which those powers are to be exercised; and it would, indeed, be extraordinary if, inverting the analogy of individuals, the world should not be wiser in its old age than it was in its infancy.'\*

ART. III.

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\* Kidd's 'Adaptation of External Nature, &c.' Bridgwater Treatise, p. 299. Bohn's Ed.

NOTE.—Since the above article was written we have received Mr. G. H. Lewes's recently published work (mentioned in the heading), and are glad to find that the views which we have expressed in this paper are in accordance with those of so able a writer. Mr. Lewes's book, which, like his other works, is distinguished by great vigour and independence of mind, together with characteristic clearness of exposition, is the first portion of a large scheme in contemplation, viz., *The Origin and Development of Science*, 'a sketch of the embryology of science, so to speak.' In the first volume Mr. Lewes discusses Aristotle's claims as a natural philosopher, by a careful and succinct analysis of the whole of his physical writings. The chapter on Anticipation of Modern Discoveries is extremely interesting; indeed the whole work has been admirably done, and we heartily congratulate the author on his success. We must also call attention to a work which has lately appeared on Aristotelian Zoology, viz., 'Die Thierarten des Aristoteles, von den Klassen, der Säugethiere, Vögel, Reptilien und Insecten, von Carl J. Sundevall. Uebersetzung aus dem Schwedischen.' Stockholm, 1863. 1 vol. 242 pp. We have not seen this work, of which a writer in the 'Natural History Review' (Oct. 1864), p. 494, thus speaks:—'Professor Sundevall's treatise constitutes—what was much needed—a zoological index to the species of animals mentioned by Aristotle in his great work, arranged according to modern classification. Taking the species one after another, under the Greek name used for it by Aristotle, Professor Sundevall cites the different passages in which it is mentioned, and the chief peculiarities recorded of it. He then proceeds to comment upon these points, and gives the most probable determination of the species, as deducible from Aristotle's account of it. The total number of mammals indicated by Aristotle



ART. III.—*Sir John Eliot: a Biography, 1590-1632.* By John Forster. 2 vols. London, 1864.

WHEN Tocqueville published his excellent book on the 'Ancien Régime' and the Revolution, most people were surprised to find how closely the period of terror and anarchy had been connected with that which preceded it. The tree which had shot up with such rapidity, when once above the surface, had been long collecting its strength and fastening its roots in the soil below. The author himself begins by observing that the French in 1789 had tried, as it were, to cut their destiny into two parts, and to place an abyss between that which they had been and that which they were afterwards to be. He adds that they had been less successful than they themselves supposed in this singular enterprise; and he then goes on to show that the Revolution was the just and natural result of the state of things which the tyrannical centralisation of Louis XIV. and the reckless profligacy of the Regency and of Louis XV. had produced in France. No one can understand the true spirit of the French Revolution without looking carefully at the institutions of the country as they were already administered in practice, and considering the condition of its people in the preceding century.

The coherence of events is perhaps still more obvious with reference to our great rebellion in the seventeenth century, inasmuch as the growth of disaffection to the Crown, and the increase of the popular power were more gradual, and admit of being more distinctly traced. The epoch of the Stuarts, from the accession of James I. to the ignominious flight of his grandson, is a story or great drama complete in itself, and only to be understood as a whole. To comprehend the struggle of the Civil War and the final catastrophe of the race, we must look back to the early Parliaments of James and his son, and to the personal character of both of them. Ranke has observed with perfect truth that

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total, and thus reduced into order by Professor Sundevall, appears to be about 70; of birds, 150; of reptiles, 20; and of fishes about 116; making altogether 356 species of vertebrate animals. Of the invertebrate classes, about 60 species of insects and arachnida seem to have been known to Aristotle; some 24 crustaceans and annelides; and about 40 molluscs and radiates; making altogether 124 species of this division. On the whole we may consider that Aristotle had a more or less intimate acquaintance with about 500 different species of animals—a wonderful fact, when we consider the age in which he lived (385-335 B.C.), and that he was absolutely the earliest writer on Natural History. It would indeed be a wonderful fact, if true, but surely the mere enumeration of 500 species of animals does not warrant us to conclude that Aristotle had any acquaintance with all of them. We have already shown that the philosopher's practical knowledge of zoology was extremely limited. None will remain sceptical on this point after a careful perusal of Mr. Lewes's recent volume.

James I.

James I. gave the keynote for the government of the Stuarts, and tied the knot of fate which bound his successors.\*

Mr. Forster, in his preface, observes:—

‘No one will ever fully understand what the rising against the Stuarts meant, who is not thoroughly acquainted with its beginning; with the loyalty to the throne that then accompanied the resolves of its heroes to maintain the popular liberties, and with the reverent regard for law and precedent by which all its opening movements were so implicitly guided as to have left upon it, to the very last, a deep and ineffaceable impress.’—vol. i. p. xii.

We can never be sufficiently thankful that our statesmen, in the commencement of this struggle, did then take their stand, not on abstract principles, but on ‘law and precedent;’ in short, that instead of seeking to make a gulf, as Tocqueville says was done in the French Revolution, between themselves and the past, they based their claims on Magna Charta and on the old institutions of the land. They did not acknowledge—what appears to be Hume’s theory—that the House of Commons first rose out of insignificance in the reign of James I., and then arrogated to itself new functions. The arbitrary acts of Henry VIII. and other sovereigns did not in their eyes prove the non-existence of lawful rights, though they showed instances of their infringement, and the Act of the 15th of Edward II. (1322) referred to by Mr. Hallam† is alone sufficient to establish the acknowledged authority of Parliament in matters of general legislation.

Elizabeth, no doubt, had disputed with her Parliament, and had not scrupled to deal harshly with its members; but she never treated the House of Commons as a party opposed to her. She was sparing in her demands for money, and though she had an irritable temper and a strong hand, she knew how to stop before she had compromised her own dignity or got involved in an inevitable quarrel. This is clearly shown by what happened in Dutton’s case (1566). He had touched in Parliament on the question of the Scotch succession. The Queen caused him to be arrested and examined in the Star Chamber. The House of Commons, on the other hand, showed themselves determined to take up the question of privilege, and Elizabeth, who had intended to prosecute Dutton, released him without further question or trial, professing at the same time her intention of not interfering with their privileges. As her latest historian says, ‘No one knew better than Elizabeth how to withdraw from an indefensible

\* ‘Er hat den Ton für die Regierung der Stuarts angegeben, und den Knoten der Geschichte seiner Enkel geschürzt.’—‘Geschichte von England,’ ii. s. 10.

† ‘Constitutional History,’ i. p. 3.



position.\* The exact contrary of this proposition may be asserted with equal truth of James I. and of his son; in addition to which they had the knack of putting themselves into such a position with extraordinary readiness.

James himself was incapable of comprehending, much less of assuming, the relation in which Elizabeth had stood to her Parliament and her people. His accession to the throne of England was to him a liberation from the turbulence of an aristocracy whom he could not curb, and the meddling democracy of a Church which he detested. He felt as the heir to 20,000*l.* a year may feel when, after being pinched and cramped in his allowance and lectured by a morose father, he succeeds to his estates. He came with a full conviction of his own divine rights as paramount over everything, and the incident which occurred on the way to London of his causing the pickpocket at Newark to be hanged without trial, is a curious illustration of the temper and spirit in which he took possession of the throne. He considered that as a king he was on the same footing as all other kings, and entitled to the rights, not of the sovereign of England, but of the class generally.† It went against him to treat the Dutch otherwise than as rebels, although their national existence was the first element in that great league against the House of Austria, which he ought to have headed.‡ Nothing was ever more unpopular than the peace of 1604 with Spain, and the subsequent intrigues about the Spanish marriage. The King's whole policy was vacillating and uncertain. He had two courses open to him: he might have opposed his son-in-law's acceptance of the Bohemian Crown, and then have thrown all his weight on the side of the preservation of peace; or he might have joined the league of Protestant Germany with heart and hand. He took neither of these courses, but halted between the two. He offended his own subjects by his lukewarmness in the cause of Protestantism, whilst he conciliated no one of his enemies, and failed even to save the

\* Froude, vol. viii. p. 321.

† It is against this argument of James's that Selden's remarks in his 'Table Talk' are directed when he says, 'kings are all individual—this or that king—there is no species of kings;' and again, 'a king that claims privileges in his own country, because they have them in another, is just as a cook that claims fees in one lord's house, because they are allowed in another. If the master of the house will yield them, well and good' (in v. 'King.')

‡ This view Hume seems to attribute to a 'sense of justice!' He says, 'that having conversed more fully with English ministers and courtiers, he found their attachment to that republic so strong, and their opinion of common interest so established, that he was obliged to sacrifice to politics his sense of justice; a quality which, even when erroneous, is respectable as well as rare in a monarch.'

—Vol. vi. p. 7.

inheritance



inheritance of his daughter's children. Buckingham himself said to him, 'So long as you waver between the Spaniards and your subjects, to make your advantage of both, you are sure to do with neither.'

Even James's good qualities were hurtful: his learning degenerated into pedantry, and increased his obstinacy in theological matters, whilst his good nature made it impossible to repulse those encroachments on his liberality, which made him a beggar. We may console ourselves by thinking that had he not constantly wanted money, the English constitution might have wanted the House of Commons before his reign was ended. The necessities of the Crown were the opportunities of Parliament. Above all, however, James's mode of government, after Cecil's death, by favourites such as Carr and Villiers, was hateful to the nation and fatal to his successor. What could be expected from Charles, bred in such a school of statesmanship, already in the grasp of Buckingham, and imbued with all those principles of unlimited prerogative and ecclesiastical supremacy, which James had professed and tried as well as he could to uphold?

The book before us, which gives us a full and authentic life of one of the most distinguished English patriots in the latter years of James and the first Parliaments of Charles I., is thus one of unusual interest. As a private biography it has great worth, since it presents us with a picture of an English country gentleman of that day, highly educated and accomplished; and as a portion of public history, it is still more valuable. It is not a book to be treated as the groundwork for political discussion or party declamation. Its narrative of these times and the minute facts involved in it are really valuable because they exhibit the process by which the institutions of the country were developed and preserved to us. Had it not been for the efforts of such men as Sir John Eliot in the time of James and Charles, there would have been no House of Commons in existence to struggle against James II.: yet before Mr. Forster published his 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' in 1834 no biography of him existed.

John Eliot was the son of a Cornish squire, whose family had settled at the old priory of St. German's, having acquired that property in exchange for lands in Devonshire from the Champenownes. The outside of the house at Port Eliot has a peculiar charm from its close neighbourhood to the Norman gate and ivied towers of the grand old church, formerly belonging to the priory. Inside the mansion are now to be found some of Sir Joshua's most charming pictures, and the manuscript records which form the basis of these volumes. Eliot was born in 1590, and at the age

of

of seventeen or eighteen got involved in a quarrel with a Mr. Moyle living in the parish of St. German's. It appears that Mr. Moyle had made some representation to Eliot's father as to his son's expenses, and the young man, indignant at his interference, drew his sword upon him, and wounded him slightly. He afterwards begged pardon, and appears to have continued on the most friendly terms with Mr. Moyle for many years. In estimating Eliot's conduct in this matter the wild and reckless manners of the period must be considered. At any rate the offence was pardoned, and, had it been considered very discreditable to him, we should most certainly find it constantly cited in after-life by his numerous and bitter enemies, which is not the case. There never was a man whom, when his spirit could not be daunted, and his arguments could not be answered, it would have been more convenient to wound or crush by a reference to some youthful indiscretion. In 1607 he became a Gentleman-Commoner of Exeter College, but although he remained three years at Oxford, he did not take a degree. After being called to the bar he travelled abroad, and singularly enough became for a time the companion of that George Villiers, whom, as the favourite, he was destined at a later period so deservedly to attack. Eliot's wife, whom he married in 1611, was a Cornish lady of the name of Gedie; by her he had a large family. The present Earl of St. German's, to whose liberality Mr. Forster is indebted for the materials of this interesting book, is the descendant of Nicholas, the fourth son of Sir John.

In the Parliament of 1614 Eliot sat for St. German's, and then too for the first time, appeared among the Commons of England John Pym and Sir Thomas Wentworth. After a cry against 'undertakers,' a resolution against the King's right to levy impositions, and a furious attack on Bishop Neile, the House was dissolved without passing a single bill, and the Parliament became known by the name of the 'Addled Parliament;' but yet, in this Parliament, the great question between the Crown and the Commons was distinctly raised. In fact the consequences of James's quarrel with this Parliament were far more serious than a mere glance at the surface of history would lead us to suppose. Mr. Gardiner, who has published an excellent history of James's reign,\* has also by his examination of the archives of Simancas thrown great light on this point. By his kindness we are enabled to afford to our readers some informa-

\* 'History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke, 1603-1616.' By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, late student of Christ Church. 8vo., 2 vols. London, Hurst and Blackett, 1863.



tion which is exceedingly curious as illustrating James's character, the origin of the Spanish marriage, and the relations of the English Government of that day to Gondomar.

It appears, then, that the King had learnt the Ambassador's determination and strength of purpose, by having been compelled to yield to his demands for the liberation of a certain Spanish lady, Doña Luisa de Carvajal. Now, with that consciousness of his own weakness which is visible in all his acts, when he became disgusted with the turbulence of his Parliament, he had recourse at once to Sarmiento (Gondomar).<sup>\*</sup> He sent for the Spanish Minister and begged him to transmit to the King of Spain the true version of the quarrel with the House of Commons, 'rather than that which was given in the streets.' He went on to say that the King of Spain had many more kingdoms and more subjects than he had; but, he added, with a sort of bitter humour, 'there was one thing in which he surpassed His Majesty, namely, in having a larger Parliament; for the Cortes of Castille was composed of little more than thirty persons, whilst his Parliament consisted of nearly four hundred. There was no head to them, and they voted in a disorderly way. There was nothing heard at their sittings but cries, shouts, and confusion. He was astonished that the Kings his predecessors had given their consent to such things. *He himself had found the institution in existence when he came, and he was unable to get rid of it.*'

The effect, therefore, of the quarrel with the Parliament of 1614, on the irritable temper and weak intellect of James, was that he threw himself into the arms of Spain. He probably would not have done so if the Spanish Minister had been a man of less power: as it was he evidently hoped by the Spanish match to counterbalance in some way the turbulence of his own subjects. The power of Spain was to be employed against the liberties of England; and the instinct which made the match so unpopular in this country was true and sagacious. How James thought the object was to be effected in this way is not quite so clear. Sarmiento, feeling his power over the King, at once endeavoured to make the match with the Infanta acceptable to his own Court. Paul V. (Borghese) objected to it, but still the project was submitted to a Junta of Theologians, and the conditions were drawn up and placed in Digby's hands. Then, however, all sorts of doubts and apprehensions crossed James's mind before he finally acquiesced in the substance of what was proposed.

<sup>\*</sup> His name was Diego Sarmiento de Acuña: he was created Conde de Gondomar in 1617.



In September, 1615, poor Arabella Stuart died in the Tower. It is difficult, when we think of her treatment, to feel much compassion for the embarrassments or sorrows of James I. The fall of Somerset occurred in the same autumn, but the trial of the Earl and Countess did not take place till the month of May in the following year. Thus ended the career of the first of those favourites whose paramount influence was so unfortunately characteristic of the reigns of James and Charles.\* Eliot appears to have esteemed and pitied Overbury. In October, 1618, Raleigh was executed, but there appears grave reason for doubting whether he was merely sacrificed to Spain in the manner usually assumed. We are inclined to think that fresh light will yet be thrown on this episode in history. Lewis Stukeley, Raleigh's betrayer, had held the Vice-Admiralty of Devonshire, and Eliot, who had been knighted, succeeded him in that office in January, 1619. The Marquis of Buckingham, Eliot's old travelling companion, was Lord High Admiral of England. The place of Vice-Admiral, in the west of England at least, was then no sinecure. It is difficult for us at this time to conceive either the imbecility and helplessness of our own naval administration, or the insecurity of our coasts and seas.

That the Turkish and Barbary pirates swept the Mediterranean and ravaged the shores of Italy and Spain we knew before. We had heard that Barbarossa deliberately laid a plan to carry off Julia Gongaza from Fondi, and that the Christian captives at one time at Algiers exceeded 25,000, but we confess that we were ignorant of the fact that in the seventeenth century prisoners without number were carried into slavery from the western counties of England. Mr. Forster says: 'He (Eliot) estimates the number of Christians captured during the outrage at not less than twelve hundred. "This man bewayled his sonne; that, his father; another, his brother; a fourth, his servant, and the like. Husbands and wives, with all relations els of nature and civilitie, did complaine."' (Vol. i. p. 317.) It would seem that twenty 'Turks and Renegadoes' were hanged at once as pirates at Plymouth (p. 194). One of the Algerine captures was reckoned to be worth more than a quarter of a million (p. 193). A Turkish pirate captured a ship and three Cornish fishing-boats at the very mouth of Dartmouth harbour; and again, 'There

\* Mr. Gardiner infers from Gondomar's despatches that the secret which Somerset was supposed to hold over James's head may have been the simple fact that he had for the last twelve months been thoroughly committed to Spain. It is curious to find from the Spanish archives that Eliot's friend Sir Robert Cotton was the go-between employed by Somerset in his communications with the Ambassador, and that he (Cotton) professed in the warmest manner that he was at heart a Catholic!

were fourtie saile of Turks, besides those which formerlie kepte that coast, then in one fleet come within the Channel.' (Vol. i. p. 320.) Mr. Forster tells us (p. 428) that these accounts are fully corroborated by the manuscripts in the State Paper Office.\*

Besides the Turks and Barbary pirates, every adventurer who chose to fit out a vessel and gather together a sufficient number of desperate characters, seems to have robbed and plundered ships on the high seas or in harbour, as he pleased. Among the most distinguished of these freebooters was a certain Captain Nutt, whom Eliot, by the exercise of considerable courage and craft, managed to get into his power. The pirate then charged the Vice-Admiral with having encouraged his piracies and shared in his plunder. These accusations were sufficiently refuted, but Nutt was protected by Sir George Calvert (afterwards Lord Baltimore) and finally obtained a pardon. Eliot, on the other hand, was committed to the Marshalsea and remained a prisoner for some time. Nutt returned to his old courses, and many years afterwards plundered a vessel which was conveying Lord Wentworth's furniture and plate to Ireland.

At the conclusion of the Parliament of 1614, James had sent some of the refractory members to the Tower, and had committed himself to the struggle against the liberties of England. His extravagance, and the position of foreign affairs, made money necessary for him, but his appeal to the country for 'Benevolences' was met by a sullen feeling that Parliament was the only legitimate source whence supplies should be derived.

Years elapsed before another Parliament assembled: it met on

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\* It is a curious fact that the Ironmongers' Company still have the charge of a large fund originally left for the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary. This fund, which in 1819 amounted to 2256*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* per annum, was left by a certain Thomas Betton, whose will is dated July 15, 1723. Half the income of his property was to be applied in the manner stated yearly, and every year for ever. In 1750, as much as 7647*l.* was paid; in 1785, 4000*l.*; in 1816 (the year of the taking of Algiers), 1250*l.* (Attorney-General *v.* Ironmongers' Company, Craig and Phillips's Reports, p. 208.) Previously to this devise Lord Craven had, in 1647, given part of his property to endow scholarships at the two Universities, and the residue to redeem British captives in Turkey or Barbary. In 1819 a scheme was sanctioned by the Court of Chancery for receiving a moderate portion in case captives should be made; and the residue was applied to increase the income and number of the scholars. (Attorney-General *v.* the Bishop of Llandaff, 2 Mylne and Keen's Reports, p. 586.)

Lady Mico, by her will, dated in 1670, bequeathed a sum of money to be invested and the income employed in redeeming poor slaves, apparently contemplating the redemption of slaves in the Barbary states. The only part ever applied was 1500*l.* stock, which, in 1727, was paid to Sir Charles Wager for the redemption of poor captive slaves. In 1835 the fund was ordered to be transferred to trustees, to be applied in the education of the apprentices and their issue in the British colonies. (Attorney-General *v.* Gibson, 2 Beavan's Reports, p. 317.)

the 30th of January, 1620-1,—a day of evil omen for the House of Stuart.\* At this moment the voice and the purse of the people of England would have supported James, if he had placed himself at the head of the Protestant cause in Europe. But whilst the nation and its representatives were expressing their abhorrence of Spain and its principles, the King and his favourite were doing their best to promote the marriage of the Prince and the Infanta. At length, on the 18th of December, 1621, the Commons of England adopted that protest which asserts in the strongest terms the hereditary liberties of Englishmen and the freedom of debate and speech in Parliament. James tore the protest with his own hand from the documents on the following day, and after the dissolution imprisoned Phillips, Coke, and other members.

After Buckingham's return from Spain on the 6th of October, 1623, Eliot addressed a letter to the Lord High Admiral, which we think Mr. Forster is quite justified in characterising as manly and independent in its tone. The King by his want of money was obliged to summon a new Parliament, which met in February 1623-4. In this Parliament Eliot had a seat as member for the borough of Newport, in Cornwall, and until some time at least after its meeting he had probably continued his private and official intercourse with Buckingham.

One of the first acts of the House of Commons was to stop the proceedings which had been instituted against Eliot and his servants. Eliot himself spoke immediately afterwards, and this was in fact the commencement of that fearless action as a Parliamentary leader which was destined to bring him to an early grave, whilst it secured to him a reputation for honesty, ability, and patriotism, such as few have earned. He referred to the proceedings of the last Parliament, and in the course of his speech he said:—

'For as Parliaments have been ever held to be the chief support and pillar of the kingdom, so is this privilege of parliaments essential to their existence; by which opinions are plainly delivered, difficulties beaten out, and truth resolved upon. Were it otherwise, men fearing to displease would blanch those propositions that might have

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\* It is singular that the author of that useful little book, '*The Annals of England*' (Oxford: Parker, 1856), should have supposed that there were two Parliaments, one in 1620, and another in 1621, which met on the 30th of January. The mistake arose, of course, from confusion as to the commencement of the year on the 1st of January or the 25th of March. The error is worth noticing because the book is, we believe, used as a text-book in the University lectures. It will be found in the second volume at pp. 355-356. The Parliament of 1620 was really summoned for the 16th of January, prorogued by proclamation to the 23rd, and then to the 30th. See '*Parl. History*,' vol. i. p. 1168.

question,



question, and silence their understandings in matters of most import. And in this, the protestation of the Commons last made gives me great satisfaction, as proceeding from excellent deliberation and advice. Its reasons were well weighed. Such had been the habit and long use of this place. Still had its way been held with jealous regard to the honour and dignity of our head—the King. More for his sake than for ours, it behoved that such liberty be allowed. The business is the King's; the kingdom hath its representative in the King. In him our resolutions rest. We are only called hither upon either the general affairs of the kingdom or the special propositions of His Majesty, and therein but to deliberate and consult, not to conclude. Without our privileges we should fail to perform that duty. And can it be thought that in claiming them, in order that we may facilitate His Majesty's resolutions and ease him in the consideration, leaving the end still to himself, in this can it be thought there is any diminution or derogation to regality?—vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

An address to the King was carried unanimously advising him to break off the treaties for the marriage and urging the restoration of the Palatinate. James demanded 700,000*l.* to begin the war with, and an annual payment of 150,000*l.* towards his debts.

Eliot's position in the House was now one of considerable influence; he cast his whole weight against Spain, and when the impeachment of the Lord Treasurer Middlesex took place, although he did not take a part at first, he spoke strongly before a conclusion was come to, and added his voice to those which voted against the Treasurer. This case was the great precedent which established definitively the power of the Commons over an obnoxious minister, and it became a weapon of fearful efficacy against the Crown.

Buckingham, for his own purposes, taught the House of Commons how to use the weapon of impeachment, when he abandoned Middlesex to their attacks in 1624. James was quite right when on that occasion he told him, 'By God, Steenie, you are making a rod for your own back.' In reality, however, as we have observed, the great issue between the King and the Parliament had been joined in 1614, when James dissolved the House and caused Hoskins and other members to be imprisoned. This issue is the one which was tried in the long struggle through the reign of Charles, and on which the final judgment was given only in 1688.

Three subsidies and three fifteenths (about 350,000*l.*) were voted as payable within the year. In the mean time the Commons had never acquiesced in the decision of the Judges in Bate's case, in which the right of the Crown to levy a duty of five shillings a hundredweight on currants in addition to the half-

crown granted in the Statute of Tonnage and Poundage had been affirmed. The uncertainties and extortions consequent on this exertion of the Prerogative were crying grievances. The notes of Eliot's speech on this subject have been recovered by Mr. Forster, and it is well worth while to quote a passage from it, the principles of which are far in advance of the age when it was spoken:—

'The greatness of the charges lessening the merchant's benefit, discourages him from trade, and makes him to desist; and every man so lost to commerce is lost to the King. Projectors fatten upon individual loss, but the King and the State are weakened. His Majesty derives profit, not from heavy duties on some, but cheapness in all. The number it is that will supply His Majesty's profit, if there be vent, and not only with advantage outgo all projects in that particular, but with an infinite enriching to the whole kingdom, not only in the commodities, but in the labours of our men, to make them more industrious who now stand idle and do devour us. The town of Amsterdam can give us good testimony in this. There, as I am credibly informed, their customs come to more than in all England, and yet the proportion and rate not a third part of ours. What is the cause of this? The easiness of the charge. It is that which does not only quicken their own, but draws other merchants thither. For, wherever the merchant's benefit is most, there they resort; and especially that nation whose inclination hither we may easily discern. And would it not then be so with us upon the like reason? Yes, and much more. Much more; as we exceed in many opportunities and advantages, which they affect and study, but possess not. Our harbours are more; our harbours are better; our harbours are nearer in the course and way of trade. And that which they fear there, the danger of an enemy in whose view they pass into their own country, our coast is free from. So that, abate the customs, and they will be soon drawn hither. Here they will come to make their staples; and herein His Majesty shall not only gain by the multitude of exotic importations, but by the exportation of the same commodities that will pass hence to serve our neighbours. Their example, too, with the same reason, will likewise stir our merchants.'—vol. i. pp. 169, 170.

The Declaratory Act against monopolies was then passed; the Parliament was prorogued from time to time, and the French match was settled in spite of the remonstrances against concessions to the Catholics; but on the 27th of March, 1625, King James died.

It is worth while to quote Mr. Hallam's summary of the work done by the Parliament during this King's time, because it shows us the position in which the House of Commons and the Crown stood at the opening of the next reign:—

'The

'The Commons had now been engaged, for more than twenty years, in a struggle to restore and to fortify their own and their fellow-subjects' liberties. They had obtained in this period but one legislative measure of importance, the late Declaratory Act against monopolies. But they had rescued from disuse their ancient right of impeachment. They had placed on record a protestation of their claim to debate all matters of public concern. They had remonstrated against the usurped prerogatives of binding the subject by proclamation, and of levying customs at the outports. They had secured beyond controversy their exclusive privilege of determining contested elections of their own members. They had maintained and carried, indeed, to an unwarrantable extent, their power of judging and inflicting punishment, even for offences not committed against their house.\* Of these advantages some were evidently incomplete; and it would require the most vigorous exertions of future parliaments to realise them. But such exertions the increased energy of the nation gave abundant cause to anticipate.' A deep and lasting love of freedom had taken hold of every class except, perhaps, the clergy, from which, when viewed together with the rash pride of the Court, and the uncertainty of constitutional principles and precedents, collected through our long and various history, a calm bystander might presage that the ensuing reign would not pass without disturbance, nor, perhaps, end without confusion.'—*Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 366.

It appears that among the papers at Port Eliot there exists in Sir John Eliot's handwriting one which is in appearance a fragment or intended portion of a larger work. It contains a narrative of every incident and debate in the Lower House in Charles's first Parliament during its sitting at Westminster and at Oxford, with summaries of the leading speeches and reports of those made by Eliot himself—

'In what has survived,' says Mr. Forster, 'we have the record, not insufficient, however incomplete, of the opening scenes of one of the grandest conflicts in which the men of one generation ever engaged to secure the happiness and freedom of generations that were to follow.

'In the very title given to his manuscript by Eliot that idea appears. Not for ourselves we did these things, made these sacrifices, underwent these toils and sufferings, but for you. It was not our own business we were then transacting, but yours.—*Negotium Posterorum*,' vol. i. p. 211.

This title certainly shows a singular appreciation of the importance of the efforts which the Commons were then making

\* This was particularly true with reference to the case of Floyd, a Roman Catholic, who for some insulting words against the Elector Palatine and his wife, was sentenced to be pilloried and whipped, as well as heavily fined. See Hallam's 'Constit. History,' vol. i. p. 354.



to establish the liberties of the subject, and it is rare that any estimate of the value of that which is being done at the time, and which afterwards becomes subject-matter for history, is so true and so just when looked back upon in future ages.

The French marriage had inspired great mistrust, and the laxness of the execution of the penal laws against Catholics had roused all the Puritan suspicion, and awakened all the Protestant sympathies of the House of Commons and of the country. It is difficult for us in these days to bring our minds to conceive the indignation excited by a reluctance to persecute; it must be remembered, however, that toleration in our sense of the word was recognised as a virtue by no party; and that the indulgence shown by the Crown towards Catholic recusants implied the political heresy of the dispensing power. Its exercise was intended by one party and was accepted by the other as an assertion that the King was above the Statute Law. In the course of the reigns of all the Stuarts moreover the course pursued both in England and Scotland, towards Puritans and Presbyterians, showed clearly enough that it was not persecution as such which the Court wished to avoid. The concessions made as a matter of favour to Foreign Ambassadors and others amounted in fact to setting aside the law of the land at the discretion of the King. Bassompierre tells us in his '*Mémoires*,' that when he returned from his embassy in December, 1626, he arrived at Dover with a suite of 400 persons, among whom were no less than seventy priests whom he had got out of the English prisons. He was detained there fourteen days by bad weather, and, evidently much to his dissatisfaction, had to defray all the expenses of the party.\*

We cannot, therefore, wonder that this subject excited a deep interest in Charles's first Parliament. Our author says:—

'Such, at the opening of Charles's reign, while the laws against Puritan dissent were pressed with eager severity, was the condition of the laws to which the great bulk of the nation in those days looked for their only safeguard and succour against Rome. The picture will startle many whom the statements of writers otherwise disposed have familiarised with opposite views; who have quoted the Statute Book to show how harsh were its provisions; who have condemned this Parliament for desiring to exaggerate what it was the duty of the Council to keep within stricter limits; and who have ascribed the disasters of Charles's later Parliaments to the intemperance that would now have singled out a young king's accession for addition of fresh penalties to a persecution already intolerable. Eliot places the real state of the case entirely beyond question. After giving various instances under

\* '*Mémoires* Ed. Petitot,' vol. iii. p. 76.

the several heads (that is, modes of evading or thwarting the due course of law) named above, he proceeds, "All which did hinder the execution of the laws, and rendered them fruitless in that point; and herein were found the causes of disease and sickness. Examples were cited of all these, to warrant their reasons and opinions, whereof it was thought necessary there should be a true information to the King, and an address and petition to reform them. For a preparation to that work, the clerk was appointed to bring in, at the next sitting, all the petitions of that kind which formerly had been made, but of which further consideration was reserved."—vol. i. pp. 251, 252.

This was done accordingly, and a committee was appointed to frame a new address and petition.

Then followed the proceedings against Dr. Richard Montagu, who had been complained of in James's last Parliament, and whom the old Archbishop Abbot had advised to 'be the occasion of no more scandal.' Montagu was censured and committed by the House, but before the House adjourned he was released and made one of the King's chaplains. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the Commons in dealing with such matters, there can be no doubt of the folly of Laud and others who, according to what Mr. Forster calls 'a formula of words of Eliot's expressive of the entire tragedy of Charles Stuart's reign,' set about 'to make men most obnoxious most secure, and those that were most hateful to the public to be most honoured and esteemed.'

Well might Laud in his Diary on the 29th of January in this year, after mentioning the King's consideration of Montagu's opinions, add the ominous words, '*Videor videre nubem surgentem et minantem Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ. Dissipet pro misericordiâ suâ Deus!*'

It is a curious and important fact, established by Eliot's papers, that the rules for the orderly procedure of business in the House of Commons were already in his time thoroughly settled and established. The House was conscious of its power, and it knew that its success in upholding it depended on union and regularity among its members. Its orders and its precedents were to it, as a deliberative assembly, what drill and discipline are to an army in the field. We may be permitted to observe in passing that at the present day, when England has spread constitutional government over the world, the importance of these traditional rules and this procedure cannot be overrated. Their existence as precedents for the guidance and government of our colonial parliaments tends greatly to mitigate the evils arising from a rude constituency and uneducated representatives, and the forms of the  
Parliament

Parliament of England act as a safeguard to be jealously maintained and upheld by all who wish well to law and freedom in Australia or in Canada.

We have no space to dwell on the controverted election between Saville and Wentworth, but it is quite worth while to refer to a remarkable letter of Strafford's, written in after years, which bears strong evidence to the power and energy of Eliot as an opponent, and to his weight in the House of Commons. This letter is addressed to Mr. Secretary Cooke on the 16th of March, 1639, from Beaumaris, where he was detained for want of a fair wind on his way to Ireland. He says that he apprehends a fit of the gout, but that he will go to Ireland and return as quickly as possible. 'For I will make strange shift and put myself to all the pain I shall be able to endure, before I be anywhere awanting to my master or his affairs in this conjuncture; and therefore, sound or lame, you shall have me with you before the beginning of the Parliament; *I should not fail though Sir John Eliot were living.*' Few men have lived whom Strafford could have been supposed by any man to fear.

Well may Mr. Forster say that no greater tribute has ever been uttered to Eliot's memory than these words.

With regard to supply, a bill for two subsidies (about 140,000*l.*) was passed, and to all appearance accepted graciously by the Crown. The King had retired to Hampton Court on account of the pestilence, and had intimated by message his readiness to close the session. Supply having been thus voted, a very large number of members left London, so that the House was reduced to one-fourth of its number.

Mr. Hallam has some remarks on the penuriousness of the Parliament, and the way in which they voted tonnage and poundage only for one year, not for the life of the King, as had been usual for two centuries. He says truly enough that a more liberal proceeding, if it did not meet with corresponding concessions, would have put Charles more in the wrong. Considering that this parsimony has been the chief subject of reproach against the Parliament of 1625, the matter is, as Mr. Forster remarks, too important not to be explained in Eliot's own words:—

"The bill," he says, "was drawne in the usuall forme, as formerlie it had been in the daies of King James; for the like terme of life and in such latitude as to him. At which some exceptions were then made, and motions for change and alteration; upon which it was referred, for the better discussion and debate, to the Grand Committee of the House, into which, the Speaker leaving his chair, they presentlie resolved themselves. Some did object, in that, the exactions of the officers,



officers, and the inequalities of the customs then required; and urged therein a necessity for the marchantes to have a new book of rates, to settle and compose it; which could not be prepared in so short a time and sitting. Others alleged the pretermitted customs, grounded upon the misconstruction of that lawe, which ought to be examined likewise; and the lawyers that then remayned were thought to be incapable of that worke. Therefore, on these reasons, they infer'd a desire for a limitation in the Act, and that it might but continue for one year; against which time those difficulties being resolved, *they might again renew it, with a larger extension and continuance.* Others to this added the question of impositions in the generall, and craved a special care not to have that excluded. The older times were mentioned to note the former grants, wherein, though there were collected a great varietie and difference, yet all were within the limitation of some years. Sometimes for one, sometimes for two, seldome above three, and that in the best raignes and governments, and to the wisest princes; but never for life, till towards the end of Henry VI., in whose beginnings also it had had other limitations and restraints, and, for the time, a less extent and latitude."—vol. i. p. 293.

This limitation was vehemently opposed by the members of the Privy Council. Finally, a proviso was added saving all rights of the Crown, and on the 7th of July the bill for one year was sent up to the Lords, where, as Eliot says, 'It received like favour and dispatch;\* but was not made a law, wanting the "*roy le veut*;" which being denied it, show'd what must be lookt for.' (p. 294.)

We admit that Eliot's explanation alters the case with regard to the bill for tonnage and poundage, but we think even from his account and from the reference to the old precedents, that a well-grounded mistrust of Buckingham, not the absence of the lawyers, was the real cause of the limitation to one year. The circumstances no doubt afforded a plausible ground for withholding the grant for life at the moment; but the whole proceeding tended to set the King still more strongly against Parliament.

On the 8th of July Buckingham came up to London, and, at the earnest request of Sir Humphry May, Eliot went to York House in order, if possible, to dissuade him from asking the Commons for a fresh supply. The Duke persisted, alleged that it was the fault of the members themselves if they had gone away, and finally made it clearly appear that 'success was not so much desired as a reasonable ground for quarrel.'

The proposal was made in the House by Sir John Cooke, but

\* The common notion is that the Lords rejected the bill. See Hallam, 'Constitutional History,' vol. i., p. 370. See, however, the 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 245, p. 13, where it is stated that 'it appears from the Lords' Journal that it proceeded no further than the first reading, when it was suffered to drop, most probably, at the instance of the king's ministers.'

was immediately dropped without being pressed to a division. 'It was doubtless,' says Mr. Forster, 'the turning point of the destiny of Charles I.; for, if the young King had started with a disposition to treat the Commons fairly, he would have kept at his side the most powerful and the most loyal of his subjects, who were then the most trusted leaders of that House.' Instead of this it was clear that the reins were abandoned to the self-will and caprice of Buckingham; and after a difficulty as to the right of the House to adjourn itself, and a breach of the usual forms in not returning the supply bill to the Commons, the House separated on the 11th of July to meet again at Oxford on the 1st of August. A writ of adjournment was brought down, which the Commons refused to open or read, and the House adjourned itself; but, before this took place, Eliot moved a call of the members within three days of their next meeting.

The shortness of the interval, and the fact that Oxford, as well as London, was infected with the plague, seemed to show that there was an intention of causing unnecessary annoyance. All these difficulties were attributed to Buckingham's influence, and predisposed the opposition to attack him. The public grounds of discontent, however, were quite sufficient without the aggravation of personal feeling. It was in the course of this summer, and while Parliament was sitting, that eight English ships had been most disgracefully placed at the disposal of the French Government for the purpose of assisting in the attack on the Protestants of Rochelle. The crews mutinied more than once, and it was only after repeated protests from Admiral Pennington, the commander, that this transfer was carried out by an express Royal command. The crews returned, and Pennington kept out of the way till Parliament was dissolved.

At Oxford the Commons assembled in the Divinity School and the Lords in Christ Church Hall. The first complaint which came before the Lower House was one relating to a pardon granted to a Jesuit. The excuse was that it was customary to grant such favours to ambassadors on their leaving.\*

The intention of striking at Buckingham became clear on the second day, when Sir Edward Coke again raised the question of Montagu and his book. The Duke and Laud were at that very time pressing this man on the King, as if the fact that he was obnoxious to the Commons formed an irresistible claim to preferment! The House were then asked for a further supply of 40,000*l.* to be applied in some design of the nature of which they were kept in total ignorance. In reality Buckingham

\* See above, p. 70. This was not one of Bassompierre's priests; for he did not arrive till October 18th (28th) in this year.



desired to get rid of the Parliament, and he applied for a trifling sum in the first instance for the purpose of putting them more in the wrong by its refusal. The very smallness of the amount, however, inspired suspicion of the whole proceeding by which the Parliament appeared to have been so unnecessarily summoned to Oxford; but the demand was in a very short time enlarged to 200,000*l.* by those who represented the Crown. When Sir Robert Phillips spoke he alluded to the fact that tonnage and poundage were at that very moment being levied without the authority of Parliament, and stated that they were still ignorant of the object which the ships to be furnished and sent out with this supply were destined to effect. It was evident enough that the Commons would neither refuse the supply at once nor grant it so as to admit of immediate prorogation.

An attempt was therefore made to smooth matters over by causing Buckingham to deliver in Christ Church Hall an answer to the petition on Religion as conciliatory as he could make it, but so tainted by personal vanity and arrogance on his part as to irritate rather than soothe. In truth, Buckingham by this time, like most men who live in a world of their own, had become incapable of judging truly of the effect which his words and conduct produced on others. What this effect was is pretty clear from Sir John Eliot's remarks:—

<sup>1</sup> "In the meane tyme those passages were resolved that had been delivered at the meeting, and divers were the apprehensions which did followe them. That the Lord Keeper, the prime officer of the kingdom, should be made subservient to the Duke (for soe the Aet imported, being but an usher to his businesse), was thought preposterous and inverted. That the King's name must be a servant to his ends, under colour of some declaration from His Majestie to exhibit an apologie for himselfe, seemed as a kind of wonder. That the whole Parliament should be made attendant upon him was not without a strangenesse, the like having seldom beene before. But above all portentous it was thought, that religion should be descended to his use, and that which admitts noe equall or compeer to troope up with the rabble of his followers. This was thought much in him soe to assume and take it, but more in those that made that concession to his power."—vol. i. p. 304.

On the 10th of August a direct message from the King was delivered asking for the means to send out the fleet, and promising, if they voted the supply, to call them together again in the winter.

The Commons did not fall into the snare which had been laid for them, and resolved neither to grant nor to deny, but first to prepare a remonstrance setting out their grievances. The draft

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of Eliot's speech in the debate which followed has been fortunately preserved in his own handwriting. Mr. Forster tells us that the precedents collected by Sir Robert Cotton, with the intention of speaking himself, were handed over to his friend; and this accounts for the fact that so much of the speech as appears in the Parliamentary Histories is attributed to the former member. The mistake probably arose from the manuscript notes being found among Cotton's papers when they were afterwards seized. The mass of precedents quoted by Eliot had great significance, as bearing on the point that at all times those who had misled the King by their advice, or who had abused his liberality, had been called to a strict account by Parliament. Our author says:—

‘The drift, thus far, of Eliot's precedents and examples could not be doubtful. Though Buckingham had not been named, they confirmed every notorious abuse of his administration: the waste of royal lands and revenues, the abuse of grants and pensions, the sale of titles and judicial places, favour to recusants, mal-appropriation of subsidies, overriding of the royal authority, concentration of the highest offices in a single person, and bestowing of others unworthily on relatives, favourites, and dependants. They were, in fact, a complete forecast of the subjects comprised afterwards in the articles of his impeachment. All these things, however, known and generally denounced as they were, wanted something of the sharp precision and fatal exactness with which Eliot proceeded now to push his parallel to the very verge of the Oxford meeting; using sarcastically phrases by which Buckingham had provoked laughter at the Christchurch comedy; and, by an incident brought vividly back through the waste of two hundred years, recalling the very shame and wrong they had all resented bitterly in the sudden breaking up at Westminster. The closeness of comparison and unshrinking plainness of speech, and, all circumstances considered, the dauntless courage in these closing passages, are, indeed, extraordinary. “Sir,” resumed Eliot, “to draw you out to life the image of a former king's extremities, I will tell you what I have found here in Oxford since our coming to this meeting. It is the story of what was suffered here by Henry VI., writ by a learned man named Gascoigne, twice Vice-Chancellor of this place, a man who witnessed the tragedy of De la Pole. So rent away by ill council were the royal revenues, he tells you, that the King was enforced to live *de tollagis et quindenis populi*; that he was grown in debt more than half a million; that his powerful favourite, in treating of a foreign marriage, had not *gained a nation* at home, but had lost a duchy abroad; that, to work his cards, he had induced the King to adjourn the Parliament *in villis et remotis partibus regni*, where *propter defectum hospitii et victualium*, few could be expected to attend, and so he might enforce those few, to use the writer's words, *concedere regi quamvis pessima*. And when an act of resumption was desired—  
that

that just and frequent way of reparation for the state (I call it frequent, because so usually was it done, that from the time of Henry III. to Edward VI. all kings but one did exercise it)—this powerful minister opposed it, and, telling the King it was *ad dedecus regni*, so stopped it.

“But what succeeded on the Parliament taking it in hand? The same author tells you that the Commons, though wearied with travail and expenses, protested they would never grant an aid until the King should *actualiter resumere* all that was belonging to the Crown; adding, that it was most to the disgrace of royalty to leave its creditors in intolerable want, and to be engrossed wholly by the council of ONE MAN, who had brought great misery to the kingdom, such poverty to the King. All which good council still failed to work until by Parliament that bad great man was banished, when the act of resumption forthwith followed, and immediately the supply. If we should now, Mr. Speaker, seek a parallel to this, how would it hold to us?”—vol. i. pp. 419-421.

It is impossible to overrate the courage displayed by Eliot in such a speech as this, and it is impossible to estimate too highly the conservative spirit which guided the leaders of the opposition in all their attacks upon the Court. The one great feature of the English constitution, the appeal to the past, *the continuity of law*, if we may so term it, is visible throughout the early parliaments of Charles I.; whilst there is joined with it a keen and practical sense of the nature of popular liberty and of its true value in this country.

Eliot concluded by following Phillips in moving a remonstrance to the King, and added, ‘in due time we shall be ready to supply him.’ Another eminent western man, Glanville, strongly supported this course. He opposed either a refusal of supply or an immediate grant, although he advocated an assurance that such a grant would in due time be made. He added, with great force, that ‘it was the prerogative of kings to call parliaments at their pleasure, but, in counterpoise of that, their ancestors had erected the privilege for themselves to treat of what business they should please.’

Sir Robert Mansel, who had been named by the Lord High Admiral as a party to the naval preparation, denied all knowledge of its true character, and would not have the matter of supply put to question. This settled the course to be taken, and the remonstrance was resolved upon. The Court was aware of what was going on, and determined to dissolve, notwithstanding some specious opposition on Buckingham’s part, but a fresh attempt was first made to obtain a supply. At length, on the 12th of August, the case appeared thoroughly hopeless, and the proposal to name the Duke in the remonstrance

was



was made by Sir Francis Seymour. Whilst the members following him were speaking, Glanville entered the House, and announced that there was not time to finish their remonstrance as proposed: a short protestation was accordingly substituted for it, which was passed and ordered to be presented whilst the Black Rod was actually knocking at the door.\*

Thus ended the first Parliament of Charles, after a session of a very few weeks at Westminster and at Oxford. Much was done in it to uphold the power of that deliberative assembly, without which the Revolution of 1688 would have been an impossibility, and the liberties of Englishmen might long since have been forgotten. It is difficult to conceive anything more fraught with evil omens for the reign of Charles than the tone of the Court on the one hand, and of the Commons and people on the other, at this particular moment.

Eliot returned to his duties as Vice-Admiral of Devon. On the 4th of October the Cadiz expedition sailed, to return in two months, after ignominious failure. The King was to be crowned on Candlemas-day, and four days afterwards (February 6, 1626) Parliament was to assemble. All sorts of silly expedients were resorted to for disqualifying the leading member of the Opposition from sitting in Parliament, and for intimidating the Peers and great officers of State. The King himself inserted seven names in the list of Sheriffs, among which were those of Wentworth, Coke, Sir Robert Phillips, and Sir Francis Seymour. He compelled Pembroke to submit to Buckingham, threatened the Lord Marshal Arundel, and transferred the great seal from Williams to Coventry. Eliot declined to be nominated as member for the county, and at the end of January was returned as member for St. German's.

After the coronation, Parliament met on the 6th of February, and assembled for business on the 10th of that month. Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, was recommended for Speaker; Phillips, Seymour, and Coke had been pricked for Sheriffs, but were returned for their counties, although they could not sit; Pym, Selden, Sir Oliver Luke, Sir Bevil Grenville, and John Hampden, were all members of the House. Sir John Eliot very soon spoke of the condition of public affairs, and secured the appointment of a Committee to review all the mis-

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\* Howell, in his letters, writing to Sir Sackville Trevor, from Oxford, says: 'I am sorry I must write unto you the sad tydings of the dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly. Sir John Eliot was in the heat of a high speech against the Duke of Buckingham when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door and signified the King's pleasure, which strook a kind of consternation in all the House.'—Vol. i. p. 190, 4th letter.



government and misapplication of public money, the 'late ill-successes and losses of reputation, and the employment or waste of treasure, in sums granted,—how in particular spent, and *by whose advice*, the last three years.' It is interesting to find from the papers at Port Eliot, that Hampden assisted his friend in the preparation of the materials for what was, in reality, the attack on Buckingham; for on him the various inquiries and reports were rapidly concentrating their whole force.

Charles soon became aware of this fact. A second message, urging supply, was sent to the House, to which they replied, that they were investigating and considering the remedies of certain great evils, and in connexion therewith meant to grant an ample supply. The King then sent an *autograph letter*, as Mr. Forster truly remarks, 'if ever such was written, for no communication could bear marked upon its face more clearly the reckless infatuation which brought Charles to the scaffold. He told the Commons that he saw they aimed at Buckingham; he assured them that the Duke 'hath not meddled or done anything concerning the public or commonwealth but by my special directions and appointment, and as my servant;' and he ended by telling them, that if they would not hasten his supply it would be worse for themselves. The 27th of March was fixed for the vote in supply, and before that day Eliot carried four resolutions against Buckingham, attacking him on the grounds of his neglect and maladministration as Lord High Admiral, the multiplicity of offices which he held, and his gross abuse of the patronage of the Crown in the sale of honours, titles, and offices.

We have not space to dwell on the cross charges of Lord Bristol and Buckingham against each other, or the foolish arrest of the Earl of Arundel, with reference to which the King was obliged to give way; nor on the case of the ship 'St. Peter of Newhaven,' in which Eliot fearlessly assailed the Duke, notwithstanding that he sheltered himself under the King's name.

On the 27th of March the vote demanded in supply amounted to three subsidies and three fifteenths.

'He (Eliot) had seen the necessity at once of bringing back and fixing consideration to the points in which alone any hope now rested for them. They must break the favourite, who must otherwise break them. It was not within possibility, after the inquiries opened and the results already obtained, that there should be any middle course or bargaining. The time was passed for it. That he or they must fall, Eliot knew now to be the only issue, whatever time must elapse before determining it; and when he had finished the House knew it too.'—vol. i. p. 519.

He enlarged on the miserable failures of the Cadiz expedition  
and

and Count Mansfeldt's attempt to rescue the Palatinate. He recapitulated the corrupt bestowal of honours and places, and the wasteful expenditure of the treasures of the Crown. He again referred to the old precedents of Hubert de Burgh in the time of Henry III., and William de la Pole, and ended by saying,—

'Let us now do as our fathers did before us. Let us present our grievances and complaints, that the satisfaction given in them may prepare the affections of the people; but in the mean time let us so far yield to the proposition for supply as to make a formal promise of the aid which is so urged by the King. But for the act itself, for the passing of the Subsidy Bill, that may wisely and well have licence to attend the despatch of the rest of our affairs, to which I hope our vote will be as auspicious as in the beginning this day (that of the King's accession) was prophesied to the Parliament,'—vol. i. p. 525.

The result was a vote, nearly unanimous, 'that three subsidies and three fifteenths be granted to His Majesty in this session of Parliament, payable at three separate times; *the bill to be brought in when we shall have presented our grievances, and received His Majesty's answer thereto.*' On the 29th of March both Houses were summoned to meet the King. The Lord Keeper reproached the Commons with the dishonour which they had cast upon the Crown by appending a condition to their vote of subsidies, and told them that if they would not vote a sufficient and unconditional supply, they must expect to be dissolved; to which Charles added, that Parliaments were entirely in his power as to their calling, sitting, and dissolution; and that, as he found the fruits of them to be good or evil, they were to continue or not to be.

If this threat meant anything, it meant that he contemplated the abolition of Parliaments as a possible course. It was, in fact, an anticipation of Strafford's '*Thorough*;' and it is impossible, when we read it not to honour and respect the men who, like Sir John Eliot, faced the storm and rescued the institutions of England. Such as it was, however, it had no effect on Eliot; he spoke as strongly as before as to the right and duty of the House to inquire into the delinquencies of the King's servants and ministers. An attempt was made to smooth matters over by another speech from the Duke to the Lords and Commons; but it is evident that, now as before, the very assumption of representing the Crown in such an address aggravated instead of soothing, the feeling against him. His demeanour, too, in the conference-chamber, when the articles of impeachment were opened, was unseemly and arrogant: but with greater prudence he absented himself when Eliot made the closing speech.

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We wish that we had space to quote largely from that speech in the shape in which Mr. Forster now lays it before his readers. What especially moved Charles's wrath was the comparison of Buckingham to Sejanus. 'Implicitly,' said the King, 'he must intend me for Tiberius.' Laud in his diary records the committal of Eliot and Digges to the Tower on the 8th of May for the prologue and epilogue, as he calls it, of the charges. He did not see, what Mr. Forster truly says, that this was the first of those open and undisguised outrages which brought their author to the scaffold. The punishment was inflicted, not only for words spoken in Parliament, but was actually carried out while Parliament was sitting. The House was evidently resolved to proceed with no business until Eliot was liberated. Digges had been released on the day following his arrest, and on the 20th of May Eliot, after having been questioned, was set free. He justified in the House the expressions used in his speech, and was cleared by a unanimous vote from all imputations. It is impossible to conceive a more ignominious defeat for the King. In our author's words—

'He suffered for want of his father's cowardice quite as much as for want of Elizabeth's courage. His was one of those natures, not uncommon, which having no self-reliance have yet a most intense self-reference, and make up ever for yielding in some points by obstinacy in some other; and it was his misery always to resist, as he yielded, too late. After giving up everything that had sustained the prerogative while it had yet any work in the world to do, he believed in it to the last as the only thing that could help him; and he was not the less ready to seize Pym and Hampden in 1641 because of his defeat and discomfiture in the attempt to seize Eliot in 1626.'—vol. i. p. 570.

After Buckingham's indecent nomination as Chancellor of Cambridge whilst actually under impeachment, he sent in his answers to the charges of the Commons. A fresh application for supply had been made, but the House proceeded to complete their remonstrance, warning the King against retaining the Duke in his counsels, and protesting against all such advisers as should instigate him to levy aids, taxes, or subsidies contrary to the laws of the land. On the 15th the Parliament was dissolved. A show was made of an intention to prosecute the Duke in the Star Chamber; and the Secret Committee, of which Eliot was one, were called on by the Attorney-General to state the proofs of their charges. They treated the matter as one with which they were concerned only in Parliament. Eliot was then specially examined, but he adhered to the principle that he had nothing to



do with it, except as a member acting by the command of the Commons of England.

It was then resolved to ruin Sir John Eliot in another way, and charges were prepared against him in connexion with the discharge of his duty, and his accounts as Vice-Admiral of Devon. After appearing before the Council, he was, in June 1627, committed to the Gate-house. Charles in the mean time had resolved to levy, if he could, the supply which Parliament had *not* finally granted in the shape of four subsidies and three fifteenths, as well as the tax of tonnage and poundage. The answers from all parts of England to these demands showed that there was but little chance of obtaining money in this form, and the conviction that Parliament was the only legitimate mode of extracting money from the subject, was evidently proved to have a firm hold of the mass of the people. We cannot enter into the discussion of Buckingham's motives for quarrelling with France, or the truth or falsehood of his disappointed love for Anne of Austria. A forced loan was resorted to, and the clergy lent themselves to this project on the part of the Crown; but the resistance was such as to require the most rigorous measures against those who refused to contribute or to aid in its collection. Eliot, foreseeing the difficulties in which he might be involved, had, between the winter of 1626 and the following summer, resettled his estates, and placed all his property in the hands of trustees. On the 27th of June in this year (1627) Buckingham sailed to Rochelle, and when reinforcements were most urgently wanted for this disastrous expedition, it became perfectly evident, as our author says, that the people's settled determination was, 'without a Parliament they would not give.' When we read in later years of Hampden's resistance to the King, and his death on the field of battle, let us not forget that he suffered a long imprisonment for refusing to submit to the illegal exaction of this forced loan. Eliot embodied his reasons against this tax in a petition to the King, which he printed and circulated, and which is now given by Mr. Forster, in an authentic shape (vol. ii. pp. 87-93). The writ of Habeas Corpus sued out by Hampden and others was argued before the Judges, and the prisoners were left in confinement. At length the state of the country and the feeling of the public was such, that Charles resolved to call a Parliament. The writs were issued, and above eighty country gentlemen were released from prison. This third Parliament of Charles was summoned to meet on the 17th of March, 1628; and what was the position in which he had by this time placed himself? What were the probable relations in which he would stand

stand towards the gentlemen of England and the representatives of the people? In spite of proved abuses and incompetence in the Cabinet and in the field, the King upheld the favourite who was universally believed to be the author of all the trouble and disasters which had occurred. In the teeth of the Commons of England he had levied taxes which they and he knew to be illegal: he had imprisoned those whom he had now again to meet clothed with the powers of the House of Commons; he had irritated and deceived the men whom he could not crush, and on whose votes the future prosperity of his reign must depend: he had proved conclusively his wish to overthrow that which his subjects believed to be the law of the land; and he had shown with equal clearness his impotence to effect this object.—What could he expect but the whirlwind which was to follow? Not a single man imprisoned on account of the loan who offered himself for election failed to obtain a seat; and among those returned for the first time appeared Hampden's cousin, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, for the borough of Huntingdon. Eliot might have sat again for Newport; but, in spite of his recent release from imprisonment, his outlawry, and all the efforts of Sir James Bagge and the friends of the Government against him, he was triumphantly returned for the county of Cornwall. When the Commons assembled on the 17th of March, neither Laud's sermon, nor His Majesty's speech, was calculated to soothe their temper or inspire greater confidence in the constitutional wisdom of the King.

The question of supply was to come on on the 24th of March; but on the 22nd a debate arose in which the speeches of Sir Thomas Wentworth and Sir John Rich were especially remarkable. The constitutional zeal of the former was warmed, if not generated, by his desire to overthrow Buckingham, and the genuine patriotism of the latter was not likely to be less ardent because he had been imprisoned for many months without warrant of law. It was obvious enough that the discussion of grievances must again precede supply, and all that had passed since the last Parliament was not calculated to diminish the bitterness or assuage the wrath of Buckingham's opponents.

The King, feeling that the debate on grievances was inevitable, and that his want of money was urgent, suggested that one and the same Committee might deal with both subjects. This course was taken: Mr. Littleton was chairman of a committee of the whole House, to which were referred, in the first place, the liberty of the subject in his person and goods, and next, supply. Four resolutions on the first subject were adopted unanimously and sent up to the Lords, and a vote was passed for five subsidies. With the message from the King acknowledging this last vote,



Beckingham's thanks were joined ; and the arrogant folly of such a proceeding was indignantly protested against by Eliot, whose speech was received with the acclamation, 'Well spoken, Sir John Eliot!'

The resolutions of the Commons were argued in the conference with the Lords for three days; Digges, Littleton, Selden, and Coke, as managers for the former, being opposed by the Attorney and Solicitor General, on behalf of the Crown. The Judges were called on to declare the nature of their judgment on the Habeas Corpus sued out by those who had been committed, and the resolutions of the Lords were, in fact, an evasion of the questions raised. In the mean time the King had begun to press the House in the matter of supply. Mr. Forster says, 'His importunity betrayed him. Too broadly his purpose declared itself to use the House of Commons only for supply, and to dismiss it as soon as that object was achieved, not to have fixed its leaders irremovably to their own course, if in this they had ever wavered. But the House itself kept them steady and true' (vol. ii. p. 166).

They had resolved that supply and the redress of grievances should go on together, or stop together. On the 25th of April five propositions, modifying the resolutions of the Commons, were brought down from the Lords, and having been rejected by the former, the 28th was appointed for a final discussion of the subject. On the morning of that day the House was summoned to meet the King, when the Chancellor delivered a speech recognising the validity of the great Charter and the other six statutes relied on at the conference, but, in fact, calling upon them to trust for their secure observance to the word of the King. The Commons then resolved to frame a statute embodying and re-enacting the provisions of these Acts and of Magna Charta with reference to the liberties of the subject, and thus came into existence the immortal 'Petition of Right.' Eliot and Wentworth were both members of the Committee, to which its preparation was intrusted.

On the 8th of May the Petition, as passed by the Commons, was taken up to the Lords, or at least presented in a conference in the painted chamber; for Mr. Forster tells us that when a bill took this form it seems to have been the usage at that time that it should not pass through its first stage in either House until its terms had been agreed upon by previous discussions in conference. It was known, too, that the Commons had ordered a bill for five subsidies to be prepared—guarded, however, by fixing the terms of payment for each, and by the condition that the Petition of Right should be previously granted. A sharp struggle took place on the question of inserting words saving the King's sovereign power ;



power; but the Commons remained firm and undaunted. At length, on May 27th, the Lords had yielded, and the Petition of Right, with two immaterial verbal alterations, was accepted. On the 28th it was presented to the King, by whom it was received in silence.

The condition of things was now this: A bill, in the form of a petition, had been passed by both Houses. It wanted only the customary words '*soit droit fait comme il est désiré*' to become the law of the land. Without this constitutional sanction it was a nullity, and these words the Commons hoped to hear when they met the King in the House of Lords on the 31st of May.

Instead however of this, Charles made a short speech, in which he told the Parliament, 'I am come hither to show you that, as well in formal things as essential, I desire to give you as much content as in me lies.' And the Lord Keeper read a paper stating that the King willed right to be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, with other vague assurances of the same kind; but the necessary form of assent was still wanting. The Commons returned to their own House and adjourned.

Sir John Eliot saw clearly enough that the King could be reached only through Buckingham, and in a bold and memorable speech on the 3rd of June he reopened all the complaints against the favourite, and carried a resolution of the House for a remonstrance or declaration, to be presented to His Majesty. Charles supposed that he could save Buckingham and secure the subsidies only by consenting to the Petition of Right in its proper form, and on the 7th of June this was done; but, like all the concessions of this unfortunate King, it came too late to effect its object.

We are bound to state too that Charles's conduct in this whole business was at once imbecile and untruthful. If he had intended, as he said, to abide by the laws as they were recited in the Petition, why did he not give his assent in the usual form required by the precedents of many hundred years? If he did not intend to evade the Petition, why did he on the 26th of May, before he gave his first answer, privately consult the Judges as to its binding force if it were enacted as a statute? As Mr. Hallam observes, the sincerity of Charles in giving his assent to the Petition at all may be estimated by the fact of this conference. His conduct with reference to the Petition of Right had led to the remonstrance; but it did not follow because he was obliged to yield that he would then succeed in stopping the movement which his duplicity had caused. The Commons were bound to pass the Supply Bill, but they were bound to nothing else. On the 13th of June Eliot spoke in the strongest terms in favour of naming the Duke in the remonstrance, which was presented at Whitehall in the presence

sence of Buckingham himself. The Bills of Supply were passed and assented to; but in the Commons a bill was introduced for the purpose of granting tonnage and poundage until the next session. This bill was so drawn as to assume the illegality of levying these duties without the assent of the House. Charles refused to accept the grant on these terms, and hastily prorogued the Parliament on the 26th of June. On the 20th of that month Eliot had obtained leave to go down into the country on account of the death of his wife. Mr. Forster's remarks on this prorogation of Parliament are worth quoting:—

'So Charles I. closed a session for ever made memorable by the Petition of Right. He told the men by whose courage and constancy it was won, that he meant to resume the privileges it had wrested from him; and he told the Judges, whose servile acquiescence already he had secretly received, that on their construction of it he relied to defeat its provisions. But as in his efforts to avoid its enactment, so in this attempt to escape from its control, his over anxiety betrayed him. That he was ignorant of its full meaning or of its binding force no man could believe; and it may be doubted if one even of his own servants thought it possible that he should be able to continue to govern as if his consent to it had not been given. In truth, the question had ceased to be personal. The preeminent value of the statute was that it had for the future placed the liberties of England upon a basis independent alike of the corruption of her judges and the encroachment of her kings. Those liberties might again be violated; but never again could be pleaded, in palliation or defence, the precedents and usages which the great Petition had deprived of their force and authority. Nor has the debt due to its framers ceased yet to be a warm and living obligation. It survived to conquer the prerogative through all the evil days that were in store for England, and to this hour it remains the defence and bulwark of her people.'—vol. ii. p. 325.

Among the framers of this statute to whom our gratitude is thus due, Sir John Eliot stands the first. His courage and his sagacity never failed throughout the struggle, and he died a martyr to the cause which he had thus manfully upheld.

The King's disposition to favour all those who were most hateful to the Commons was sufficiently shown by the promotion of Land to the see of London, of Montagu to that of Chichester, and by the collation of Manwaring to the living of Stamford Rivers. Wentworth, who had gone over to the court in the course of the last discussions on the Petition of Right, was elevated to the peerage and became a member of the Council. Now, as our author remarks, Charles had at length secured 'a capable as well as a daring councillor.' Fifteen hundred copies of the Petition, with the lawful words of assent appended to them, were called in and destroyed,

destroyed, and a large impression with the first answer was circulated, as if the legal effect of the Royal assent would be cancelled afterwards. Such a step, however it might indicate the King's intention to treat the Act as if it had never passed, appears at this time to us absolutely childish. In addition to all this, tonnage and poundage were levied, as if the bill authorising their collection had passed. On the 23rd of August, 1628, Buckingham had been murdered by Felton at Portsmouth. On the 20th of October Parliament was summoned to meet at Westminster, but was again prorogued till the 20th of January. In the course of the autumn merchants had been imprisoned for nonpayment of duties imposed by the Royal authority alone, and the fall of Rochelle had saddened the hearts of all sincere Protestants. To this last event Eliot alluded with great force in his first speech of this session. Indignation was naturally felt, too, at the circulation of the Petition of Right with the informal answer, and on inquiry this act was traced to the King's direct orders. In addition to all this, the course pursued by Laud in Church matters embittered the feelings of men who leant to the Puritan side, and could not be justified or defended even by moderate churchmen like Eliot; but we have not space to enter on the ecclesiastical controversies of this unhappy period. They cannot, however, be overlooked, and without understanding them it is impossible fully to comprehend the true position of the King or the Commons.

The subject of tonnage and poundage remained yet to be dealt with. Sir John Eliot was Chairman of the Committee for examining into the grievances of the merchants, and on his report one of the Sheriffs of London was committed for contempt. In the mean time the oppressive proceedings in the Exchequer and the Star Chamber, in direct violation of the liberties secured in the Petition of Right, continued without check or control. The answer of the former court to the complaints made seemed to be based upon that very saving of the prerogative which the Lords had striven to insert, and the Commons had indignantly rejected, in the Petition of Right.

The House of Commons called to account the farmers of the revenue and the collecting officers, whilst the King expressly avowed that their acts were done by his command and authority. On the morning of the 25th of February the House was desired to adjourn to the 2nd of March, and it was evidently the intention of Charles to dissolve them. Why should he hesitate to do so? It was clear that he had determined to levy tonnage and poundage by his own prerogative, and where could be the use of listening to whining complaints against Arminianism and to a  
list



list of grievances, which his present conduct showed he had no scruple in inflicting on his subjects even after the Petition of Right? It was evident then that the Parliament would be dispersed, and it was of the utmost consequence that the declaration drawn up by the Committee with reference to tonnage and poundage should be placed on record in the House, and that resolutions should be passed on the subject.

The scene which occurred on the 2nd of March is well described by Mr. Forster:—

‘As soon as prayers were ended, and the members seated, Eliot rose; when at the same moment the Speaker stood up in his chair, and said he had the King’s command for adjournment until the morrow se’nnight, the 10th of March. Eliot, nevertheless, persisting, the cry became general that he should proceed: several interposing to say that it was not a Speaker’s office to deliver any such command: that to themselves alone it properly belonged to direct an adjournment; and that, after some things were uttered they thought fit to be spoken of, they would satisfy His Majesty. Again upon this Eliot rose; but then the Speaker, stating that he had the King’s express command to quit the House after delivering his message, made a movement to leave the chair; when at once Denzil Holles and Valentine laid hold of his arm on either side, and pressed him down. The action was sudden; Finch, taken by surprise, appears to have doubted for the moment what to do; and in that instant Eliot had begun to speak. This for the time was decisive, the whole House inclining to hear.’—vol. ii. p. 448.

The concluding words of his speech were as follows:—

‘And therefore it is fit for us, as true Englishmen, in discharge of our own duties in this case, to show the affection that we have to the honour and safety of our Sovereign, to show our affection to religion, and to the rights and interests of the subject. It befits us to declare our purpose to maintain them, and our resolution to live and die in their defence. That so, like our fathers, we may preserve ourselves as freemen, and by that freedom keep ability for the supply and support of His Majesty when our services may be needful. To which end this paper which I hold was conceived, and has this scope and meaning.’—vol. i. p. 451.

Eliot then advanced to the table with the declaration of the Committee of Trade, but the Speaker refused to receive it, and the clerk declined to read it. The Speaker was twice called on to put the question, and twice protested that the King had commanded him not to do so. Selden stated that as their Speaker he was bound to put the question which they commanded, and that his refusal to do so was to abdicate his office. Twice again he alleged the King’s commands, and attempted to move from the chair, but Valentine, Long, and Holles held him there, and the  
last

last swore 'he *should* sit there till it pleased them to rise.' All who desired the declaration to be read and put to the vote were called on to stand up, when a great majority rose. Eliot threw the declaration on the floor of the House. The Serjeant-at-arms attempted to take the mace from the table, but it was seized and replaced by Sir Miles Hobart, who locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Eliot, seeing that there was no time to spare, then produced a shorter declaration, in which were expressed in the strongest terms the illegality of levying tonnage and poundage without the warrant of Parliament, and the determination of the House to punish all who counselled such a levy, or aided in carrying it out. This was passed, and then three resolutions proposed by Holles, whilst the Speaker still sat by compulsion in the chair, were carried by acclamation. In the mean time, Black Rod had long been knocking at the door, which the king's officers had been sent for to force: it was opened, and the members rushed out.

Parliament was not formally dissolved till the 10th of March, but a proclamation for this purpose was signed on the 3rd, and on the following day Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, Hobart, Hayman, Long, Strode, and Eliot were served with warrants to attend the Council.

Such was the last scene of Sir John Eliot's parliamentary life.

We do not intend to enter on a discussion how far the course taken by the Opposition in the Commons was justifiable or praiseworthy; but it must never be forgotten, as Mr. Forster says, that the real conspirators were the King and the Speaker, Sir John Finch. A plan was laid which implied on the part of the latter a betrayal of his duty and an abnegation of his functions. He was the organ of the House, and of no one else. If they resolved to sit until they were prorogued by the undoubted prerogative of the Crown, he was bound to obey, and until that time it was his duty to retain his place with the symbol of authority on the table before him. †

In this as in other cases, fraud or violence was met by similar weapons; and but for the work done by these men in Charles's third Parliament, there would have been no House of Commons competent to deal with the future encroachments of Charles or of James II.

'The King,' says Mr. Hallam, 'next turned his mind, according to his own and his father's practice, to take vengeance on those who had been most active in their opposition to him.\*' Eliot, when heard with others before the Council, declined to answer

\* 'Constitutional History,' vol. i. p. 414.



any questions relating to his conduct in Parliament, to which alone he held himself responsible as a member, and the prisoners were immediately committed to the Tower. In addition to the charges now made, the Attorney-General took steps for reviving the old judgments and processes of outlawry against Eliot. Questions were then privately put to the Judges, who seem on this as on other occasions of a similar nature, to have writhed under this sort of inquisitorial process, by which it was sought to commit them before they had the case before them, or had heard the other side.

In the Tower, for at least three months, Eliot was denied the use of books or pen and ink; but the public feeling in favour of the imprisoned members was becoming inconveniently strong. In the beginning of May the information in the Star Chamber had been filed, and on the 22nd of that month Eliot put in his plea and demurrer, and claimed to be heard by counsel.

‘ Besides certain technical objections, he answered broadly that the King could have no legal knowledge of what might have taken place in Parliament, until such should have been communicated by the House itself; and that it did not appear in the information that the matters charged had been so communicated to the King. That the matters charged were supposed to have been committed in Parliament, and were therefore only examinable in the House of Commons; and that he, Sir John Eliot, the defendant, might not, and ought not, to disclose what was spoken in Parliament, unless by consent of the House.’—vol. ii. p. 479.

An order was made in the Star Chamber that after arguments on the pleas and demurrer there, it should be referred to the judges in Westminster Hall to decide whether or not the defendants should be required to make any other answer; but this decision was long delayed. In the mean time Eliot remained in his prison, under conditions somewhat less rigorous than those at first imposed on him; and from the striking passage quoted from a letter to Richard Knightley, it is evident that he remained calm, undaunted, and resigned to all that God might think it fitting he should suffer. His care for his children, and his regard for his friends, are clearly brought out by his biographer, and we feel that in private and domestic life he was amiable and affectionate in the highest degree; but his determination was unshaken. ‘ There appears,’ he writes, ‘ noe signe of alteration in our state, or an opening yett to libertie, *unlesse it be in such waies as I hope we shall not take.* But we know ther is that will effect it in due tyme.’—Vol. ii. p. 503.

A petition was presented to the King in favour of the prisoners from the whole county of Cornwall, but its only effect was to increase



increase his exasperation against Eliot. A manuscript treatise by him, entitled '*De jure Majestatis*,' still remaining at Port Eliot, shows how he passed his time in prison. Mr. Forster says of it—'One derives from it a prodigious impression of the variety of Eliot's scholarship and knowledge, and of the happy power of finding relief therein from suffering and sorrow, as Raleigh in that very place had done in the earlier time.'—Vol. ii. p. 509.

At Michaelmas, probably from fear of pushing the power of the Star Chamber into direct conflict with the privilege of Parliament, it was resolved to proceed by information in the King's Bench against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine.

It was understood that the Judges were prepared to maintain the jurisdiction of their courts over parliamentary offences, and it was also understood that they would refuse even intermediate bail, except on the condition of 'good behaviour.' Six out of the seven who were still in custody were brought up on Saturday, October the third; their conduct was admitted to be 'temperate and without offence;' but they all absolutely refused to enter into the bond for their 'good behaviour' which was required before they could be bailed. An information in the King's Bench was prepared and filed against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, and on the night of the 29th of October they were brought privately from the Tower to the chambers of the Chief Justice, and were then committed to the Marshalsea—'to their country house in Southwark,' as Eliot called it.

On the 26th of January, 1629-30, the three defendants appeared with their counsel in the Court of King's Bench. The Chief Justice began by informing the counsel that the Judges had made up their minds on the point that any offence committed contemptuously or criminally in Parliament remained punishable in another court. The defendants were remitted to custody, with a direction to plead further before a certain day of that term. It ended, of course, in the court overruling the plea to their jurisdiction, and sentencing the defendants to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. Sir John Eliot was to be confined in the Tower of London, and the others elsewhere, and none of them was to be released until he had given security for his good behaviour, and made submission and acknowledgment of his offence. Eliot was in addition fined 2000 marks, Mr. Holles 1000, and Mr. Valentine 500*l*.

Before this sentence was pronounced the hero of this story had been confined to his bed by sickness, and had been unable to appear in court on the last day. He knew too well that the sentence now pronounced was one of perpetual imprisonment unless

unless a Parliament was summoned. He knew, moreover, that the last thing Charles would do, if he could help it, was to summon a Parliament. When that assembly did at last meet, eleven years afterwards, the arrears against the King had accumulated, and it did not separate so easily or so calmly even as the Parliament of 1629.

Sir John Eliot died on the 27th of November, in the year 1632, in the 43rd year of his age :

'But'—says Mr. Forster, 'revenges there are which death cannot satisfy, and natures that will not drop their hatreds at the grave. The son desired to carry his father's remains to Port Eliot, there to be with those of his ancestors; and the King was addressed once more. The youth drew up an humble petition that His Majesty would be pleased to permit the body of his father to be carried into Cornwall, to be buried there. Whereunto was answered at the foot of the petition, "*lett Sir John Eliot's body to be buried in the church of that parish where he dyed.*" And so he was buried in the Tower.'—vol. ii. p. 727.

We have long thought that recent researches and disclosures with reference to the civil war and the character of Charles I. tended rather to his disadvantage than otherwise, but we have seen no fact which is more damaging than that brought to light in the words just quoted. That he was vindictive to his opponents while they were alive we know; but there is a mean and bitter spite in the answer to the petition for Eliot's burial at St. German's which appears unworthy—we will not say of a king—but of a Christian gentleman.

Our readers must have felt how imperfectly an analysis of a book such as that before us can represent its real interest, or do justice to its merits. Mr. Forster, in his other works,\* has thrown much light on the reign of Charles I., but it is impossible to estimate too highly this addition to his former labours. The public owe much to the Earl of St. German's for the liberality with which he has thrown open his family papers, but they owe him still more for the judgment which he has shown in his selection of the person to whom they have been intrusted. If we wish that the book was shorter it is not because its interest flags, but because we should desire that it might be more widely circulated. Its value as history is very great, and the picture which, as a biography, it gives of the character of Sir John Eliot is of the most striking kind.

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\* 'Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First. A Chapter of English History re-written.' London, 1860. 'The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, Nov. and Dec. 1641. With an Introductory Essay on English Freedom, under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns.' Second edition. London, 1860.

ART. IV.—*The Iliad of Homer rendered into English Blank Verse.*  
By Edward Earl of Derby. 2 vols. London, 1864.

ON the first rumour of another translation of the 'Iliad,' and that from the pen of so eminent a person, we inquired with some uneasiness in what kind of verse it was written; and it was with a certain feeling of relief that we learnt that Lord Derby intended to offer us neither the rhyming couplet, nor any other form of rhyme, nor any labyrinthine metre of his own or other person's invention, but plain blank verse. It appears that he was too well aware of the inherent and unavoidable difficulties of translation, to weight himself with any such superfluous task. These difficulties it is almost impossible to exaggerate, for they begin with the very words for which you must find equivalents; and when this apparently easy labour commences in earnest you are mocked by phenomena of this sort:—that which in one language is expressed by a term which appeals to the sense of sight, is conveyed to us in another under a form derived from a sense of touch; that which is picturesque in one language, will be logical in another. The every-day metaphors of which even our ordinary conversation in great part consists, are not derived from the same objects in the speech of two countries; that which one people describe as an act on a given object, in another figures as a simple state in relation to it; and so we might go on with an endless classification of the sources of this manifold diversity. But even after these have been provided against by judicious compromise, there remains another class of terms that seem to correspond exactly; when in comes the terrible law of association, and completely severs the connexion between them. The word which has been accustomed to good society in one language, answers to that which has kept very low company in another; the one will suggest everything that is noble, and the other is hopelessly vulgar. The river in Macedon is suggestive of Muses, and war-chariots, and mighty floods, while the one in Monmouth offers no images save those of pic-nics, public-house minstrels, and trout fishing. All this, which is true of any language in relation to any other, is pre-eminently true of Greek in relation to English; and the consideration of it soon convinces a judicious interpreter that, in order to be faithful, he must renounce the hope of being literal, and continually exercise the severest nicety of judgment in seeking for the best compromises of which the case is susceptible. He must employ a kind of linguistic diplomacy, neither ignoring the force and the character of the foreign idioms, nor betraying that of which he is the representative.

The



The translator of Homer has to satisfy two classes of persons; at least we presume that he intends at the same time to offer to the scholar the gratification of tracing throughout his work the same beauties which he felt in reading the original author, and of giving those to whom the first source is inaccessible as much of the pleasure as can be transfused into their mother tongue. Those who are pedants and not scholars will of course profess too much enthusiasm for the original to endure his work being presented to them in any less satisfactory form; but the genuine lover of letters will take an interest in translations, as so many efforts to ascertain and to bring out all the resources of which his own language is capable, and therefore as so many contributions to its strength and fulness. As for the other class of readers (we will not call them the unlearned, for many a man or woman may be learned without any knowledge of Greek), they certainly do not occupy a subordinate place in the thoughts of any one who endeavours to execute such a work as Lord Derby has undertaken; for while he remembers that for every languid supplement, and even for any appearance of a grace added by himself, as well as for every beauty omitted or feebly rendered, the scholar will call him to account, he also bears in mind that numerous body of non-Grecians who, though they cannot judge of Homer, can distinguish between flatness and spirit. Nay, as there is a certain supremacy still maintained by Greek and Latin scholars in England, he will be answerable to all those who enjoy it, if by any feebleness of his own he provokes the general public to the profane question, 'Is this dull stuff all that is to be found in the ancient authors for whom you claim such reverence, and as the priests of whom you exact so much reverence for yourselves?' Although such misgivings must have presented themselves to Lord Derby when he first began to think of publication, we gather from his very modest preface that he entered upon his labours with a very different train of thought from that which we have suggested. In the intervals of a brilliant and arduous public career he betook himself to this truly noble recreation, loving the work for the work's sake, in the true spirit of an artist, without any thought of a public until it was suggested to him by others. We cordially approve of the suggestion; for to it we owe a translation of the 'Iliad' which we can admire without effort, and recommend to our readers simply on its own merits.

It is scarcely the time of day to enter into a disquisition upon the various beauties of the 'Iliad,' but it will not be out of place to say something of those qualities of the poet which, as being connected with his style and diction, must be kept continually in view whenever we attempt to criticise any of his translators.

When

When Plato speaks of Homer as the chief of the writers of tragedy, it would appear from the manner of his expression, that he is not offering this as an observation of his own, but merely giving his assent to an opinion that was already current in his time. The remark of Aristotle, that tragedy seems to have been derived from the '*Iliad*' and the '*Odyssey*', is more guarded, but at the same time it is less true. Historically speaking, Epic and Tragic poetry have nothing to do with each other; but that the presence of the dramatic element in epic poetry, and that in no inconsiderable proportion to the narrative and descriptive parts, is one of the chief beauties of the '*Iliad*,'—this is a truth which Plato's contemporaries felt, although they expressed it incorrectly. The want of this dramatic character is one among the many points in which Virgil falls short of his original; and it is the presence of it which increases the interest of the *Inferno*, and to a less extent of the *Purgatorio*, in both of which it relieves the fancy in its contemplation of the infinite variety of details which are successively presented to it.

The speeches in the '*Iliad*' are wonderfully in character, and, except where they occur for the purpose of introducing an episode, they help on the narrative, even while they afford repose to the attention by establishing a pause in the succession of the events. The narrative itself excited the admiration of the Greeks on two principal grounds; first, they pointed to the unrivalled skill and judgment of the poet in the construction of his plan and in grouping of all his incidents round one centre of action. But the second excellency is that with which we are now more immediately concerned. It is that power of vivid narration which they describe as bringing everything before the eyes (*πρὸ ὀμμάτων*). No one can read Homer without ratifying their judgment in this particular; and the more closely we attend to him, the more we shall be convinced that this was not a mere accident of manner or language, but that Homer himself continually had this result before his mind as that towards which all his endeavours must be directed, and to the attainment of which he must adapt both manner and language. He understood his vocation as that of the story teller; and he felt that the highest form of the story was that in which men should appear not merely as the agents of events, but as speaking and thinking characters. This is shown by many signs; by the continual changes of scene, the distinct conception of the topography of Ilium and the camp, by his minuteness of detail, whether in describing the performance of a sacrifice, or the handling of a ship, or the selection of a robe for Pallas, or the effect of a spear-thrust; but in nothing is it so conspicuous as in his comparisons.



parisons. If these comparisons were always drawn from new objects, it might be pretended that they were brought in by way of ornament and display; but when we see him continually recurring to the same images, to the sea, or the torrent, or the beast of chase, the evident subordination of the thing described to the event which he intends to illustrate thereby, sufficiently shows his design. The object of these similitudes clearly is to present to the reader's mind some fact in which it is easy to conceive of brightness, or noise, or tumult, or some other phenomenon in its greatest intensity, in order that, with the imagination thus excited, we may the more vividly realise the sheen of the warrior's armour, or the clamour of the Grecian assembly, or the terror of the hero's onslaught. Now, if the poet aimed above all things at making his hearers realise every step in the narrative, we may expect that his style should be simple and flowing. Verbal tricks and conceits, inversions of phrase, interposed reflections, would necessarily demand the exercise of another faculty in his hearers, and interrupt that kind of imaginative attention which he deemed it his business to secure.

We do not insist upon this solely or principally by way of protest against the fond notion of seeking for sentiment and reflection in a poet in whom sentiment and reflection would be anachronisms, because it is pretty certain that this mode of dealing with him will go on in one form or another as long as there are persons who cannot admire a thing without straightway deifying it, and that Swift's observation will ever continue to hold good only in a more metaphysical form,—

‘That learned commentators view  
In Homer, more than Homer knew,’—

but our wish is to show the connexion between the story and the style. With this view it is interesting to compare Homer with Herodotus, who wrote to gratify the same kind of curiosity, but in a higher stage of its development; and accordingly it is in the latter that we most frequently meet with that well known construction which is called the hyperbaton. In this construction the reason of the event is given before the event itself is narrated, so that we may mark the transition from the narrative to the argumentative style; for while the reason is thought worthy of record, it is yet despatched in a clumsy and uncomplimentary way, that it may not interfere with the flow of the story which the writer considers to have a superior claim.

But to return to Homer. As the flow of his narrative required a simple and uninvolved construction, what was he to do if the facts to be recounted proved rebellious to the verse? that  
but



is to say, if the words expressive of the objects to be described would not "crown up the verse" without the help of some additional contrivance. In modern poetry the mode in which the difficulty is surmounted is a good test of the relative worth of the poets. If any one will take the trouble to look at the facsimile of the autograph of Milton's Ode at a Solemn Music, and will compare the splendid imagery and progressive force of the language in

'Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,'

with the *chevilles* by which he at first contrived to fill up the gaps of the second line, he will see how the very difficulties of a great poet become his opportunities, or, in the words of Burke, that his antagonist is his helper. In the same way we are indebted to the exigencies of rhyme for many a pleasing surprise which has flashed out from the poet through collision with this kind of difficulty, for exemplification of which the student in the art of poetry may consult, among other things, the fifth lines of many a stanza in Spenser. But in Homer the very simplicity of the style precludes this manner of satisfying metrical requirements by additional invention. Hence arose that remarkable feature in his language, the use of some constant poetical epithet in combination with certain words of frequent occurrence. The *horse-feeding* Argos, and *sea-crossing* ships, and *Jove-nurtured* kings, and many similar combinations, neither excite, nor can have been intended to excite, any image distinct from the same object unaccompanied by an epithet. They either are the remains of an old poetic diction, of which Homer was the mere inheritor, or they were framed by him upon the model of such previous combination. They may be called decorative in so far that they serve to remind the hearer or reader that he is in the realm of poetry; but their metrical usefulness, and not their value as ornaments, was that which recommended them to successive generations of bards. Of the high antiquity of some we may judge by the epithets given to Apollo and Hera, "Εκατος and Βοώπις, the one of which had already in Homer's time been transformed according to the dictates of a fanciful etymology; while the other, *cow-faced*, could never have been intended by the poet as a picture of the Goddess, but must have been adopted by him out of the language of priestly symbolism. How many more of these epical adjectives have been made to look Greek by assimilation of Greek roots from which they were not derived, is a question which must be for ever left undecided. Instead of speculating on the many instances that occur to us, we hasten to finish our remarks upon

Homer's language, and the kind of treatment it requires at the hand of an English translator.

It will be seen that one of the most difficult tasks will prove, according to the above reasoning, to be one of the least necessary; for if words like *πολυβοτείραν, καλλιγύναικα, ἰχθυόεντα* and the like are so purely accidental as we have described them, it will not be necessary for a translator to torture the English language into combinations for which no reader will thank him, or, in avoiding such combinations, to turn the epithet into a description, and so bring into relief that which in the original remains in the deepest possible shade. For the same reason, namely, that the accidental is not worth translating when the essential presents quite difficulties enough of its own, we think it a waste of time and labour to search for antiquated or provincial terms in order to represent that element of quaintness which was certainly one of the characteristics of Homer as viewed by a reader of the age of Pericles, and by those amongst us who are familiar with Attic literature. For the real question is, did Homer affect a quaintness for the men of his own time? Did he use antiquated language with the same intention as the author of the 'Faerie Queene,' or as Milton in his 'Ode on the Nativity,' because he thought them appropriate to his subject? Or did he merely employ them as helps to his versification? It is of course utterly hopeless for anyone to answer these questions out of the nature of the language itself, for we have no other monument of the same time to serve as a standard of comparison. But it is impossible to believe there ever could have been a period in which all the varieties of inflection which we see in him were used indifferently by the same people; nor do we agree with Müller's hypothesis that the poet, as a native of Smyrna, at a time when that town underwent a change from Æolian to Ionian inhabitants, was accustomed to a language in which the two dialects were blended, as we see them throughout his work. Such a mixture of inflections both of cases and tenses, and such an indifference of dialect, presents something factitious on the very face of it. Whence then could it have arisen? We answer, from the tradition of older bards, whose rich stores he would be only too glad to turn to account when contending with that divine metre which it is probable he also received from his predecessors.

If the essential beauties of the *Iliad* are the beauties of a well-told story, force in each particular enough to make each distinct, but not to suspend the flow of the narration, natural and characteristic touches in the speakers, but not so elaborated as to excite a dramatic in place of an epic curiosity, if, in short,



we are to look for that lively and refreshing effect analogous to what is produced by riding an easy-paced thorough-bred through a pure and bracing air over a diversified country, it will be easy for us to ascertain to what extent the perusal of Lord Derby's translation is fitted to produce a like pleasurable sensation in the reader. We therefore propose to lay before him a few passages by which he will be able to judge whether we are warranted in saying that his diction is forcible, his composition easy and flowing, and that we are carried along through 'the tale of Troy divine' with much of that cheerful vigour with which his great original has inspired so many generations of readers.

'As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves  
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,  
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea  
With whit'ning crests; anon with thund'ring roar  
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags  
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head  
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:  
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece  
Pour'd, ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs  
Their orders gave; the rest in silence mov'd:  
Nor would ye deem that such a mighty mass,  
So passing, could restrain their tongues, in awe  
Of their great captains: far around them flash'd  
The glitt'ring armour they were girt withal.

On th' other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks  
That in the court-yard of some wealthy Lord  
In countless numbers stand, at milking-time,  
Incessant bleating, as their lambs they hear;  
So rose their mingled clamours through the camp;  
For not one language nor one speech was there,  
But many nations call'd from distant lands:  
These Mars inspir'd and those the blue-ey'd Maid;  
And Fear, and Flight, and Discord unappeas'd,  
Of blood-stain'd Mars the sister and the friend:  
With humble crest at first, anon her head,  
While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies.  
The gage of battle in the midst she threw,  
Strode through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought.  
When to the midst they came, together rush'd  
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might  
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield  
Clatter'd in conflict; loud the clamour rose.  
Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men  
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood.  
As when, descending from the mountain's brow,  
Two wintry torrents, from their copious source



Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet  
 Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,  
 Their weight of flood; on the far mountain's side  
 The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose  
 The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts.'

The next specimen that we shall offer is upon a gentler theme, and will afford an example of the manner in which the translator handles the Homeric dialogue:—

'Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms  
 To take his child; but back the infant shrank,  
 Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,  
 Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,  
 That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.  
 Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow  
 Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,  
 All glitt'ring, on the ground; then kiss'd his child,  
 And danc'd him in his arms; then thus to Jove  
 And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r:  
 "Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son  
 May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,  
 For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King;  
 That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far  
 His father,' when they see him from the fight,  
 From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war  
 Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd  
 His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,  
 Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love  
 Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus  
 Address'd her—"Dearest, wring not thus my heart!  
 For till my day of destiny is come,  
 No man may take my life; and when it comes,  
 Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.  
 But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,  
 The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids  
 Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy  
 And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."

The Greek scholar will recognise the almost exact faithfulness of the translation in these specimens, and we think that any reader will admit that they possess spirit and vitality. No one will pretend that they are as spirited as Homer, or that they can boast of the same rich and sonorous harmonies; and there may be some persons who will say that this deficiency of our language and metres should at least have been compensated for by rhyme; but it must be remembered that the first condition of the possibility of rhyme is, that you should be allowed to deal more freely with your original both in the way of  
 omission

omission and of supplement. Now with more artificial poets such a compromise would be legitimate. If in rendering an author full of conceits you suppress some of his, and endue him with some of your own, and are by such means enabled to present the reader with a richer versification, few persons would demur to such a degree of license; but if there is any author who ought not to be subjected to such treatment, it is Homer.\* But if rhyme is too expensive a mode of enriching a translation, is there any other more cheap and sober condiment? Yes, there is the British dactyl, which, like many other British substitutes for foreign delicacies, has been pronounced quite equal to the genuine article.

The controversy about English hexameters is wearisome and unprofitable; wearisome, because those who are thoroughly acquainted with the metre have no new facts to learn, while those who are merely familiar with the jingle cannot fail to resent the introduction of the technical terms of an art to which they have served no apprenticeship; it is also profitless, because the champions of this new system are continually shifting their ground, and, if driven from every other, are ready to plead the satisfaction of their individual ears as an answer to all objections. Our remarks, therefore, on this subject, shall be as brief as untechnical, and, let us add, as impersonal, as we can make them.

We will begin with admitting that we cannot conceive any distinction whatsoever between the Greek and the Latin hexameter. All the arguments derived from the fact that the Latin accentuation is different from the Greek either prove too much, or are nothing to the purpose; for they either show that short and long syllables had no practical difference for the ear, in which case how shall we account for the difference between short and long having served as the basis of versification from Homer down to Tzetzēs? Or if all that is intended be to show that in the pronunciation of a Greek verse the grammatical accent upon one syllable may have modified the metrical stress upon another, this is no more than what we meet with in the recitation of any

\* If anything could shake our convictions on this point, it would be Mr. Worsley's excellent translation of the *Odyssey* into the Spenserian stanza. In this work we see at once a scholar-like appreciation of the original, and a pure, elegant, and forcible English diction. And we must admit that he has met the exigencies of his rhyme with a skill which leaves no trace of effort behind it, and that his little supplements are so well-toned and so unobtrusive, *ut per laeve severos Effundat junctura unguis.*

We may notice here the recent appearance—at the same moment with Lord Derby's work—of a spirited and faithful translation of the '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' by Sir J. Kingston James; and of the very remarkable prose translation of *Læcæti*, by Mr. Munro, in his able and scholar-like edition of that great poet.



modern language where the logical emphasis often throws the rhyme into comparative shade; but yet we feel that the rhyme is there, and the ear is prepared to insist upon having it.

A great deal of misconception has arisen from not understanding the nature of the pause or *cæsura*, the true object of which was to divide the verse into two *unequal* parts; and the object again of this unequal division was to prevent monotony. The two unequal parts combine into a whole; whereas, if they were equal, or if there were no division, the sense of the unity of each line would entirely disappear, since the parts might belong just as well, the first to the preceding line, and the second to that which followed. It is the variety which produces the unity. Nothing shows this so plainly as that which at first sight would seem an exception; the tetrameter iambic and trochaic lines *are* divided in the middle. What is the consequence? In order to re-establish the inequality these lines are curtailed of one syllable; while in the anapæstic measure, which, according to the old metrical doctrine, was not divided into lines at all, this sense of equality is maintained until the ear is relieved by a similar truncated verse at the end of each system. Perfectly distinct from this division, though in perfect rhythmical lines it coincides with it, is the ictus, or stress upon every alternate foot; and distinct again from that is the length or shortness of the syllables. It is perfectly easy to make any number of English lines in which the division or *cæsura* is observed, and so to arrange the words as to preserve the proper number and place of accentuated syllables; but how are we to comply with the requirements touching long and short syllables? 'We have no such,' says one maker of English heroics, 'they are long or short according to the presence or absence of stress.' 'We have plenty of natural longs and shorts,' says another. To the first we answer that it is one thing to huddle over a syllable because it is in the shade, and another to feel and know that it *is* short. When Dr. Watts sings in a Sapphic Ode upon the day of judgment, which he doubtless composed *judicium expectans*,

'How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble!'

he intended us to pronounce *poor*, as long, the second syllable in *sailor*, as long, *stand*, as short, and *and*, as short. We can make an equally good hexameter line, and reverse the quantities.

'How the poor sailors amazed stand pale and gaze at the tempest!'

It is surely obvious that when syllables are neither so long but that you can make them short, nor so short but that you can make them long, just so much of the rhythm as depends upon  
length



length or shortness will disappear, and the ear will be driven to seek for rhythm in a series of exaggerated beats, which drag on a syllable overladen with consonants with undue rapidity, or stretch out a solitary vowel into ridiculous importance. To the second class of objectors it is enough to answer, Show us by copious examples that it is possible so to compose your heroics that we shall have really long syllables where they are wanted, and that in the rapid parts of the verse we shall not have to break our shins over double consonants, and then will be the time to discuss the merits of the metre. When we shall have found such a performance physically possible on a large scale, we shall have yet another answer in reserve, namely, that whereas in an ancient heroic line the beats in the odd feet are more conspicuous than those in the even, so that there are three strong ictuses and three weak ones, the best modern specimens seem always to present six ictuses of equal strength. Let us, therefore, be content to confess our inferiority to the ancient languages, and to admit that there is no hope of our ever rivalling the dactylic flow of Homer. But on this very ground a judicious translator will see that it is in no way incumbent upon him in a perfectly different measure to adhere to Homer's endings, by endeavouring to make the pause at the end of the line. On the contrary, he will approach nearer to his rhythm by allowing his blank verse the fullest variety of pauses; for it is by this variety alone that a measure which has neither cæsura, nor rhyme to compensate for it, can assume the requisite appearance of richness.

✱ We have purposely refrained from comparing the translation under review with any of its modern competitors; for the question is, not whether this is a better translation than those, but whether it is a good one. Let it therefore suffice to say, in general, that of the translations which we have seen, some have failed through sheer incompetence, and some have been marred by the wilfulness of their authors, either as to language or metre, or both; and that as often as we return from even the best of them to the translation before us, we find ourselves in a purer atmosphere of taste. We find more spirit, more tact in avoiding either trivial or conceited phrases, and altogether a presence of merits and an absence of defects which continues, as we read, to lengthen more and more the distance between Lord Derby and the foremost of his competitors.

No one can fail to be struck with the passage in the 23rd Book, where there is that admirable transition from the apparition of Patroclus to the felling of the trees for his funeral pile: it is a passage from humanity in face of death, all weak and dreary,

dreary, to humanity at work, and therefore cheerful in itself, and cheerful to behold. Lord Derby has not failed to do justice to his original in this place.

‘Whom answer’d thus Achilles, swift of foot :  
 “Why art thou here, lov’d being? why on me  
 These sev’ral charges lay? whate’er thou bidd’st  
 Will I perform, and all thy mind fulfil;  
 But draw thou near; and in one short embrace,  
 Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge.”

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,  
 But nought he clasp’d; and with a wailing cry,  
 Vanish’d, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth.  
 Up sprang Achilles, all amaz’d, and smote  
 His hands together, and lamenting cried:

“O Heav’n, there are then, in the realms below,  
 Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all;  
 For through the night Patroclus’ shade hath stood,  
 Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told  
 His bidding; th’ image of himself it seem’d.”

He said; his words the gen’ral grief aroun’d:  
 To them, as round the piteous dead they mourn’d,  
 Appear’d the rosy-finger’d morn; and straight,  
 From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent,  
 Went forth, in search of fuel, men and mules,  
 Led by a valiant chief, Meriones,  
 The follower of renown’d Idomeneus.  
 Their felling axes in their hands they bore,  
 And twisted ropes; their mules before them driv’n;  
 Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,  
 They journey’d on; but when they reach’d the foot  
 Of spring-abounding Ida, they began  
 With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks;  
 They, loudly crashing, fell: the wood they clove,  
 And bound it to the mules; these took their way  
 Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain.’

Having already shown our hearty approval of Lord Derby’s principles of translation, and of the mode in which he has carried them out, we shall feel the less reluctant to enter somewhat minutely into details, and to point out some weaknesses and some errors, such as one naturally expects in the first edition of a long and laborious work. For this purpose we will invite the reader to accompany us through three or four Books. We will begin with the eighth, for the same reason as the author of the ‘Catalogue’ begins with the Bœotians.

The feeble and aimless passage from verse 31 to 44 is not imputable to the translator. It is one of the many interpolations  
 in

in which this book abounds; and we are glad to find that Bekker, in obedience to Aristarchus and to common sense, has treated it as an interpolation. The departure of Jove in his chariot is executed with much spirit; but verses 60, 61,

‘Meanwhile the long-haired Greeks throughout their tents,  
With food recruited armed them for the fight,’

scarcely give the point of the passage, where the chief force is in *ρίμφα*. We would propose,—

‘Then hurriedly the Greeks throughout their tents  
Dispatched their meal, and straightway donned their arms.’

The description of the wounding of Nestor’s horse is thus given by Homer:—

‘τὸν βάλεν ἰφ  
δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος Ἑλένης πόσις ἡυκόμοιο  
ἄκρην κακ κορυφήν, ὅθι τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων  
κρανίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καίριόν ἐστιν—  
ἀλγίστας δ’ ἀνέπυλτο, βέλος δ’ εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ,  
σὺν δ’ ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ.’

This is so well rendered, that we are loth to interfere with it; but the lines,—

‘He reared, then plunging forward, with the shaft  
Fixed in his brain, and rolling in the dust,  
The other steeds in dire confusion threw,’

do not present the description intended by the poet, in which there is no mention of plunging forward, nor could there be any of his throwing the *other horses* into confusion, as there was but one other. The very act of rearing causes the arrow, which is clinging at the juncture of the neck and the head, to enter deeper and pierce his brain; whereupon he falls backward, and, tumbling upon the brazen tire of the wheel, encumbers the chariot, *ἵππους*.

In verse 111, Ulysses is armed with a weapon of which he would have been ashamed at Troy, except when bound on such an errand as is described in the next Book: the words, ‘*μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν*,’ do not mean ‘shooting behind thy back,’ but ‘turning thy back.’ In verse 157, the words ‘whirling round,’ appear to us to stand in contradiction to the line immediately following, and in this again we would fain read,—

‘Beneath the *car* the affrighted horses quailed.’

One of the great difficulties is the rendering with sufficient terseness, and in a manner sufficiently *στρογγύλος*, as the Greeks would call it, those short sayings which convey either some proverbial



verbal truth, or the expression of some concentrated feeling. Here is a good specimen verse 174 :—

‘Thus when he boasts, gape earth, and hide my shame.’

We do not pretend to know the meaning of *κακὴ γλήνη*, which is here translated ‘frightened girl,’ and we are certain that the old Greek commentators understood it just as little as ourselves ; but we cordially assent to Aristarchus, who rejects as spurious the whole passage which answers to verses 191-194 in the translation.

The character of Hector is certainly boastful, or, rather, it displays that which one of the Alexandrian critics calls τὸ *παλιμβολον*, a readiness to shift from despondency to exultation, and back again, with every change of fortune. With this one barbaric defect Homer has distinguished the best of the Trojans ; a defect which appears nowhere more conspicuously than in his celebrated speech to Polydamas ; and it is altogether strange that Niebuhr should have been so far misled by the single sentiment,—

‘εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης’

as to call him the worthier hero of the ‘Iliad.’

But to return to our passage : though Hector is a boaster, he is no reviler ; and the suspicion created by this circumstance is increased by the utterly un-Homeric expression of ‘*δαίμονα δώσω.*’ We may here observe, generally, that it would perhaps not be amiss if, in a second edition, the parts which have been rejected by the prince of the ancient critics, should be railed off from the rest of the text by the simple contrivance of a couple of brackets. We mean, of course, when he is right ; and we take this opportunity of stating, that the longer and the closer we study the Venice Scholia, which contain to a great extent the observations of Aristarchus and of his expositors, the more we are convinced of his extreme scrupulosity in dealing with the text ; a scrupulosity which made him, on several occasions, forbear to condemn very suspicious passages because he found them in so many of the copies.

As specimens of the more offensive interpolations to which we should especially like to see these brackets put, we point out Book viii. verses 215, 216, where the pretended *four* horses of Hector (the heroes never had but *two*) have been drafted from various other studs, as, for instance, Lampus from that of Aurora, which is conclusive as to the judgment of the interpolator ; Book viii. verses 597-603, which interrupt the sense to no purpose ; Book viii. verses 631, 632, which have been taken from a daylight description in the 16th Book, and applied to a moon-  
light

light scene in which crags, and peaks, and forests are undistinguishable; Book ix. verses 538, 542, where the ἦθος of the passage, and the honesty of Aristarchus ought to have weighed more with Bekker than the gossip of Plutarch, who did not see the absurdity of making Phoenix wish to turn parricide by way of removing the effects of a father's curse.

To return to Book viii.: in verse 221, the mention of the *wine-cup* is owing to the desperate attempt of the grammarians, in spite of all the rules of construction, to take the wine from the horses, and give it to Hector. Did, then, these heroic horses, drink wine? No, but some bard in his headlong recitation, while thinking more of the modulation of his voice than of the sense of what he was repeating, introduced a line which subsequently found its way into some copies; and this line, in spite of the observation of the critics, was retained by the school of *mumpsimus*, and defended with that exquisite subtilty which has always distinguished it. In verse 230, it would be more exact to say that

‘Juno on her throne

Bounded with rage till great Olympus quaked,’

than that she *trembled*; which conveys a notion of impotence. In verse 246,

‘Enclosed between the trench, and tower, and ships,’

the distinctness of the topography is marred. What the poet intended was this, that while Juno and Neptune thus conversed on Olympus, another scene was passing *by the ships*, which scene he proceeds to describe. We would therefore propose to read:

‘Such converse held the Gods: but by the ships

The verge between the rampart and the trench

Was closely thronged with steeds and buckler'd men.’

In verse 327,

‘Thy fame on him,

Though distant far, fresh glory shall reflect.’

we miss the visual image of the original *εὐκλείης ἐπιβησόν*. This might be preserved by writing—

‘be thine the deeds

By which thy distant sire to glory mounts.’

In verse 348, Castianeira ought to be represented as wedded *from Æsyme*, and bearing her son *in Troy*. The expedition of Pallas and Juno is nobly done; but in verse 466 we decidedly object to the prosaic expression,

‘For she is ever wont my schemes to thwart.’

And upon the same principle to verse 511,—

‘The Trojans objects of your bitterest hate.’

We have elsewhere noticed, 'pugilistic skill,' 'suggestions offers,' and a few others of the like kind; and we feel pretty confident that Lord Derby will agree with us, that logical and technical terms should, as far as possible, be avoided, and that abstract nouns are a very poor equivalent for concrete and sensuous expressions. Upon this ground, we venture to offer another rendering of the lines (Book ix. verse 63), ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιτος, ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος, et cæt., in place of

'Religious, social, and domestic ties  
Alike he violates who willingly  
Would court the horrors of internal strife.'  
'Outcast from kindred, law, and hearth is he,  
Who sets his heart on fell internal strife.'

At verse 553 we read,—

'The sun now sunk beneath the ocean wave  
Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night.  
The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline;  
But on the Greeks the shades of darkness fell  
Thrice welcome, object of their earnest prayer.'

As we cannot say the sun *is sunk*, we must not use *sunk* as a past participle active. We can say *come* for *being come*, because the language allows, and indeed compels us to suppress the auxiliary *being* in the few words where *having* has not yet entirely displaced it. Thus we can use *fallen, risen, come, gone, set*, in an active sense; by which we express not that an object *has* fallen and the like, but that it *is* fallen, &c. But when we say *sunk*, we are using the passive voice: we mean that somebody has sunk him or it, and thus the participle *sunk* can only be used of that which some one else has sent below the surface, and not of that which has descended thither of its own accord. 'Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor' may be said of Lycidas, who was drowned, but cannot be said of the luminary to which he is compared. We also think that the concluding words have lost their force through transposition, and that it would be an improvement to condense the whole passage into something like the following attempt:—

'The sun now sinking in the ocean drew  
The veil of Night o'er Earth; the Trojan host  
Grieved at the parting day; but on the Greeks  
Thrice welcome, thrice invoked, the darkness fell.'

The conclusion of the 8th Book, with the exception of the two lines which are mentioned above as interpolated, is equal to any passage in the translation. The La the  
same passage is also very noble, but w—



general effect of it on ourselves is less Homeric. The whole of the 9th Book, which is one of the greatest in the work, has been rendered with admirable spirit. As examples of this we may point to the speech of Achilles, and to the passage in which Phoenix relates his own adventures, and the episode of Meleager. But we must notice that the expression δι' Ἑλλάδος εὐρυχόροιο is not 'through the breadth of Greece,' but through wide-extending Thessaly, which is the only sense in which Hellas was used in those days.

The 10th Book is especially interesting to us on account of the tradition preserved in the Venice Scholia, that it was composed by Homer as a separate poem, and afterwards incorporated by Pisistratus into the '*Iliad*.' The mention of this anecdote would afford us a very handsome pretext for entering into the controversy touching the original condition of the Homeric poems, but we spare the reader and ourselves. There is but one point to which we would fain draw attention. If this fact is historical, as far as regards what Pisistratus did (and it rests upon just as good a foundation as the other doings of Pisistratus with regard to Homer), it follows that there was already an established continuity in the rest of the books, and that they existed as a whole before that age. It may be said that this wholeness was due to the decree of Solon, that the lays should be recited in their proper order, so that in the recitation (supposing always that this anecdote of Solon is not some orator's adaptation of the story of Pisistratus to a more popular character) this episode of 'the night-watch' had no place in the series. But even so, the continuity of the poem must have been a matter of independent tradition, and not inferred from the continuity of the subject, else why should the part in question have ever been omitted? To the question whether it is really by the author of the '*Iliad*,' that is, whether it was written by the great master who combined all those scattered and rude legends about individual heroes into a single and wonderfully coherent poem, it is very difficult to return an answer. On the one hand we notice a great many words and some strange inflexions not to be found elsewhere in the '*Iliad*,' and many of them not even in the '*Odyssey*.' On the other hand, in the selection and grouping of the incidents, in the vividness of the narration, and in the characteristic propriety of the dialogue, it is inferior to no other book. To all these excellencies we think that Lord Derby has done justice; as, for instance, what can be more stately and Homeric than the commencement of the book.

'In night-long slumbers lay the other chiefs  
Of all the Greeks, by gentle sleep subdued;  
But not on Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

By various cares oppress'd, sweet slumber fell.  
 As when from Jove, the fair-hair'd Juno's Lord,  
 Flashes the lightning, bringing in its train  
 Tempestuous storm of mingled rain and hail  
 Or snow, by winter sprinkled o'er the fields;  
 Or op'ning wide the rav'nous jaws of war;  
 So Agamemnon from his inmost heart  
 Pour'd forth in groans his multitudinous grief,  
 His spirit within him sinking. On the plain  
 He look'd, and there, alarm'd, the watchfires saw,  
 Which, far advanc'd before the walls of Troy,  
 Blaz'd numberless; and thence of pipes and flutes  
 He heard the sound, and busy hum of men.  
 Upon the ships he look'd, and men of Greece,  
 And by the roots his hair in handfuls tore  
 To Jove on high; deep groan'd his mighty heart.'

For verse 79,

' On whom  
 This deep humiliation Jove hath laid,'

which does not render the sense of the original, we would propose—

' Whom Jove  
 Even at our birth hath visited with grief.'

At all events, some attempt should be made to express ἐπὶ γιγνομένοισιν. It is evident even from the tense of ἦ that κακότητα is misfortune in general.

In verse 128 we should prefer

' Though thou be angry, yet the word shall out.'

In verses 181-3, σχέτλιός ἐσσι γεραίε is well rendered

' Beshrew thy heart, old man!'

but we cannot say as much of the translation of σὺ δ' ἀμήχανός ἐσσι γεραίε, at the end of the same speech. We must, however, own ourselves fairly beaten in attempting to render the passage. Not so in verse 270, where we think that the pathos of the original will be better preserved by the version—

' Divine Ulysses how should I forget?'

The dodging to let Dolon pass is well expressed and clear, with the single exception of the words 'turn him toward the ships.' Dolon was already going in that direction, and the word εἰλεῖν, or rather εἰλεῖν (compare ἔλλειν), is used in the sense of *urging* or *pressing*. On the comparison of the mules outstripping the oxen Lord Derby says very justly, that it 'does not afford a very accurate criterion of the space interposed, which cannot be estimated without knowing the total distance within which the faster was to outstrip the slower team.' We

offer no solution of this difficulty either here or in the  
parallel

parallel passage in the 'Odyssey,' Book viii. verse 124, unless by supposing that the measure to be understood is the plethrum, so that if the mules go twice as fast as the oxen, the start which the heroes give Dolon would be fifty feet; and this distance accords with the rest of the story.

We must be brief in pointing out the few changes which we would fain suggest in the 11th Book, that we may leave ourselves space for some observations on the beginning of the 12th Book, and for a concluding specimen. Because bronze cannot be made iridescent, and for other reasons too long to enumerate, we believe that the six serpents on the breastplate of Agamemnon were of iron tempered to a dark hue. Verse 163,

'And in the dust a headless block he rolled,'

is surely not a faithful translation of

*ἄλμον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε κυλινδεσθαι δι' ὁμίλου,*

which is to be understood of the head and not of the trunk, for what resemblance is there between the trundling of a salad-bowl and the rolling of a man's body in the dust? On the words 'by Lucina sent,' in verse 311, we must observe that, though we entirely agree with Lord Derby as to his principle of rendering Greek proper names by their better-known Latin equivalents, and though Lucina has become familiar to us through Milton's line, we do not think that this form of the Latin Juno ought to supersede the *μογοστόκοι εἰλείθυιαι* of the Homeric creed. Why not call them 'the pain-engendering throes,' or if the personification is too bold, 'powers?' In verse 467 it will be sufficient to draw the translator's attention to the words 'increase the people's terror,' and to request him to compare them with the original. The best of us make these slips, and are thankful to have them pointed out.

The beginning of the 12th Book is one of the most interesting passages in the poem, as affording at least some trace of the poet himself:

'While Hector liv'd, and Peleus' son his wrath  
Retain'd, and Priam's city untaken stood;  
So long the Grecian wall remain'd entire:  
But of the Trojans when the best had fall'n,  
Of Greeks, when some were slain, some yet surviv'd;  
When the tenth year had seen the fall of Troy,  
And Greeks, embark'd, had ta'en their homeward way,  
Then Neptune and Apollo counsel took  
To sap the wall by aid of all the streams  
That seaward from the heights of Ida flow;  
Rhesus, Caresus, and Heptaporus,  
Granicus, and Æsepus Rhodius,

Scamander's



Scamander's stream divine, and Simois,  
 Where helms and shields lay buried in the sand,  
 And a whole race of warrior demigods :  
 These all Apollo to one channel turn'd ;  
 Nine days against the wall the torrent beat ;  
 And Jove sent rain continuous, that the wall  
 Might sooner be submerg'd ; while Neptune's self,  
 His trident in his hand, led on the stream,  
 Washing away the deep foundations, laid,  
 Laborious, by the Greeks, with logs and stones,  
 Now by fast-flowing Hellespont dispers'd.  
 The wall destroy'd, o'er all the shore he spread  
 A sandy drift ; and bade the streams return  
 To where of old their silver waters flow'd.'

On this an old grammarian remarks, that Homer must have lived soon after the Trojan war, or he would not have been at such pains to account for the destruction of the wall, if the length of time had been a sufficient cause of its disappearance. His second remark is much more sensible, that the wall had never existed at all save in Homer's imagination. Indeed there is no other way of explaining this singular break in the narrative, and this reference to a time outside the poem, but by supposing that this subject, so unimportant to us, had some special interest to the poet. Now if we assume that those before whom he was to recite in the first instance, the audience for whom his poem was in fact composed, were as well acquainted with the Troad and its topographical features as himself, nothing is more natural than that having invented an additional landmark, he should afterwards be at great pains to show how it had disappeared. But if he thus addressed himself to those who were familiar with the Simois, and the Scamander, and the barrow of Achilles, and the tomb of Ilus, and the plain of Troy surging up to a bank before it shelved down into the sea, the place which he lived in could not have been very far from those scenes, and the cities which he first visited professionally must have been those, to the inhabitants of which all these objects were familiar; that is, they must have been *Æolian* cities. We believe that the first and innermost circle of his admirers were the men to whom the peaks of the Trojan *Ida* were daily visible; and that having first succeeded with those for whom the poem had local charms, he betook himself further southward, and sought fresh admirers at the festivals of the *Ionian* towns. If the reader will take the trouble to compare this observation with the admirable account given by K. O. Müller ('History of the Literature of Ancient Greece,' vol. i. pp. 58-64), he will see how far the one confirms the other, and how far it modifies it.

The specimen which we shall select in order to give an agreeable

able close to this article is the grand old speech of Sarpedon, the oldest composition that we know in which the sentiment 'Noblesse Oblige' is urged with heroic frankness. Pope, who thought this an admirable opportunity for beautifying his author, has made the son of Jove talk *esprit* like a French courtier. But we would recommend the reader of sound taste who desires some healthier movement than being dandled to death with antithesis and rhyme, to read the following version, and to judge whether its author has not rendered the speech with a great deal of that spirited simplicity with which he has translated the moral of it into his own public life.

'Whence is it, Glaucus, that in Lycian land  
We two at feasts the foremost seats may claim,  
The largest portions, and the fullest cups?  
Why held as Gods in honour? why endow'd  
With ample heritage, by Xanthus' banks,  
Of vineyard, and of wheat-producing land?  
Then by the Lycians should we not be seen  
The foremost to affront the raging fight?  
So may our well-arm'd Lycians make their boast;  
"To no inglorious Kings we Lycians owe  
Allegiance; they on richest viands feed;  
Of luscious flavour drink the choicest wine;  
But still their valour brightest shows; and they,  
Where Lycians war, are foremost in the fight!"  
O friend! if we, survivors of this war,  
Could live, from age and death for ever free,  
Thou shouldst not see me foremost in the fight,  
Nor would I urge thee to the glorious field:  
But since on man ten thousand forms of death  
Attend, which none may 'scape, then on, that we  
May glory on others gain, or they on us!'

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ART. V.—1. *Private Diary of Travels, Personal Services, and Public Events, during Mission and Employment with the European Armies in the Campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814; from the Invasion of Russia to the Capture of Paris.* By General Sir Robert Wilson, C.M.T., Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, G.C. St. A. of Russia, C.C. St. G. of Russia, G.C.B.E. of Prussia, &c. &c. Edited by his Nephew and Son-in-Law the Rev. Herbert Randolph, M.A., of Baliol College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, 1861.

2. *Life of General Sir Robert Wilson, Commander of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa of Austria, &c. &c.*  
Vol. 117.—No. 233. I A



*Autobiographical Memoirs, Journals, Narratives, Correspondence, &c.* Edited by his Nephew and Son-in-Law, the Rev. Herbert Randolph, M.A., Oxon. 2 vols. London, 1862.

THE publications which are represented by their titles at the head of our present article recommend themselves to notice not only by their intrinsic merits, but also, and in no unequal degree, by the period of deep interest with which they are connected, and the importance, still actively operating, of the principal transactions which they record. They comprise, in point of time, when taken together, the whole of that great struggle between England and France, which, beginning in the ninety-fourth year of the last century and terminating twenty-one years later with the first occupation of Paris, was only interrupted by the broken dreams of peace into which we were sulkily and mistrustfully drawn at Amiens. The period we refer to was almost immediately followed by those convulsive efforts at universal settlement on which the far-famed Congress of Vienna imposed a character of its own. The numerous volumes which have issued from the Press on matters relating to these times have not yet sufficed to drain so vast a theme, or to quench the thirst of public curiosity. No wonder. When we look back upon the immense interests at stake; the almost boundless theatre of their operation; the brilliant enterprises; the astonishing events; the colossal phantoms of power and glory; the volcanic changes, from which no country was free; their causes, their consequences, their complications; and amidst all these phenomena the portentous developments of human genius, energy, and passion,—we cannot but feel the impossibility of so arranging, distinguishing, and penetrating the mass as either to give it a strictly-defined outline, or to obtain an exhaustive view of its component parts. Room is thus left for the natural workings of uncertainty and expectation. Fresh light may still be thrown upon some less vivid portion of the canvas. The eloquence or ingenuity of an historian may impart new colouring to well-known incidents and long-established characters. Above all, the memoirs of some distinguished eyewitness, reserved with considerate modesty, and bursting, as it were, from the tomb when least expected, like the flash from Michael Scott's vault when suddenly opened, may well inflame a curiosity which so many circumstances concur to keep alive.

The records furnished by Sir Robert Wilson are emphatically of this description. They possess all the interest of contemporary narrative, together with those attractions which naturally belong to a lively perception of objects, a spirited style, and a noble train of sentiment; to say nothing of the frequent opportunities  
enjoy



enjoyed by their author of mingling with the most illustrious of his time in birth, talent, and action.

From the days of old Plutarch, our schoolboy friend, the inspirer of many heroes, down to those of our Nelsons, Pitts, and Wellesleys, even to the still later career of a Royal Prince, whose premature loss we are not yet weary of lamenting, biography has never failed to shed an additional charm over the department of history, and to give its transactions a stronger hold on our awakened memory. Viewed in connexion with some prominent individual who stirs our passions or enjoys our sympathies, whose ever-shifting fortunes command, as the case may be, our liveliest emotions of hope and fear, every scene and every incident assumes a deeper colouring and a more impressive aspect. Events themselves beam out with meaning and consistency in proportion as they are associated with individual motives and the vicissitudes of a single life, with instances of personal suffering or personal exertion, disappointment or success. Our minds are, perhaps, so constituted that the interest we take in objects or occurrences can hardly come home with full effect to our feelings unless it be pointed by individual agency. How tame are the landscapes and battles, even of a Claude or a Louthembourg, compared with those historical paintings by other great masters, where time, place, and circumstance seem to be concentrated and personified in some commanding figure, towards which they are all made harmoniously to converge! Hogarth's pictured tales of 'The Rake's Progress' and 'The Idle Apprentice' may be cited to exemplify the same idea. In Le Brun's grand representation of the Battle of Arbela, with what intense interest do we gaze upon the one resistless warrior, with the rushing bird of victory above his head, and full in front the chariot of Darius, whose countenance and attitude discover, without any undignified expression of terror, the consciousness of defeat, and the necessity of submission to an overwhelming destiny! We can imagine that those who are to come after us in the succession of generations will read with deepened emotion the story of Italy's national resurrection, whenever its various threads shall be twined into one golden cord. If these observations are founded in truth as regards biography in general, they can hardly fail to be received as more emphatically applicable to historical literature, when the hero of some great movement in the fortunes of a people, or in the minds of a generation, is himself the narrator of his own undertakings, the expounder of his own motives, the transmitter of contemporary events and actions, with all their varieties of concurrence or

opposition, of progress or retreat, of triumph or discomfiture, to the judgment of succeeding ages. We can appeal with confidence to the trite examples of Xenophon and Cæsar in confirmation of this remark. We may add, with more reserve, the doubtful relics of modern autobiography attributed to Frederick the Great and to Catherine of Russia. We may figure to ourselves with what eager, yet chastened, if not awful, curiosity we should take up the dictatorship of Sylla written by himself; the campaigns of Hannibal from notes in his own handwriting; the confessions of Oliver Cromwell from his first appearance in the House of Commons to the expulsion of its last member by his own voice and outstretched arm; or daily reminiscences by Martin Luther of all that he did and suffered in the cause of truth during his attendance at the Diet of Worms.

Such writings might, indeed, carry with them the suspicion of having been dictated by motives not always consistent with candour and a scrupulous regard for truth. They might have been composed rather for effect and self-glorification than with a sincere view to the statement of facts as they really occurred and the faithful elucidation of history. They might be tainted with the passions and prejudices of the individual, naturally concerned for his own reputation and inclined to vindicate his own opinions. But, admitting these drawbacks on their value, and others that may occur to our readers, we feel pretty sure of expressing the general sentiment when we state our regret that the instances of autobiography are at all times so rare among those who have filled a wide space in the history of mankind, or who have best established their claims to the admiration, or, it may be, to the reproaches, of their countrymen. Whatever we may suggest to explain the infrequency of such desirable monuments, or at least their disappearance, there is no contesting the fact, which we lament: and on that account we prize more highly the few exceptions at our disposal, and willingly accept as substitutes the records left by those who witnessed or played a part in the transactions they relate without being their master-movers or taking an acknowledged lead in their direction.

In the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Wilson* (under this term we may speak of both the publications named at the head of the article) we have many a vivid description of scenes, whether military or political, which either passed immediately under his eyes or came at once to his knowledge from authentic and contemporary sources; and they combine opportunely with the correspondence of our immortal Wellington, as published with so much sound judgment by his son, the present Duke, to convey to us a more complete

complete understanding of the respective portions of the great drama then in progress, and a clearer insight into its composition, spirit, and management.

We hold it unnecessary to go into the particulars of Sir Robert Wilson's birth, parentage, and education, set forth most naturally, and with characteristic traits, in a memoir addressed to his children. Suffice it to say, that he was the son of an ingenious and eminent artist; that he received the rudiments of a classical education at Westminster and Winchester; that while at school he had the misfortune to lose his father, and later his mother also; that he owed his first acquaintance with society to Mr. Bosville, of Thorpe Hall, his sister's brother-in-law; and his introduction into the army to no less a personage than the King himself, seconded by the Duke of York, who was then at Courtray in command of a British expedition sent to co-operate with the Prince of Coburg's army against France. We use his own words to fill up this etching of his start in the profession of arms:—

'The Duke in the kindest manner addressed me, and after some general conversation asked me whether I preferred a cornetcy of cavalry, or an ensigncy in the Guards; and, if I liked cavalry, whether I had any choice of regiment. I had already made acquaintance at the Guard's mess with Colonel Churchill of the 15th Light Dragoons, and the fame of Elliott's Light Horse, added to his engaging manners and gallant character, determined me to select this corps.

'As the army was to move shortly, it was thought most eligible for me that I should not join the regiment until the march commenced.

'The army broke up its cantonments about the beginning of April, and I fell into the ranks of the troop, to which I belonged, as it filed through the country. A further acquaintance with the corps of officers made me feel still more pleased that I had become a member; and, indeed, the men themselves took an interest on all occasions in my welfare.'

Cornet Wilson, who was born in 1777, must have been about sixteen years of age at this time. He had shown a strong natural bias for the military service by soliciting a commission in it, contrary, as he states himself, to the opinion of his father, and the wishes of his surviving relatives. This instinctive taste for a life of enterprise, peril, and glory, appears to have been justified by the never-flagging spirit with which he carried out its duties, by the confidence he won from his superiors, and the affection he generally inspired among his younger associates in the service. He assigns to the Allied Army, when reviewed by the Emperor, April the 16th, on the heights above Câteau, a nominal force of 120,000 men, an effective one of 90,000. It was divided, he says, into eight columns; and his regiment, the 15th of Light Horse,



Horse, formed part of one commanded by Sir William Erskine. His first encounter with the enemy was not attended, as it seems, with much personal danger, or any brilliant result :—

‘Too much time,’ he remarks, ‘was lost in making the disposition; and when the French cavalry, who showed good countenance to the last, retired, there was an apprehension that the wood was ambuscaded; so that the operation was not accomplished before the French flying from Premont had crossed the plain which separated them from the next village, where they had a reserve strongly posted.’

He was not long without being brought to a severer trial of his courage and horsemanship. We again quote his own words, omitting here and there, or shortening, for the convenience of our readers, an irrelevant or redundant phrase :—

‘On the 23rd (April) the 15th had taken the advanced posts at Fontaine Antique, with two squadrons of Leopold Hussars, to observe the enemy, near Cambray. We found the enemy so numerous that General Otto, who commanded, sent to the Duke of York for reinforcements. Two squadrons of Zetchwitz Cuirassiers, an English heavy brigade, and the 11th Light Dragoons, under General Mansell, were ordered to support us, and arrived the same night.

‘Next morning we mounted, and marched to attack and dislodge the enemy from Villiers en Couché. The 15th and the two squadrons of Leopold preceded, and, as all supposed, were closely followed by the heavy cavalry, though the undulating character of the ground kept them from view. This error continued until the 15th and Leopold were within half cannon-shot, when we were unable to perceive a vestige of them.

‘At this period General Otto, who had moved on with the advance, received advice that the Emperor, who was on his road to Câteau, was intercepted by the enemy in front, and must infallibly be taken unless they were obliged to throw back their left. Otto immediately halted our advancing line, and calling together the commanders, told them the perilous situation of his Sovereign, and the desperate position in which they were placed. Gentlemen! he added, remember, your numbers do not permit prisoners.

‘This speech, repeated to officers and men, was received with enthusiastic cheers.

‘The French cavalry appeared to be in one line, supported by a wood on the left, and the village Villiers en Couché on the right. No infantry or cannon were visible. On the word “March” being again given, although we could ill spare the detachment, a small body of hussars was ordered to move on the wood, as Otto suspected that there was a corps of the enemy concealed in it. His suspicion was quickly verified.

‘When we began to trot the French cavalry made a movement to right and left from the centre, dashed in a gallop—towards wood and village, and at the same moment we saw in lieu of them, as if created  
by

by magic, an equal line of infantry with a considerable artillery in advance, which opened a furious cannonade with grape, while the musketry poured its volleys. The surprise was great, and the moment most critical. But happily the heads kept their direction, and the heels were duly applied to the "charge," which order was hailed with repeated huzzas.

The guns were quickly taken, but we then found that the *chaussée*, which ran through a hollow with steep banks, lay between them and the infantry. There was, however, no hesitation: every horse was true to his master, and the *chaussée* was passed in uninterrupted impetuous career. It was then, as we gained the crest, that the infantry poured its volley—but in vain. In vain also the first ranks kneeled and presented a steady line of bayonets. The impulse was too rapid and the body attacking too solid for any infantry power formed in line to oppose, although the ranks were three deep. Even the horses struck mortally on the brow of the bank had sufficient momentum to plunge upon the enemy in their fall.

The French cavalry, having gained the flanks of their infantry, endeavoured to take up a position in its rear. Our squadrons, still on the gallop, filled up the apertures which the French fire and bayonets had occasioned, and proceeded to the attack on the French cavalry, which seemed resolved to await the onset; but their discipline or their courage failed, and our horses' heads drove on them just as they were on the half turn to retire.

A dreadful massacre followed in a chase of four miles. Twelve hundred horsemen were cut down, of which about five hundred were Black Hussars. One farrier of the 15th alone killed twenty-two men.

It must be allowed that this was a stern introduction, a '*durum rudimentum belli*,' for one whose raw unpractised youth made him fitter for reading of war than personally encountering its horrors. The return from the pursuit was also beset with difficulties and dangers. It was necessary to repass the ravine, which was full of French baggage-waggons, artillery, and other impediments. The village of Villiers was also choked with the fugitive columns. The victorious party could not venture to stop and secure any part of the booty, though the guns, which they had captured in their charge, remained finally in their possession, the heavy cavalry having at length, after a separation attributable to a mistake of orders, come up to join in occupying the field of battle. General Otto, as indeed he well might be, was frantic in his gestures and exclamations of joy on the return of his forlorn hope. He had given them up for lost. He had even made the Duke of York acquainted with his despair. Speaking of the achievement after an interval of many years, Sir Robert Wilson declares his conviction that it was daring in conception, the most resolute in execution.



most unaccountable in its success that ever came within the range of his experience.

The young soldier, though he had his share in the glory of so brilliant and unsparing a feat, was not insensible either to the merits of his opponents or to the claims of humanity. He was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the latter, when a watchful and experienced quartermaster, named Stewart, perceived his danger, and with ready trigger relieved him from the wounded prisoner, whose life he had spared, and who, to repay his generosity, was manœuvring to betray him into the hands of a hostile squadron.

We need not remind our readers that the operations of the Allied Army were more remarkable for the spirit and mutual animosity of the combatants than for any final success attendant on the Imperial standard. The British Contingent, and more especially the Light Brigade, shone out with peculiar lustre in the former respect, though destined of course to partake of the general disappointment as to results of a permanent description. The hope of preserving Holland was no sooner abandoned, on grounds of obvious necessity, than the British troops were transferred to Germany, and thence after some delay restored to their native shores. Wilson's regiment appears to have had the lion's share in most of the engagements which brought the Allies and the French into desperate collision with each other; and it was not till the winter of 1796 that it returned to England, and joined the dépôt at Croydon, when our Cornet, having previously become a lieutenant by purchase, obtained the command of a troop in the same manner. His account of the actions which distinguished with alternate successes and defeats the campaign of 1794, from the 10th to the 22nd of May, while Pichegru commanded the French, and while the Duke of York was still with the British troops, is remarkable for the distinctness and reality with which he has brought into view both the general movements of the forces and the particular incidents which in various places arose out of them.

‘ On the morning of the 10th the enemy, 30,000 strong, attacked us, and made an impression on our advanced line. But the Kaunitz regiment, getting up to the retiring troops before they were driven out of an extensive wood, repelled the assailants. A considerable effort was then made against our centre, and we were sent down with sixteen squadrons of British and two of Austrian Hussars to attack the enemy in flank as he attempted to cross with the design of storming our position. So soon as he perceived our intention he formed a corps into squares and opened upon us a severe fire of shot and shells; he persisted in an advance, and, seeing only level ground between us, a  
charge



charge was ordered and the order obeyed; but before we could reach the enemy, who had partly deployed, to our great surprise, as we advanced, we found ourselves in a range of rape-fields; and, in a few seconds, two-thirds of the horses were prostrate under a volley of musketry and grape, which, if well directed, must have annihilated the whole. At this instant, fortunately, the Hungarian Grenadiers, for whose simultaneous operation we ought to have waited, were seen ascending the heights to storm the squares. This obliged the enemy to withdraw, and to take up a new position nearer his reserves and enclosed country.

‘I was mounted on my English mare, who extricated herself by extraordinary activity; but she carried me to the enemy, and I should infallibly have been taken if a soldier had not made a blow at her head with the butt-end of his musket, which frightened her so much that she turned like a hare, and ran obliquely along the line until I could find a clear piece of ground, when I succeeded in giving her a new direction. I suppose upwards of a hundred shots were fired at us, of which only one struck her—in the neck.

‘As soon as the squadrons could be reassembled, another charge was ordered on the retiring squares; it failed; and a third also was repulsed, although some of the angles were pierced. At length, the squares having nearly passed the plain in retreat, all hope of making any impression was abandoned. The enemy observed this, and imprudently changed their formation into columns of march without taking any precaution to line the extreme of the wood into which they were entering. This negligence afforded the opportunity for a sudden attack, which succeeded. Fifteen pieces of cannon were taken, and several hundred men massacred. A more cold-blooded butchery was never perpetrated.

‘The enemy had the same day attacked the Hanoverian Corps, which was posted on the right of the Duke’s army, and had also been repulsed; but on the Sunday following they made a vigorous attack on General Clairfait, who had crossed the river Deule, and were at first successful; but the Austrians not being able to take possession of Cambray, where the enemy had rallied, Clairfait was in his turn obliged to retire, and was pursued to Thielt, suffering very considerably. This advantage was, however, counterbalanced on the 14th by their defeat in an action with General Kaunitz, posted near Mons, who cut through several thousand men and some pieces of cannon.

‘Mons being thus secured, the Austrian army, commanded by the Emperor and the Archduke Charles, marched to unite itself with the Duke of York’s army, that an offensive movement might be made which, with a co-operation of General Clairfait, should throw the enemy back upon their own frontier line of defence. The junction having been effected at Orchies, the army marched in five columns. The 15th marched in the Duke’s column, composed of six squadrons British, four of Hussars, seven battalions British, five Austrian, and two of Hessians.

. . . . ‘From Lannoy, after leaving the two Hessian battalions  
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there, we advanced to Roubaix, where the enemy were strongly posted. The action was very obstinate, though short, as they found themselves likely to be turned, and so retired. . . .

'The flank battalion of Guards, supported by the battalion of the 1st Regiment of Guards, led the way through a very close country. On arriving in front of Mouveaux, it was found strongly intrenched and palisaded. About fifteen hundred men defended the place with several pieces of cannon. The British guns having opened a practicable entrance, the Guards stormed, while the cavalry were ordered to proceed at a gallop round the work, and get in the rear and cut off the flying enemy. When we moved, the Guards had not got into the place. The enemy were still firing their cannon charged with grape down the road lined with an avenue of trees, and had set on fire a house on the roadside. By the scorching flames of this we were obliged to pass, as a deep ditch and fences rendered it impossible for us to break off the road till we got close to the walls. The rattling of the shot through the trees, the falling branches, the burning house, the huzzas of the infantry, and shouts, and roar and smoke of the guns, with all the confusion of an assault, was a sublime spectacle for me, and excited all to the highest degree of animation. The French kept their ground manfully, until they saw us, in spite of their fire, wheeling round the very edge of their intrenchments, when they deserted and fled.

'The infantry on entering the town had set it on fire, and the church catching the flames gave fatal intelligence to the distant enemy of our success and position.'

Sir Robert goes on to state by what arrangements the Duke of York endeavoured to secure his army in the positions which he had occupied with no very distinct idea of their mutual relations to each other, and how General Pichegru, acting on the information derived from the fire at Mouveaux, marched 30,000 men during the night, and attacked Turcoing at break of day. It appears from his account that the column of the Allied Army, which was the immediate object of this attack, suffered most severely, and owed its preservation in the end rather to want of energy on the part of its assailants than to its own combinations; that at one time it was surrounded by five times its own numbers, and that, in spite of gallantry and self-possession, it lost the whole of its artillery, though its loss was in other respects comparatively small, considering the circumstances in which it had been placed. At one moment the Duke of York was cut off. 'With great difficulty,' says Sir Robert, 'and attended only by a few dragoons, he was fortunate enough to reach General Otto's column.' To the extreme vigour with which that officer attacked the enemy, in order to make a diversion in the Duke's favour, may be justly attributed the preservation of any part of His Royal Highness's division.

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The village of Templeuve was in part the scene of a grand reactionary movement, which almost immediately succeeded the arrival of the Austrian army. On the 22nd of May Templeuve was attacked successfully by the French, who, as it was stated, had one hundred and ten thousand men against eighty thousand of the Allies. The manifest object of the former was to pass the Scheldt, and to invest Tournay. The battle which ensued was remarkable for its musketry fire, and its continuance, with one short intermission, for twelve hours. Though the Austrians behaved with great resolution, they were much exhausted about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the 'little brigade' of English despatched to their relief appeared on the field of action, and stepping through their ranks 'into the rain of fire that poured as they appeared,' pressed 'with inflexible intrepidity' to the charge, and forced the panic-stricken enemy, 'column tumbling back upon column,' into a general retreat. The dinner, of which Pichegru and his staff were partaking when this attack was made, became a prize to the victorious brigade. Seven pieces of cannon and several hundred prisoners were also taken. The French themselves admitted a total loss of 14,000 men, and on the side of the allies the loss could hardly have been less than 8000.

Sir Robert, who rode over the field of battle next morning, describes in vivid colours the horrors which he witnessed there. He mentions in particular the evidences of two appalling incidents, as pictures illustrative of war. The one is steeped in domestic affliction of the saddest kind; the other exhibits military slaughter on a scale of appalling magnitude. Both are well calculated to plead the cause of peace, and to impress on our minds at what cost our taste for warlike glory may be too often gratified. The Austrians had opened a battery of twelve guns upon a column of eighteen hundred French, who were densely entangled in an orchard of which the outlet was very small. Two hundred and eighty headless bodies were counted by Wilson himself, midst 'trees and branches indented or covered with the smashed bones and brains.'

From this disgusting spectacle he turns with pride to the intrepid bravery of the 'little brigade,' and states for its glorification in what manner the Emperor of Austria did justice to the prowess it had displayed at so important a moment; the more remarkably, as 'the greater part of the men were recruits from the gaols, sent out in such a state of equipment as to excite shame and derision.' He goes on to say that 'Even the recruits sent to the Light Dragoons came out, in many instances, with  
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undress jackets, and without boots, those who sent them presuming that they might be fitted out from the dead men's kits, as if the effects of the slain were regularly collected and stored.'

These remarks are little calculated to raise our conceptions of the manner in which the details of our military administration were carried out in the beginning of our great wars with France towards the end of the last century. But the shortcomings of our people at home had the effect of placing in stronger lights, as our author justly intimates, the devoted fortitude with which the British soldier in general maintained the glory of his country, though the vice of drunkenness prevailed to a most discreditable extent, with the natural, perhaps even necessary, consequence of frequent punishments among the men, which were not the more edifying when adjudged by officers who but too often exhibited in their own persons examples of the same excess.

We cannot doubt that abuses and mismanagement of this kind have long, with an occasional exception perhaps, ceased to affect the welfare and efficiency of our army; that gaols are no longer dépôts for the recruiting sergeant, that drunkenness is rather controlled by moral repression than by the halberds, and that officers called upon to exercise judicial authority over the men whom they command have now to act under regulations which impose a sufficient weight of responsibility. It is well, nevertheless, to bear in mind the mistaken and disgraceful positions of a preceding generation, with the twofold view of justly appreciating the dangers which we have surmounted, and of guarding our improvements against any eventual tendencies to fresh neglect.

The campaign was now drawing rapidly to a close. The latest incidents noticed by Sir Robert Wilson are the retirement of the French 'beyond the Waal,' the success of a sortie made by 'the 15th' from Nimeguen, the defence of the river-passage by British troops till January, 1795, and the march of our whole force into Germany as soon as it was clear that Holland could not possibly be preserved to the Allies. The 'enterprise being abandoned,' Sir Robert embarked for England, and 'the 15th' joined the dépôt at Croydon in February, 1796.

Our youthful Lieutenant soon afterwards obtained a troop by purchase, and, a year later, the hand of a young lady by marriage. The bride, Miss Jemima Belford, was remarkable for her beauty.

In the short campaign of the Helder fresh honours were achieved by the 15th Regiment of Light Dragoons, and Captain Wilson took part in all its engagements. He returned to England only when the expedition was recalled. We next find him on

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his way to join Lord Minto at Vienna; and afterwards, having been sent to the Austrian army in Italy, he appears to have visited several of the principal cities in that glorious peninsula; and then, after touching successively at Messina, Syracuse, and Malta, to have embarked at the last-mentioned place for Egypt.

The narrative of this terraqueous journey has the advantage of being given by our young hero in his own language. To the truthful and lively character of autobiography it adds those tinges of colouring, those touches of self-approval, which sometimes provoke a smile without impairing seriously the reader's estimate of his author's merit. There is no lack of adventure or peril. Torrents, storms, and robbers unite with the French and the Turks to give our traveller a lively succession of moving accidents and hairbreadth escapes. We cannot afford to transfer such particulars, however amusing, to our own pages; but we readily do justice to the brilliant and amiable qualities displayed by Captain, or, it may be, by *Major* Wilson at this as at other periods of his life. He breathes the very spirit of enterprise, and manifests on every proper occasion that mixture of courage, perseverance, kind feeling, and humanity, which we love to recognise in our countrymen, whether they are called to the duties of the field in war, or to the exciting hazards of foreign travel in time of peace. His visit at Messina to Monsieur Dolomieu, in prison there, exhibits the goodness of his heart in striking colours. M. Dolomieu was a French gentleman distinguished for his scientific attainments, who, in the year 1798, had been sent to Egypt with Dinon and other members of the Institute; and who, on his return voyage to Europe, had been arrested at Tarento by command of the reigning King of Naples and thrown into a dungeon at Messina. The necessity which compelled him to land was deemed insufficient to entitle him to indulgence. He was not released before the conclusion of peace in 1800.

We partake of our traveller's satisfaction when he makes good his claim to the cross of Maria Theresa; and also when, in taking leave of Baron Thugut at Vienna, he draws a flood of kindness from the old statesman's eyes. But we cannot quite agree with him, when he qualifies the city of Rome as 'a very bad one,' with 'nothing but its antiquities to claim any person's regard,' the Church of St. Peter as an object of 'disappointment,' and the 'famous Vatican' as 'a poor building,' with this remarkable conclusion, that 'in seven hours he saw everything worth seeing,' and 'never wished to return for closer scrutiny.'

The next scene of action was Egypt; one which proved a new field of glory to the British arms. Sir Robert Wilson has himself recorded their success in a separate work, which increased his  
reputation



reputation at the time, but which does not come under our immediate notice on the present occasion.

Towards the middle of September he left Egypt in the 'Pique,' commanded by Captain Young; he landed in Malta, at Toulon, and at Marseilles, passed through Paris, and finally reached Dover on the 22nd of December, 1801. At Malta he met the news of peace. At Toulon he fell in with Fourier, one of the French *savans*, recently in Egypt, and from Fourier he 'heard much of Buonaparte, especially his reasons for the massacre of Jaffa, and for poisoning his own sick at Acre.' Sir Robert's convictions of the reality of these deplorable acts have since been given to the world, and the language attributed to M. Fourier is itself an admission of their truth. Speaking of public opinion at that time in France, he remarks that 'royalty has friends everywhere in this country,—that is to say, a monarchy chosen by the people themselves.' 'Lyons,' he says, when there, 'is one mournful mass of ruins; everything, that was once grand or ornamental, levelled to the earth, all the houses rifled with bullets; no activity, and all-pervading gloom.'

His patriotic raptures on landing in England appear to have been heightened by the unfavourable impressions which he took of Paris, during his short stay in that city. After passing a just eulogium on its hotels, its palaces, and its public buildings of all kinds, he adds, 'But Paris has not a street so good as our Cheapside; all are narrow, dirty, unpaved; the houses old and mean in general, the shops without brilliancy, and the *tout ensemble* bearing a strong resemblance to the worst parts of the City of London.' Had he lived to see Paris in its present state of marvellous splendour and magnificence, his generous spirit would have gloried in doing justice to the successive Governments, which, differing in so many other respects, have laboured to outdo each other in extending, improving, and embellishing the capital of France; in providing for the convenience of its inhabitants; and also in protecting them from the effects of hostile invasion or popular discontent.

During the fourteen or fifteen months of peace introduced by the signature of a definitive treaty at Amiens, and for more than two years after the renewal of war, Sir Robert's active mind both sought and sometimes found a vent in literary publications, or endeavours to serve the country in Parliament, in diplomacy, or, as before, in the military department. He offered his services to Lord Mulgrave, who was talked of for the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and he also applied to Count Woronzow with the view of taking service in the Russian army. This period of uncertainty was at length closed by his being allowed to purchase  
a Lieutenant-Colonelcy



a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 19th Light Dragoons, and to exchange into the 20th, which formed part of an expedition under the command of Sir David Baird, whom he joined at Cork on the 27th of August, 1805.

The principal incidents which attended the execution of his military duties, or which came under his notice at the Cape of Good Hope—the main object of Sir David's expedition—or on his voyages thither and back, are recorded with much characteristic liveliness and power of description by his own pen. He met even with more than his usual trials at sea, and was witness of a sad disaster which befell the expedition on a reef or range of islands, called the Roccas, not far from the land, off Rio Granada. Among the ships which foundered or went to pieces in the surf was the 'King George,' with General Yorke on board, and the vessel in which Wilson was sailing had a marvellous escape. Of his landing in Saldanha Bay he writes:—

'The wind blew a very heavy gale, so that no boats could reach the usual place of debarkation, four miles distant, and I was ordered to land in the open bay. At three o'clock the signal was elevated for casting off from the ships, and I in a man-of-war's boat, with Newland in her, and towing our longboat with ten horses, bore up for the shore. Expert management was required, as the gusts were hurricanes, and I could not help feeling again that the elements were not in unison with my fortune; so much persecution as I have experienced from winds and waves is remarkable.'

Wilson soon wearied of the Cape of *Torments*. He had friends in office; and we find him on the 3rd of November, 1806, embarking at Yarmouth on board the 'Astræa' frigate, with directions to proceed on the staff of Lord Hutchinson, then going on a mission to Berlin. The first point of destination was Dantzic. Copenhagen was the intermediate resting-place. A voyage in the depth of winter by the Sleeve, the Cattegat, and the Baltic was sure to be attended with gales of wind, if not with tempests and perilous disasters. The mission had its full share of these troubles; and Sir Robert Wilson had good reason to believe that he was destined to undergo an almost unrelenting persecution from wind and wave. The 'Astræa' had to contend with desperate weather in the North Sea. She got ashore, and was all but wrecked within sight of the little island of Anholt.

The escape from this danger was followed by a visit to Cronberg Castle, and the capital of Denmark. Sir Robert was much pleased with the buildings and society of Copenhagen. The Danes had forgiven our bombardment by Nelson, and every one 'strove to treat' the English party 'with distinction.' The country was in a critical position, and, owing to the great  
continental

continental successes of the French, was, though unconsciously, on the eve of that second collision with our forces which terminated in the abduction of the Danish fleet, and the submission of Denmark to the aggressive policy of France. Some, who caught a view of the coming shadows, contrasted the fortunes of their country with those of England. 'You,' said they to their guests, 'go *abroad* to fight for the honour of your country. Our husbands and children must soon sustain an unequal fight *on their own soil* for their native land.' It is particularly interesting at this moment to read such passages as the following:—

'I was much surprised at the condition of their troops, whom I little expected to find very well composed, equipped, and clothed. The Crown-Prince has given much attention to the army, and he can bring into the field seventy thousand men, exclusive of the best modelled militia in Europe. . . . The time is approaching when there may be occasion to employ these forces—*Denmark must fight or fall.*' . . . 'The more I see of this place the more I am convinced that Denmark has not yet been sufficiently estimated as a power.' . . . 'A guard of cavalry is at this instant passing. Their appointments are very good, and the horses better than are common on the Continent.' . . . 'The town is, indeed, a superb assemblage of buildings, and I have not yet been able to discover a bad street or an alley.' . . . 'Yesterday we saw the barracks for the sailors, who are all registered, and have houses to dwell in with their families during their lives: an admirable institution, and one which might be introduced with much benefit to our seamen in England.'

After some further struggling with salt water, Lord Hutchinson and his party landed at Dantzic, and scrambled overland by wretched roads to Königsberg, where the Prussian Court was then residing under circumstances of great depression and anxiety.

'Every apartment, however mean, is crowded with noble fugitives, and the streets are all bustle; but everything is packed up, and the royal party are prepared for more distant flight. It is a sad scene; but soldiers must not reflect, and a beautiful woman in misfortune (the Queen of Prussia) should animate to enterprise instead of being a cause of melancholy depression. So thought and felt the nobles of Hungary, and Maria Theresa retrieved the fortunes of her house.'

The last day of December left Sir Robert still at Königsberg preparing to join the Russian army, but detained by the want of exact information, and ignorant, till news arrived, to what point it would be best for him to direct his course. He dismisses the old year with these words 'This is the last day of the year: (1806.) What a year of woe it has been for Prussia, and what an eventful one for me, who, in that space, have been in three quarters



quarters of the world!' He was already in presence of that disastrous period which, ushered in with hope, brightened by contrast with recent calamities, and justified at first by the resolute conduct of Russia, the increased strength of her armies, and their brilliant victory at Preussisch Eylau, to say nothing of the embarrassment and partial retreat of the French under Napoleon,—comprised in the few succeeding months the fall of Dantzic, the crushing battle of Friedland, the humiliating peace of Tilsit, war between Russia and England, war between England and Turkey, our wretched expeditions to Egypt and South America, our still more wretched party-quarrels at home, and finally the sad necessity of carrying away from Copenhagen with sanguinary violence the navy of a power at peace with us. He was destined to be an eyewitness of military sufferings and military conflicts quite as severe, and on a much wider scale than those lately exhibited in the Danish Duchies, to behold in person the disastrous and degrading consequences of discordant counsels and unskilful strategy,—the abject submission on one side, the scornful dictation on the other, the shameless hypocrisy on both,—and afterwards to be himself the bearer to his Government of that hostile announcement with which their late ally was compelled by his unsparing vanquisher to crown his own disgrace.

From the first days of January almost to its close our adventurous soldier was at Memel. This small town was crowded with officers, courtiers, and distinguished ladies, partaking, on the extreme edge of their native land, the adverse fortunes of their fugitive Sovereign and his lovely, high-minded Queen. It was the depth of winter, Königsberg was threatened by the French, the Russians were not ready for active operations, and what little remained of Prussian vitality appeared to rest on General Lestocq, the fortress of Dantzic, and some few names like those of Hardenberg, Stein, and Blucher. Whoever looked sanguinely to England was subjected to a long train of disappointments; and whether the fate of Europe was consigned to the generalship of Kamenskoi, of Buxhowden, or of Beningsen, it was difficult for any intelligent observer to look forward without painful misgivings. Much exasperation prevailed among the nations kept down, and too frequently insulted by their pitiless invaders; but the strong hand was too much for the resentful spirit, and the hour of national retribution had not yet struck.

Beningsen's success at Pultusk obtained for him the chief command of the army. It was presumed that he would not rush prematurely into the hazards of a general engagement. Buona-



parte himself would seem to have relaxed his characteristic vigour. Sickness among his troops, the horrible state of the roads, the slowness of the Polish insurrection, the fickleness of Austrian policy, and symptoms of a longing for peace in France, were enough to account for this unusual languor. Meanwhile the Russian army was receiving continual reinforcements; even the Prussians made some desultory movements towards a revival; and, with spring in prospect, and their Queen as the centre of attraction, the society of Memel was animated enough to afford Wilson and his agreeable messmates a fair amount of distraction.

On the first day of February they reached the head-quarters of General Beningsen, and were lodged in his house. They occupied the very room 'where Bernadotte had slept a few nights before, and in which all his baggage had been taken by the Russians.' Dark nights, bad weather, rickety sledges, frequent alarms, and danger of being mistaken by the Cossacks, gave more interest than pleasure to their new position. Sir Robert was soon on horseback; and his description of the Russian army, as he rode round it, may be given in his own words:—

'Never, in my life,' he says, 'did I behold such a martial spectacle. The countenances and figures of the men reminded me of the description of the Macedonian veterans; and when we looked at the ground covered with snow, their only resting-place, the sky driven with a fierce south-east blast their only canopy—when we recollected that these men had been gathered from the most remote regions of the globe, and had just performed a march of twenty-eight days without any interval of repose, I could not but admire and hope. Eighty thousand men and five hundred and forty-six pieces of cannon crowned the position.'

The battle of Preussisch Eylau was close at hand to test the mettle of this army. Napoleon commanded in person. His station, while forming a column of attack, was behind the church. The Russians lost 12,000 men killed and wounded. The loss of the French was much greater.\* Fifteen hundred of them were made prisoners, and eighteen of their standards were captured. Large reinforcements joined the Russian camp almost immediately afterwards. The French are described as being in a 'miserable condition,' discontented and dispirited. They were, nevertheless, advancing in spite of their losses; and they took advantage of their enemy's strategic relinquishment of the field to claim a

\* Sir Robert says, subsequently, that the French had 25,000, and the Russians 14,000, *hors de combat*. The Duc de Fezensac says in his '*Souvenirs Militaires*' (Paris, 1863), that the French had ten thousand and the Russians thirty thousand *hors de combat*; but he says that the French army was 'considerably weakened.' They counted sixty thousand absentees, 'almost all of them marauders' (p. 150.)

victory in the recent battle. The Cossacks were very successful; and, in general, fortune smiled on the Russians in many of their partial encounters with the French.

At so anxious and awful a time it must have amused the Russians to learn, from an order of the day issued by Buonaparte when he left Preussisch Eylau, that he had 'driven them behind the Pregel, captured sixty-eight pieces of cannon and sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, and taken forty thousand soldiers. . . . The ramparts of Königsberg alone saved the fugitives.'

About the middle of April the Emperor Alexander made his appearance at head-quarters, and news arrived of a change of Ministry in London. Both these events were accepted as of good omen to the cause of Europe. In the following month the surrender of Dantzic cast a damp on the spirits of all who wished well to that cause, and deep regret was felt that no effort to save so important a fortress had been made by the British Government.

Sir Robert takes pride in showing that war has its amusements as well as its fatigues and horrors. Whatever turns up for the day, his spirits are never at fault:—

'Yesterday morning,' he says, 'General Platow and several of us went to dine at Wartemberg with General Knoring, in the expectation of meeting Tolstoy and arranging some offensive operations. We were escorted along the line of videttes by the Cossacks.'

'At Wartemberg we dined sumptuously and animatedly, for we had music, singing, and torrents of champagne.'

'We left in high spirits at eight o'clock in the evening, and after travelling six miles we stopped at the quarters of Ilavoiaskoi, General of Cossacks. We were received by a band of music, and on entering the room we saw sixteen extremely well-dressed girls, many of them very pretty. It appeared to me as an enchanted castle. I could not comprehend that within two miles of the enemy, at a solitary house in a Cossack quarter, such a society could be collected. The fiddles struck up, and Polish dances, waltzes, Scotch and Cossack dances were called for in rapid succession. The Hetman himself led off, to the admiration of the company.'

The scene changes quickly enough. General Platow was ordered to attack the enemy.

'Three regiments of infantry, three of dragoons, ten of Cossacks, and twenty pieces of cannon, form the strength of our column, and the chief attack will be directed by us.' 'At ten o'clock we left our dancing hall. . . . the attack is to commence at daybreak.'

'I cannot desist without noticing an incident that has something of the comic mingled with its tragic character. The Cossacks in our neighbourhood observed that the enemy every day made fires in a particular spot, which during the night they abandoned from

caution. They beg a shell from the artillery; they bury it under the embers during the time in which the post is withdrawn: in the morning they lurk in the environs: the pickets advance; they rekindle their fires, and boil their kettles, while they stretch themselves around the flames seeking a fatal slumber. An explosion is heard,—the Cossacks rush forward,—the French fly, leaving their arms and six mangled carcases of their countrymen.'

It is now the 7th of June. The great, the decisive battle of Friedland was to come off in a few days. It was preceded by sundry 'strategic movements on both sides, accompanied with many vicissitudes, and in one instance with a heavy loss to both armies, but much greater to the French than to the Russians. Beningsen was the first to advance. The Aller and Passarge were to be crossed. Gütstadt, the advanced point of the French position, was to be cut off. The French had the Vistula behind them. Platow divided one of the columns of attack. Wilson was with him. After obtaining some important advantages—taking Gütstadt and capturing Marshal Ney's baggage—the several advanced columns retired. The French manœuvred, with occasional checks and some considerable losses, but still advancing. Prince Bagrathion and his division had to sustain the heaviest pressure. His position was at one time carried, to the imminent peril of the whole Russian army. The French grenadiers were, however, driven back at the point of the bayonet by Prince Gortchakoff's division, and by eleven at night the firing had ceased.

We now use Sir Robert's own words:—

'The next morning at day-dawn the two armies were seen drawn up at long cannon-shot distance in battle array, and the rising sun beaming upon the arms gave beauty to the scene. But, Almighty God! what a spectacle did the field of battle exhibit!

'During the night the dead and wounded had been stripped, and several thousand naked bodies covered the surface so close that a horse could scarcely be directed through without stepping upon a carcase; and such carcases! the greater part grenadiers—bodies of men of the finest mould that the fancy can portray.

'The eye sickened at the sight, and the heart could not but feel stricken as the wretched French wounded implored death as a relief from the passers-by.

'I estimate, and I am certain without exaggeration, that this battle cost the French twelve thousand men, and the Russians seven thousand, the greater part of whom lay in a piece of land not above eighteen acres in length by one in depth.'

After some firing by the tirailleurs and artillery, both armies fell back, the French appearing to have designs on Königsberg, for the defence of which General Kaminskoi was detached, to co-operate



co-operate with General Lestocq. The Russian commander-in-chief passed the night of the 13th at Friedland. Wilson was there too.

At four next morning the cannonade began. Two Russian divisions were thrown across the Aller. Out of this movement grew the battle. The Russians were ill-placed, and their number did not exceed forty thousand men. They were nevertheless successful on the whole till late in the forenoon, when the French, being reinforced, pushed forward again with fresh vigour. Later, Napoleon himself arrived with his army. The Russians had already lost 'near twelve thousand men,' several generals, and many officers. The French advanced in superior numbers, and with an immense artillery. The Russians retired fighting most gallantly to the bridge, which they recrossed and burnt. They carried off with them every standard and every gun, with the exception of nineteen, part of which went into the river. Their loss in men was computed at twenty thousand. The enemy also must have suffered heavy losses in so long and sanguinary a conflict.

Sir Robert allows nearly as little credit to the conqueror as to the defeated general. 'Never,' he says, 'was an army so cruelly sacrificed by the most wicked ignorance; and although Buonaparte, with a superiority of above 40,000 men, has gained the day, he has only had the fortune to profit by the faults of his enemy.' He censures Beningsen for having detached 6000 men to Allenburg during the action. Still, when we look to the general features of the battle, we find the Russians drawn over the Aller by the temptation of having to deal with an inferior force, and then so engaged as not to have secured any adequate success until the French reinforcements arrived, and finally accumulated in such overwhelming numbers that Napoleon had little to do but to direct his columns and artillery against the Russian position, while the defenders of that position had only to retire in the best order they could maintain.

Armistice and peace were the natural, if not the necessary, consequences of the French Emperor's victory. Prior to that event it had been thought that France and its army were tired of the war, and the open declarations of their chief had confirmed the supposition. Russia, if she persisted in war, would have to wage it on her own soil. Peace, at whatever cost, would alone give the Prussian Royalties any immediate prospect of returning to Berlin. All hope of Austrian co-operation was lost for the present. England had so grievously disappointed the expectations of those who had reckoned upon her aid against France, that consideration for her interests would have but little weight

weight in the pending arrangements. There was everywhere a peace party, to whose counsels, timid, selfish, or short-sighted as they might be, the battle of Friedland had given a preponderant influence. The rapid change from one extreme to another—from bitter, unsparing hostility to friendship, confidence, and secret alliance between the principal belligerents, could hardly have been foreseen; and we read without surprise the strong, indignant expressions in which Sir Robert has recorded his disgust and reprobation. His generous and sanguine nature recoiled from those scenes of shameless hypocrisy which were exhibited on the waters of the Niemen, and in the festive meetings at Tilsit.

Our author's narrative is well worthy of perusal and serious meditation in the part to which we now refer. 'What a lesson,' he exclaims, 'do these proceedings afford to princes and to mankind! How necessary for the honour of Sovereigns is it that Ministers should be not only *honest* but *brave*.'

He states a little further on, that 'the Emperor remains at Tilsit with Buonaparte.' And again: 'A Captain Alison came this evening (July 1) from Tilsit, where he had seen the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte walking arm-in-arm together in familiar conversation, and French sentinels at the doors of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who both lived in the town of Tilsit.' His vexation was still greater when he heard that the Queen was to set off to meet the King in order to receive Buonaparte's visit. He declares it to be 'the consummation of infamy.' Having occasion to mention '*Baron Hardenberg*,' he states, apparently on the Baron's authority, that 'Buonaparte had at the first moment insisted on his dismissal; and when the King urged a plea in his favour, he repeated frequently, "*Je suis vindicatif. J'aime la revanche*." One would not suppose,' he adds, 'that Siberia and arbitrary power existed within the boundaries of the Russian empire. Such bold language, and such indignant sentiments at the late peace, I never heard even in my own country when we made the disgraceful peace of Amiens.'

On the 9th of August he writes from St. Petersburg, having posted thither from Mittan:—

'I am determined,' he says, 'while here to live chiefly with Russians, and not to do as most of the English travellers here do—associate with my countrymen. The reason is, that they have prejudices against the sober habits of foreigners which I do not share, and they prefer the bottle to any advantage which the sacrifice of that indulgence would ensure.'

He dined with the Emperor at Kamenoistrow, and met with so  
gracious

gracious a reception that his personal sense of the kindness controlled, without altering, his political opinions. Let us quote his own words:—

‘Alexander has a good, an affectionate heart. I had frequent occasions to observe the honest agitation with which it beat when our discourse was directed to some incidents which vibrated on memory. He wants only good counsellors. But if he had less virtue, he would still command my services; for has not his conduct to me been one series of honouring friendship? Was ever individual more distinguished or more warmly cherished by a sovereign, when there was neither high desert nor secret service?’

On the 1st of September he took charge of despatches for England, and, after a fatiguing overland journey, more than one sea-passage from point to point, and finally, a boisterous voyage from Gothenberg to Harwich, delivered them in London on the 19th. He was well pleased with his reception there by Ministers, and in particular by Mr. Canning, then Foreign Secretary. On the 2nd of October he was again at sea on his return to St. Petersburg, and, as usual, the sport of winds and waves. Gothenberg, Stockholm, and Abo, were his principal relays. He reached St. Petersburg in less than three weeks from Yarmouth. Some mysterious expressions imply that he was more than the bearer of despatches. Perhaps he had to convey some confidential communication from Mr. Canning to the Emperor’s own ear. But, whatever his mission may have been, it neither interfered with his social recreations, nor prevented his being the bearer to London, two or three weeks later, of Alexander’s hostile intentions against England. Once more he had to contend with tempestuous elements by water, with dreadful roads and crazy vehicles by land; but energy and resolution overcame all obstructions, and on the 2nd of December, by four in the morning, he was at Mr. Canning’s bedside with the announcement of a Russian war.

We now approach that period in our author’s eventful career when he was placed in a different field of action, and brought into near connection with one, whose triumphant progress in Portugal and Spain renewed the hopes of Europe, and finally reversed the fate of those Powers which had most suffered under the ascendancy of France. Our knowledge of the transactions in which he was there engaged can only be derived from the same general sources whence the occurrences of the time flow with more or less fulness into the pages of the historian. We are no longer attended by the lights of his personal narrative. We are not aware that any special work has been devoted to his co-operative exertions in the Peninsula. Thither, in 1808, he

was



was ordered to proceed, for the purpose of raising a Portuguese legion; and it was under circumstances of no common difficulty that he accomplished that important object. Invested as Brigadier-General with the command of the army of Portugal, he moved with his legion into Spain, facilitated the retreat of General Romana, and checked for a time the advance of Marshal Soult from Oporto. Lisbon was thus preserved from evacuation till the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley. In January, 1809, he was entrusted with the command of a detached corps, and rendered such effective services by manœuvring on Madrid, as to obtain the most flattering approbation from that great commander. He had soon, however, to seek employment elsewhere. Our army went into winter quarters, and his legion was absorbed in the new construction of the Portuguese army. On returning to England he was made one of the King's aides-de-camp.

After an interval of about two years he was appointed, on his own application, to a special service by Lord Wellesley; and in March of the ensuing year he received his instructions from Lord Castlereagh, who had succeeded to the administration of the foreign department. He was to go out with our new ambassador to the Porte, and to 'consider himself as entirely attached to Mr. Liston's mission.' 'You are,' says Lord Castlereagh, 'to regulate your conduct by his orders, and with him alone to correspond.' The rank of Brigadier-General in the British army was a well-earned feather in his cap.

The time of his arrival at Constantinople was one of deep and solemn interest. Napoleon, at the head of a fabulous army, and with two-thirds of Europe at his back, was on the point of invading Russia. England, almost alone, and weary of coalitions, awaited in brave but breathless attention what seemed to be the last act of the grand revolutionary drama. She was still formally at war with the Russian empire. Her representative in Turkey had secretly, and without instructions, mediated a peace between the Emperor and the Sultan. At the request of the Porte he had taken upon himself to open a correspondence with the Russian authorities at Bucharest. The treaty was concluded on the 12th of May, O.S., and the Russian officer who bore it to Constantinople was lodged in the palace of the British Embassy. The Turks, who gave us their confidence, had enlisted their fears in the service of France. With the sea at our disposal, we were almost wholly excluded from the ports of the Continent. Austria, our best friend at heart, was powerless for good; and, by a strange caprice of fortune, an Austrian princess had given an heir to the conqueror's throne. The war, so gloriously maintained by Wellington, occasioned a vast expense, and was carried on  
against

against fearful odds. Our national debt was increasing at a formidable rate, and the boldest of our statesmen began to look forward with anxious forebodings. No one could then perceive that the bolt of an avenging Providence was already launched against the towering colossus which bestrode the ruins of so many states in Central Europe, and that the yet unlighted torch, which was to drive the victorious battalions of France out of Moscow, would, a few months later, prove the signal of its entire overthrow.

Napoleon began the war, which he had long meditated, by crossing the Russian frontier, and occupying Kowno, on the 24th of June, 1812. Alexander on the following day accepted his challenge by a declaration of war, addressed from Wilna, to his army. The news reached Pera on the 17th of July. Mr. Liston decided that Wilson should go to the Russian headquarters. The Porte and the Russian ambassador concurred in this step. Some delay, however, took place. The Turks, habitually formal and slow, had some political motives for not being in a hurry. Our Brigadier-General employed the interval, not, it may be presumed, without his ambassador's sanction, in visiting the principal authorities, whether native or foreign, and inculcating upon them his own views of what should be done. He writes at Schumla on the 30th of July, at Bucharest on the 1st of August, at St. Petersburg on the 27th.

On his way to St. Petersburg he had communicated personally with the Grand Vizier; he had conferred with Admiral Tchitchakoff, who, strangely enough, was then in command of the Russian forces on the Danube; he had waited on Count Barclay de Tolly at Smolensko, and there renewed his friendly intercourse with Prince Bagrathion and other well-known officers of high rank.

The purport of his various talks and conferences can only be guessed by the readers of the 'Private Journal.' Sir Robert had information to seek as well as propositions to urge. Indeed, his commission, according to Lord Castlereagh's instruction, was specially confined to the former duty. His sphere of action acquired in practice a much wider extension. He states in his 'Narrative of Events,' that he was charged to press respectively on the Grand Vizier and Russian Commander certain points conducive to the maintenance of peace between Russia and Turkey; and Mr. Liston, in acknowledging his reports, which are given in the appendix, approves fully of their contents. However enterprising, self-reliant, and eager for distinction, he could hardly fail to employ his ability and experience in the right direction. *It might, perhaps, have been more agreeable to*

a man .



a man of his zealous and busy disposition if the peace, so happily concluded before his arrival, had remained somewhat longer in suspense; or if there had been a few more obstructions to clear away from the renewal of cordiality between the Courts of St. James and Tzarskõi-selo. But, in truth, there was no sufficient ground for apprehending a fresh rupture on the Danube, and the events and interests of the day were sure to bring the Russian and British Cabinets into friendly and even confidential relations with each other. The Porte looked naturally with anxious vigilance on the progress of the French arms. But the pacific policy she had adopted at Bucharest was founded on motives which nothing but fresh exactions on the part of Russia, or a complete success on that of Napoleon, could shake. Her army was reduced to a very low figure; her Janissaries were not to be relied on; she had recovered by the Treaty of peace two-thirds of the territory occupied by Russia in the Danubian Principalities; she had much to fear from another coalition between the two Emperors. The Sultan had been warned of that danger by the young representative of England\* at his Court, while the new ambassador was yet on his way to Constantinople; and His Highness had also learned from the same quarter how much advantage he might draw from a position of peaceful neutrality, while his two most formidable neighbours were engaged in operations of mutual destruction. We happen to know that, if any shadow of danger still hung over the peace of Bucharest, it proceeded solely from the Russian authorities, who had proposed to march an army through the Porte's dominions into Dalmatia, and who were unwilling to admit Persia into their act of pacification with the Porte. Displeased at first with the British Minister, who had refused to support their plan on the ground of its utter inconsistency with the Porte's policy, as recommended by himself, they must have thanked him in their hearts soon afterwards, when the very troops, which were to have formed the Dalmatian expedition, arrived at the Beresina, and inflicted, as history records, a signal blow on Napoleon's retiring army.

Sir Robert Wilson took an active part in the battles at Smolensko. He lamented the evacuation of that town, and apparently did what he could to dissuade the Russian General from retreating. There was, however, something like reason in a course of operations which tended to draw the invader still further from his resources, to defer the necessity of staking all on the hazards of a general engagement, and to husband the chances of aid presented by the approach of winter in so rude a climate.

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\* Mr. Stratford Canning.



The command of the main army was soon to be placed in other hands. Sir Robert, on his way to St. Petersburg, met General Kutusoff, who was already appointed to that responsible service. Notwithstanding this important change, he undertook to apprise the Emperor of the serious discontent which reigned in his army, and to obtain, if possible, some distinct assurance of His Majesty's determination to persist even to extremity in resisting the French invasion. Alexander is described as having listened with kindness, though not without emotion, to his impressive representations, and finally, after some hesitation, to have declared his resolution, even should he stand alone, not to make peace till every surviving French soldier had recrossed the Russian frontier. We all know how faithfully, and at what cost, the Imperial promise was kept.

Sir Robert Wilson's stay at St. Petersburg was not long. He reached that capital on the 27th of August. He left it on the 15th of September. During the brief interval, Lord Cathcart had arrived from Abo with the Emperor. Though Sir Robert was bound to put himself under the orders of his ambassador, he kept up, as opportunities offered, his confidential intercourse with Alexander, from whom he received much kind notice and encouragement. Lord Cathcart appears to have done justice to his services, though naturally enough he deemed the camp a better field for their exercise than the court. Expressions on each side suggest an idea that on neither was the confidence entirely without a limit. Sir Robert does not conceal his regret at not having been allowed a wider range for the display of his zealous views and persuasive faculties. On the point of starting for the Russian head-quarters, he addressed a letter to the Emperor, and he also wrote to Lord Castlereagh, who, in acknowledging some previous letters from him, approves of his having proceeded to the Russian armies with 'the permission and direction of Mr. Liston,' and sanctions his continuance with them on the recommendation of Lord Cathcart, under whose orders he was to place himself, and to whom, as well as to Mr. Liston, he was to address his reports. His feelings at this juncture are shown in strong colours by the following brief extracts from the '*Private Journal*:'—'To obtain Lord Cathcart's powers for a week,' he says, 'I think that I would, from love to the common interest, consent to lead the rest of my life in a solitude.' 'Every hour endears Russia more and more to me.' In his letter to the Emperor, he goes into political matters, and suggests important measures, which, beside their questionable character, ought, we conceive, to have had the sanction of higher authority than any that appears, before they were made a topic of  
correspondence

correspondence from a subordinate officer to a foreign sovereign. Alexander, whom he considered willing to accede, in principle, to the cession recommended by him in favour of Turkey, reserved the negotiation for Lord Cathcart. Wilson was subsequently disappointed to find that nothing came of his advice, and we cannot disguise our impression that had he not been blinded by his zeal, he might have anticipated that result. He did not leave St. Petersburg before intelligence was received of the victory gained at Borodino, and his last days at the Russian capital were illuminated by the rejoicings for that auspicious but sanguinary event. Another illumination, still more glorious, and also still more lamentable, greeted him as he approached the theatre of war. Moscow was in flames. The French were masters of its ruined site, and he had to make a wide circuit before he could reach Prince Kutusoff's head-quarters. There, with his staff, he fixed his military home; though for personal convenience he lodged and messed principally with General Beningsen. Thus seated *à cheval*, as it were, on the line of command, he attended the movements of the army, reported its various occurrences officially to the ambassadors at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, wrote from time to time privately to the Emperor, took part in counsel and in action with the generals and their troops, and still found leisure for conveying intelligence to his party friends in England. It would be unfair to question the correctness of his statements. He asserts more than once their unqualified truth, and he certainly enjoyed unceasing opportunities of judging for himself. He had, indeed, an active share in all the principal operations. He was exposed day after day to all the chances of war, and to most of its privations in the severity of a Russian winter. His narratives abound with the most interesting particulars, and exhibit the most striking pictures of heroic prowess and disastrous confusion. Human nature comes out on his canvas in all its grandeur, in all its weakness, and in all its ferocity. He saw what he describes, and felt what he judges. The principal characters on either side of the scene are portrayed by him in full proportions and in strong contrasts of light and shade. His attachment to Russia, his admiration of its patriotic people, and its devoted soldiery, did not blind him to the faults and mistakes unfortunately but too visible at head-quarters. His hatred of Buonaparte's system, and indeed of the conqueror himself, did not restrain him from doing justice to the qualities so admirably displayed by that great captain in hours pregnant with the most bitter disappointment, the most perplexing reverses and the most appalling dangers.

Wilson charges Prince Kutusoff, amongst other defaults, v  
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having abandoned Moscow to the enemy, notwithstanding his declared intention to risk a battle for its defence, and also with having failed in his express promise to give Count Rostopchin three days' notice of any such change in his plans. He expresses, moreover, his conviction that, on the retirement of the French from Moscow, the Marshal lost several opportunities of checking or dispersing, perhaps of destroying, their Grand Army; and he has not hesitated to raise a suspicion of unworthy motives in explanation of such culpable remissness. Speaking of the action at Malo-Jaroslavets on the 24th of October, Sir Robert says:—

‘Kutusoff had perseveringly turned a deaf ear to every messenger and entreaty, founding excuses for delay on the absence of the foragers and other frivolous pretexts. The thunder of the cannonade had shaken the very windows of his quarters; but it was not till after his dinner-meal that he ordered his droska, and five o'clock had passed before the army occupied its already selected stations.

‘Had Kutusoff sent forward a corps by a forced march as soon as he received the first information of the enemy's movement, and advanced the next morning at daybreak with the army, he might have anticipated the enemy's arrival, or effected their dislodgment before the Viceroy was reinforced. . . .

‘At eleven o'clock at night Kutusoff summoned all the generals to his bivouac in front of the town, and issued an order of battle, as he said that “he had made up his mind to resist the advance of Napoleon, and that he was prepared to decide the fate of the nation by a general action.” The Marshal said “he had determined to finish the war on that spot—to succeed, or make the enemy pass over his body;” and requested the English General “to keep up constant communication with him from every point of the field where he might be moving during the combat;” and authorised him “to use his name on every emergency as bearing an order from himself.”

‘Above eighty thousand men were placed in position, with nearly seven hundred pieces of cannon pointing their muzzles on all the sallying points of the town. The enemy could not be more than seventy thousand strong. . . . The state of the enemy was, moreover, calculated to put the Russian Commander at ease with regard to the result of the intended obstruction. . . . The enemy had neither provisions nor ammunition for protracting manœuvres.

‘Three hours had elapsed in busy and zealous preparation, when, about two in the morning, the generals were again summoned by Kutusoff. All assembled, as each afterwards admitted, with concurrent misgivings as to the object of their meeting. Kutusoff, sitting in the midst of the circle, shortly acquainted them that “he had received information which had induced him to relinquish the intention of defending the ground in front of Malo-Jaroslavets, and determined him to retire behind the Koricza to secure the road to Kalonga and communication with the Oka.”

‘This annou                      a thunderbolt that caused a momentary  
stupor.



stupor. It was, however, represented to him that "such a movement, in such a moment, and under the circumstances of darkness and the narrow causeway on the line of retreat, could not be executed without perilous confusion; and that the enemy, seeing this, would doubtless endeavour to increase it by an attack; that the whole army would be placed in jeopardy, and the rear-guard inevitably lost, if the enemy availed himself of his advantage."

'The English General, enforcing these considerations, was told by the Marshal: "I don't care for your objections. I prefer giving my enemy a '*pont d'or*,' as you call it, to receiving a '*coup de collier*;' besides, I will say again, as I have told you before, that I am by no means sure that the total destruction of the Emperor Napoleon and his army would be such a benefit to the world; his succession would not fall to Russia or any other Continental Power, but to that which already commands the sea, and whose domination would then be intolerable."

Referring to the action before Krasnoi, Sir Robert observes:—

'It was a day of honour for Napoleon, who had shown great presence of mind, dauntless intrepidity, and consummate practical skill in the dispositions made of his handful of troops to impose on the Russian Commander, in the judicious selection of the moments, and in the whole conduct of the retreat.'

Never, it appears, had any man commanding an army been surrounded by greater difficulties or exposed to more imminent, to more appalling dangers. Napoleon, with all his genius and self-reliance, seconded by officers of long-tried merit, and served by soldiers whose numbers, reduced from day to day by every kind of suffering and discouragement, seemed to retain an undiminished amount of patriotic feeling and zealous devotion to their Emperor, could hardly have extricated himself and the remnant of his army from destruction if some unaccountable motives had not chilled the energy of his pursuers, and, on more than one critical occasion, favoured and facilitated his retreat. On both sides, the natural distinctions between one man and another stood out in unmistakable contrast; and, whether we look to the '*Narrative*' or to the '*Private Journal*,' we find that their pages derive additional interest from this display of individual character. Napoleon's own words, in the memorable bulletin which he despatched from Molodeczno, will best illustrate this remark:—

'Those,' he states, 'whom Nature had not endowed with strength of mind to triumph over the chances of fate and fortune, lost their cheerfulness, their good-humour, and dreamt only of misfortunes: those whom she created with superior powers, preserved their gaiety, their moral disposition, and saw new sources of glory in the difficulties to be surmounted.'

The passage of the Beresina was in every respect an example of  
military

military skill intermingled with errors, of blundering movements, hairbreadth escapes, and fortuitous successes. Prince Kutsoff comes in for an ample share of the blame. A great opportunity was missed by his instructions to Admiral Tchirnakoff, founded on mistaken impressions or false information. The Admiral, or a directing Providence, had enabled his army to evade the natural consequences of unseasonable delay and contradictory orders, addressed to him by the Commander-in-Chief. A happy foresight and judicious exertions had, in spite of all obstructions, brought the whole force recruited en route from the banks of the Danube to those of the Beresina in time to co-operate with the Commander-in-Chief at a point of advantage fatal in appearance to the retreating enemy. Everything seemed to conspire for giving a final blow to Napoleon and his forces, when by one indecisive operation a door was opened for his escape, and he was not the man to let an adversary's blunder pass for nothing. Over waters of formidable breadth, over marches imperiously frozen, over bridges tottering beneath their burdens, the destroyer of Moscow, the vanquisher of half Europe, the hero of fifty battles, conducted the wrecks of that colossal armament which had seemed to defy the chances of war, and to place at his disposal the powers of universal omnipotence.

*"Eius vires omnia superant, etiam pericula."*

It was in the 30th of December, at eight in the morning, that Napoleon proceeded in a carriage to Smorgoni, and there, undertaking a council, decided his intention of departing from Vilna for Paris, as his presence in the capital was essential for the interests of the army as well as of the Empire. Sir Robert is stating this decision of the Imperial fugitive, remarks with generous candour, that "the motives were no apparently commendable and undoubtedly beneficial, nor is surely every one who a short time, that it was not a flight for personal safety, but a measure of paramount necessity for the common welfare."

With respect to the forces which had actually to bear the brunt of such crushing disasters, a few figures placed in contrast will suffice to manifest the loss in men and partly in artillery. The sufferings and privations endured by all are vividly depicted by the vivid and unimpaired recollections and often a parallel of the calamity. "In the sufferings and losses in the Russian army, not were mentioned." "In the loss of ammunition is

\* It is touching under the report of death and suffering in the *Armée Russe*, amount 1, 200, 000 each side, of an exhausted was was army, and that the Russian is not a mere a number of the first Regiment, without even an escape and during the whole time. How much business must have been done, to number and count of the poor perishing soldiers.

in some degree cooled by such horrors, and the flame of patriotism nourished by the memory of those who met them with so high a courage, the enterprise and the catastrophe may alike prove useful in future times, when a similar temptation may arise, or a similar infliction follow in its train.

‘The confederated army which passed the Niemen under Napoleon’s own immediate orders was composed as follows, according to an official return still extant in the French War Office:—

“Infantry, 496,083 ;  
Cavalry, 96,679 ;  
Horses, 164,456—exclusive of 22,665 for the artillery, &c. ;  
Artillery, 1242 pieces—exclusive of 130 siege artillery for Riga.”

The relics of this immense host—at least of that portion of it which had acted under Napoleon’s own orders on the main line of invasion—are stated as having perhaps amounted, at the passage of the Beresina, on their retreat, to 70,000 or 80,000 souls, ‘of which the combatants did not exceed 40,000 ;’ the Old Guard being reckoned at 4000, the Young at 3000, and the cavalry of the Guard at 1500. Further reductions rapidly took place. On the 2nd of December it was reported officially that only 7000 infantry and 2000 cavalry were under arms. On the 10th, Murat, left in command by Napoleon, began his march with 4500 combatants, 1000 of which were cavalry.

On leaving Moscow the French army had ‘consisted of 90,000 effective infantry, 14,000 feeble cavalry, 12,000 armed men employed in the various services,’ and ‘more than 20,000 non-combatants, sick and wounded.’

It is stated in the ‘Private Journal’ that Napoleon ‘cleared himself’ at the Beresina with 45,000 effective men ; and a grand total of the French force is made to amount to 153,000, as being ‘the remains of 300,000 which passed the Russian frontier.’

The Duc de Fezensac tells us, in his interesting ‘Recollections,’ that the entire army amounted to 500,000 men, of whom 420,000 formed the Grand Army, and 80,000 formed the Wings. Of the Grand Army, 100,000 were made prisoners, and 300,000 perished (a calculation confirmed by the reports of the Russian authorities who were charged with the duty of burning the dead bodies) ; while 10,000 at the utmost—nearly all of them sick or lame—repassed the Vistula. The Wings only lost about 20,000 men, and 60,000 of the force composing the Wings repassed the Vistula (making in all 70,000 saved out of 500,000).

We confess to being puzzled by the numerical discrepancies observable in the respective publications, but rest, nevertheless, on what appears from each, though in different degrees, of the vastness



vastness of the enterprise and of the losses which attended its failure.

All the world knows with what vigour and occasional success Napoleon rallied in the spring of 1813. No sooner was the campaign about to open in good earnest than Lord Cathcart proposed to employ Sir Robert with some part of the Russian army. Sir Robert was quite ready to serve, but he objected to go under the designation of a 'volunteer,' and, naturally enough, insisted on having a recognised position suited to his military rank. His letters on this subject display a characteristic sense of personal value and an unbroken zeal for the public service. He was 'mortified,' but not dejected. He writes soon after from Langsdorf that he had received 'a *carte blanche* for his movements to the centre and left of the Russian army.' He lost no time in seeking the imperial head-quarters; but the attraction of a field of battle was too strong for him, and, guided by the sound of cannon, he found his way to the Allies engaged at Lutzen. He appears to have taken an active part in the engagement. During the whole day he was almost incessantly exposed to 'a storm of shot and bullets.' Both Russians and Prussians fought well, but the principal loss fell upon the latter, and a retreat next day was the consequence. Austria still hesitated between fear and inclination, and a perplexing uncertainty hung on that account over the plans of the Allied Army. A letter dated from Bautzen on the 10th of May, and addressed to the Duke of Gloucester, presents a comprehensive view of the *situation*, political as well as military. It shows, moreover, that Sir Robert did not pass through the ordeal of Lutzen without a wound. Hurt or unhurt, contented or discontented, he went from one scene of conflict or negotiation to another, according as the vicissitudes of war or the openings for peace repressed or encouraged his constitutional love of action and adventure. We have read somewhere an expression of wonder and horror by a French officer, at the pertinacity and ubiquity of this Wilson, whom the French were sure to find in the field against them, go to what country they would! At sundry capitals of Central Europe he found a varied relaxation from the fatigues and perils of military life. He gave his aid or his advice with equal readiness. His opinions, whether founded on passing events or applied to future contingencies, were freely declared, and his censures, if justly elicited, were not always managed with a discretion equal to their sincerity. On the 7th of May he was in camp near Wilds-ruff with General Milaradowitch, who had to cross the Elbe, followed, after some obstruction, by the French. He rendered good service at the bridge. He was hotly and perilously en-

in the battle of Bautzen on May 21st. Writing at Plauendorf on the 5th of June, he mentions the conclusion of an armistice for six weeks. It was mediated by Austria. The Katzbach formed the line of demarcation. He fondly imagined that the remainder of the year would pass without a renewal of hostilities. In this expectation he made the most of his opportunities for dancing and feasting. On the 20th of August he was writing at Prague. Austria had declared war against Napoleon a few days before. A grand review of more than 60,000 men, under the command of Prince Schwartzburg, took place before the two Emperors and the King of Prussia. Sir Robert was present. The chiefs were agitated by questions as to the general command, and the character of their future operations. They had altogether about 250,000 men wherewith to meet the enemy. Napoleon's disposable force for the invasion of Bohemia was reckoned at 200,000. Before the end of August war was again raging—our General in the thick of it. He had several narrow escapes. Once he was the first to escalate a strong redoubt. On another occasion he found himself by mistake amongst a body of French Guards. He was one of the group round Moreau when that illustrious emigrant received his death-shot. He gives a picturesque account of the field-council, imperial and royal, which, in wind and rain, decided on exchanging the bombardment of Dresden for a march into Bohemia. His language, when writing at Töplitz, is not a little impressive:—

‘I must leave off, as the cannonade rapidly approaches. The army has been defiling through the most difficult roads, through the most desperate country, through the most impracticable woods that Europe presents. When the traveller hereafter passes through these mountains, he will not believe that an army of 200,000 men, with all its train of equipages, &c., could have got through—especially when pursued by an enemy.’

Severe engagements followed, with much loss on both sides, particularly of baggage, which was ‘nearly all taken or destroyed,’ on that of the allies. The confusion appears to have been extreme, and not only in the field, but in council too. At last it was agreed that the Austrian and Russian armies should act under separate commands. On the eve of this event Sir Robert observes that ‘much may be imagined, when it is recollected that in a small village three Courts, Cabinets, and Councils of War are assembled, and that within the eye’s range three armies of three different nations are in position.’ Henceforward his lot was to be cast with the Austrian army. On the 7th of September he left Töplitz for his new position. Soon afterwards, he describes the allies as having lost more than 100,000 men, ‘36,000  
Austrians

Austrians, 40,000 Russians, and 26,000 Prussians of the Bohemian force.' He further states, on official authority, that the French had '400,000 men between the Saal and the Oder.' His own opinion was that they had 220,000 disposable. On the 16th of October was fought the first battle of Leipsic. The Allies were the assailants. The forces were nearly equal. The action ended at night. The same respective positions were retained. The losses were heavy. After an interval of three days, employed partly in exchanging ideas of peace with Napoleon, who declared his wish for it, the second battle ensued before Leipsic. The retreat of the French next day was purchased at a costly sacrifice of life, and perhaps necessitated by want of provisions. Leipsic, anyhow, was taken by the Allies, but under circumstances which made Sir Robert think that an acceptance of Napoleon's terms of peace might then have been the wisest policy.

He was now to change his scene of action. Lord Burghersh was appointed from England to reside with the commander of the Austrian army, but by no means under the ambassador's control. This appointment of a junior officer appeared to Sir Robert 'as an insult, as well as an injury.' Lord Aberdeen concurred with the Sovereigns and chiefs at head-quarters in wishing him to stay. But it was otherwise decided, and after a delay of some weeks he transferred his services to Italy, taking Switzerland on his way thither, for purposes connected with the progress of the allied armaments. He started for Basle in December. Count Capo d'Istria was to be his Russian, the Chevalier Lebzelter his Austrian colleague. It was resolved that the Rhine should be passed. He moved with the advanced guard. From Basle he went to Huningen, reconnoitred that fortress at much personal risk, and even passed some hours in the trenches after the fire had opened. Towards the middle of January, 1814, he was at Vicenza, and in the north of Italy till the end of June, when he returned by Paris to England. Events in Italy, whether civil or military, were in the main subordinate to those in France. The 'Journal,' however, continues to offer many points of interest. Sir Robert enjoyed the confidence of Marshal Bellegarde; he was brought into personal communication with Murat, Beauharnais, the King of Sardinia, Pius VII., Lord William Bentinck, and others. He negotiated with Murat, at Bologna. He found time for seeing lions to any amount. His remarks are seldom wanting in point. Even his gossip is always characteristic. A certain tincture of disappointment often prevails in his reflections. There is much of what is happily expressed by that popular exclamation of 'The King at the



*camp, and I not there !*' But kind and generous sentiments predominate. Humanity, a warm sympathy with national wrongs, an honest love of truth, justice to individuals, an ever-ready courage and zeal for the public service shine over all his pages. If he relied at times on these bright qualities to a degree which laid him open to criticism, he paid the penalty in failing to obtain as much confidence from his own countrymen as from foreigners. Compliments, testimonials, embraces, favours, and decorations flowed in upon him from abroad. But those in power at home were slow in giving their endorsement to such honours—honours well earned, and it is clear to demonstration that he had not with his own government that credit for judgment and discretion which was readily accorded to his gallantry, zeal, and sincerity. His passion for honorary distinctions, his fancy for the confidence of Princes, his fond partiality for the Russians, his free and secret communications with their Emperor, his intimacy with Prince Schwartzenburg, his repugnance to official control, his unguarded opinions, his censures of those in command, and his private correspondence with members of the opposition, could not fail to make him an object of jealousy and political mistrust. It is no slight proof of his real merits that, with so many facilities for being misunderstood, he should have made the progress he did, and realized so forward a position in the service of Government. Amidst the great men of a great epoch he stood out in distinct relief on a pedestal of his own. Peace threw him into civil life, his love of free action into party politics, ambition and opportunity into Parliament. On that arena, though rather associated than classed with orators and statesmen, he obeyed the inspirations of a generous nature, and never swerved from the consistent line of duty based on principle. His opinions were not unfrequently too impulsive to be sound. But subsequent events have, in some instances, justified to a striking degree his perception of character, and his anticipation of consequences.

If it be difficult to form a just estimate of untried character, or to read the signs of the times in their premonitory state, how admirable is that sagacity which provides for the triumph of a principle in the hour of its depression, and is never so dazzled by success as to leave a free course to evils which the abuse of it threatens to engender! Carrying back our thoughts to the grand European revulsion, which marked the downfall of Napoleon, we may detect some traces of that forecast at Elba; but we search for it to little purpose at Vienna. The banished Emperor looked forward in hope; his imperial conquerors looked over their shoulders in fear. We have now the *living* relics of the former in Paris, and his proscribed nephew on the throne of France; while the latter have

have sought a vain refuge in revolutionary concessions, and find only new forms of danger where they reckoned on settled tranquillity. Looking to Europe in its full extent, and even beyond its formal limits, we acknowledge with pleasure that wealth, knowledge, and industry are almost everywhere on the increase; but the healthy action of those prolific causes of prosperity is often counteracted or impeded by fanatic wars, oppressive armaments, and ruinous adventures. Trade and navigation, those bonds of friendly intercourse among civilized nations, are unable to appease the rage of competition and the antipathies of race. Wild speculations but too often take the place of established maxims. Change is worshipped for its own sake. Expediency is exalted into a principle. Comprehensive and durable utility is dwarfed as a motive into the need or enjoyment of the hour. What we complacently term progress is in some cases a mere return to notions adopted in earlier stages of society, and superseded by requirements of larger scope or the suggestions of longer experience. Nationalities, for instance, have suffered absorption in the course of advancing civilisation, and manners have been gradually softened by the intermixture of races. Yet the present generation is greatly disposed to overlook these facts and to give its countenance to a retrograde course of policy suggested by partial views and opposed to the lessons of experience. Italy is a special and splendid exception. Universal suffrage may also be mentioned as a revived doctrine no longer in keeping with the numbers entitled by its principle to enjoy the elective franchise. It belongs essentially to dominions of small territorial extent and a limited population. In countries of an opposite character, its introduction would be more than questionable. Left to its own unguided exercise it could hardly fail to be a source of confusion or an instrument of authority. If not in the hands of the mob, or under the sway of demagogues, it would be a tool of the police.

We would not willingly charge the Congress of Vienna with all the dangers and difficulties which now beset the Continent; but we cannot disguise our impression that a little more foresight, a little more regard for national rights, and somewhat less of devotion to selfish interests at that period of general recovery and exultation, would have healed many an old sore, and closed up many a breach between the sovereigns and their subjects, between the few who govern and the many who are governed.

We would fain believe that it is not too late. We hope that, before the States and Nations of Europe fall off into separate camps with adverse arms and hostile banners, some moderating  
force



force, some friendly but determined combination, may be found to interpose between the extremes of arbitrary will and revolutionary passions. If Europe, like America, is to be given over to a relentless struggle for conflicting interests, with no clear views of settlement, and no limitations to mutual hatred and vengeance but those of utter exhaustion, we may bid adieu for many a day to our boasted civilisation, and prepare to write the epitaph of the nineteenth century in blood and tears.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Third Part of the Ecclesiastical History of John Bishop of Ephesus.* Now first edited by W. Cureton, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Oxford University Press, 1853. 4to.
2. *The Same.* Now first translated from the Original Syriac by R. Payne Smith, M.A., &c. Oxford University Press, 1860. 8vo.
3. *Syriac Miscellanies; or Extracts relating to the First and Second General Councils, &c.* Translated into English from MSS. in the British Museum and Imperial Library at Paris, with Notes, by B. H. Cowper. London, 1861. 8vo.
4. *P. Lagardii Analecta Syriaca.* MDCCCLVIII. Lipsiæ. Exemplaria facta CXV. 8vo.

INTELLECTUAL treasures can claim no exemption from the general law of Providence, which ordains that great possessions imply great responsibilities. Nor does the law affect individuals only; it is equally applicable to nations; and on this principle it is clear that when the libraries of any country are particularly rich in stores of valuable manuscripts, a large amount of responsibility is incurred. The nation holds them as a stewardship to be administered in the manner most likely to conduce to the advancement of knowledge and the benefit of mankind. The Syriac MSS., in particular, tend greatly to illustrate the habits and thoughts of the earlier ages of Christianity, and must therefore have a special value for every Christian heart; and we deem it quite reasonable, that after the British nation has been in possession of these treasures for upwards of twenty years, the public should ask the simple question, 'What has she done with them?' They form the most precious collection of Syriac MSS. in the world, with the exception of that contained in the Vatican; and in some departments of Syriac literature they surpass even that celebrated storehouse,  
and



and are entirely unrivalled. It is our desire, in the present essay, to answer this very fair question—‘What has she done with them?’ not so much for professed Syriac scholars as for those who look to the interests of general literature.

We will waive, for the present, any discussion as to the best mode of rendering such a collection most valuable to the world at large, and will simply endeavour to show what has already been done. We must remark, however, that even in this busy bustling age, though Syriac has no rewards for its votaries, and seems in some respects a language almost out of date, there has been no lack of labourers in this field. They have been found, as we shall see, among our own countrymen; they have come from Italy, from Prussia, from Denmark, from Holland; all eager to reap the rich harvest which may be gathered from this noble collection, with which the zeal and tact of Archdeacon Tattam have enriched the British Museum.

There is, however, one preliminary matter of great importance on which it is necessary to say a few words. These precious monuments of past ages, now so carefully stored in our national collections, had been shamefully neglected and ill-treated by their former possessors. The monks of the Desert of Scete had no vocation for literature, or at least they have long ceased to care for it. The contents of the volumes had been mismatched, their pages mutilated, and every possible element of confusion introduced among them. Take, for instance, the following account of Dr. Cureton’s labours in regard to the volume from which he published certain fragments of the Gospels:—

‘The volume containing these fragments of the Gospel was made up, as I have stated above, of parts of several manuscripts. These were taken, as it would appear, almost by hazard, without any other consideration than that of their being of the same size, and then arranged so as to form a complete copy of the Four Gospels. There were several other volumes in the Nitrian Library made up in this manner. The person who arranged them seems to have had no idea of selecting the scattered parts of the same original volume, which had fallen to pieces, but merely to have taken the first leaves that came to his hand which would serve to complete a copy of the Gospels, and then to have bound them together. In this way it came to pass that parts of three or four manuscripts were found mixed up with portions of three or four others, written at different times, and by different scribes; and sometimes, indeed, not of the exact size, apparently without regard to any other circumstance than merely to render the context perfect. In rebinding these volumes in the British Museum, this injury has been in most cases repaired, and the parts of the same copy have been collected, and again bound together in one.’—Preface, p. ii.

It is clear that with MSS. which arrived in such a condition, the first step towards rendering them accessible to the world at large, must be by re-arranging them and forming a very careful catalogue of the whole. The nation has great reason to be satisfied with the arrangements for this purpose made by the trustees, who have shown much zeal and public spirit. It is true that the present catalogue, as printed among the catalogues of what are called the 'Additional MSS.,' is to the last degree meagre and unsatisfactory. The real truth is that this list was in great measure made before the whole of the MSS. had been received, and that to do anything more than just to indicate some of the leading matter contained in each volume would be a work of years. We have heard of a man who never went to rest without expressing his thankfulness that there were such people as lexicographers and index-makers. If he had been a Syriac student, he would have added a prayer that some one might undertake a catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the British Museum. We wish we could add that he would be able to record his gratitude for the accomplishment of his prayer. But for this we must be content to wait a little longer. We are thankful to know that the work is in progress. But the labour is enormous. However familiar a man may be with Syriac, the manner in which the MSS. are written renders it difficult to run the eye over a few pages quickly, and gather their contents; and when we know that sometimes a treatise begins in a portion of the volume and is continued for two or three pages, and then it stops without being concluded, and is succeeded, without any notice of the change, by the middle portion of some other treatise, it is easy to see how these anomalies must baffle and distract the maker of the catalogue. There is scarcely any work where the result is so disproportioned to the labour which it demands. The work of hours, perhaps of days, or weeks, results only in a few lines of the catalogue. We will here give a little specimen of the difficulties attending such an undertaking. The best way will be to give the contents of one of these volumes as catalogued by Dr. Land during his labours in the Museum. He publishes the following as a summary of the contents of No. 14,609:—

'No. 14,609. Mutilated at the commencement.

'Fol. 1. v<sup>o</sup>. History of Triumphs of St. James the Bishop.

'Ibid. Init. Triumph of Abraham, Bp. of Haran.

'Fol. 7. Doctrine of St. Peter in the City of Rome.

'Fol. 10. Triumphs of St. Antony, recounted by Athanasius.

'Fol. 35. History of an Egyptian Monk.

'Fol. 42. History of certain Monks tempted by Satan.

'Fol. 49. History of Father Menna, a great man.

'Fol.



\*Fol. 111. Epistle of Herod to Pilate.

\*Fol. 111. v<sup>o</sup>. Epistle of Pilate to Herod.

\*Fol. 113. v<sup>o</sup>. Epistle of Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem.

\*Fol. 114. v<sup>o</sup>. History of Clement of Rome.\*

Dr. Wright† has very justly remarked that it was a pity that Dr. Land should publish these notes, without ascertaining that the arrangement of the MS. has not undergone any alteration since his notes were taken. The fact is that, for very good reasons, Dr. Wright, in whose care the MSS. now are, has added to the beginning of this MS. a whole quire, so that the pagination or foliation is no longer the same. Thus the treatises catalogued as commencing fol. 7 and fol. 49 are now fol. 16 and fol. 58. This is, however, of little importance; but the fact that a very good Syriac scholar, as Dr. Land no doubt is, has made such blunders in so short a space, shows the difficulty of the work of cataloguing. 'The History of Father Menna' is, really, 'The History of Father Bin,' and instead of occupying from fol. 49 to fol. 111, as would appear from this catalogue, it extends only to two pages, while the intervening space between these and fol. 111 contains numerous extracts from Palladius and a life of Serapion! Again, in the enumeration of the contents of No. 14,644, Dr. Land mentions a 'History of Fourteen Men of God from the City of Rome;' whereas the truth is, that the real story is of 'One Man of God;' but *this history* is combined with thirteen other histories! Hence Dr. Land's mistake.

It is obvious that circumstances like these encompass the path of the catalogue-maker with difficulties, which nothing but indefatigable industry and the most perfect familiarity with the language itself and its literature can possibly overcome. Dr. Cureton, during the time in which he was employed in the Museum, made great exertions in this direction, and we doubt not that his labours have been made available to his successors. We believe, also, that some advance was made towards a catalogue by two other persons, who for some time were on the staff of the Museum. But these efforts produced no great facilities for those who consult the MSS., and the public will be glad to learn that a catalogue is now in rapid progress under the person, who is, perhaps, the best qualified in England to undertake the task. We mean Dr. W. Wright, formerly Professor of the Arabic Language in the University of Dublin, and now in charge of the Syriac MSS. in the British Museum. Dr. Wright, as we have seen, has full notes, at the present moment, on every MS. in the collection. He has read through every one of them,

\* Land, 'Anecdota Syriaca,' p. 19.

† Journal of Sacred Literature.  
noted



noted their subjects, and made lists of the authors they quote. And we may add that, to those who really wish to use these volumes, he is always ready with the utmost courtesy to place at their disposal the information he has thus acquired. When he has re-arranged these notes they will furnish matter for another 'Bibliotheca Orientalis' of the greatest value to all who pursue inquiries in this department of study. How far the plan of his projected catalogue may admit of a detailed *précis* of the contents of each volume, and copious extracts from the most valuable of them, we know not; but such a work would be a benefit to Europe, and it would be a source of national glory. It would not pay in a pecuniary point of view, but it would be an object truly worthy of national patronage. But the catalogue itself, even if published with less fulness, will be one of the most valuable contributions ever made to Syriac literature, and the trustees of the Museum have justly earned our gratitude by placing this important trust in hands so eminently qualified to do it justice.

It is quite clear that a new period in the history of Syriac literature is beginning. The study of this language has, indeed, always been carried on in Europe by somewhat spasmodic efforts. From the middle of the sixteenth century, when the first Syriac grammar and the first edition of the New Testament in Syriac\* appeared, there have been several periods in which the study of this language has been specially favoured by some providential circumstance. The publication of 'Walton's Polyglot' and 'Castell's Lexicon' in the seventeenth century were favourable circumstances; but in the early part of the eighteenth, the first collection made by the Assemani family from the Nitrian convents was the cause of the greatest advance ever made by this study. This gave occasion to the publication of the 'Bibliotheca Orientalis,' which is even now the largest storehouse accessible to the student. The publication of the 'Chronicle of Bar-Hebræus,' from the famous MS. at Oxford, was another epoch in regard to Syriac literature. The 'Chrestomathy' of Michaelis was almost entirely drawn from the 'Bibliotheca Orientalis' of Assemani, but Kirsch, who laboured in the same field a few years later, was enabled to incorporate into his 'Chrestomathy' the most interesting portions of 'Bar-Hebræus,' such as the history of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Saladin, Hulaku, Jenghiz Khan, and other Tatar chiefs. Bernstein, the pupil and friend of Kirsch, re-edited the 'Chrestomathy' of his master

\* The grammar was that of Theseus Ambrosius, 1539, and the New Testament that by Widmanstadt in 1555. See a useful Summary of the History of Syriac Literature in the 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' Oct. 1862.

and furnished it with many additional pieces. The Lexicon of Bernstein, which accompanies this volume, is very excellent, although being limited to the words found in the body of the volume, it cannot supply the place of a general lexicon. That of Doepke is very useful also, and its history is curious. He was anxious to edit a Syriac Chrestomathy, when the publishers told him they had five hundred copies of that of Michaelis, which had never been sold. He thought a lexicon might help them off with this dead weight, and accordingly produced his lexicon to a work published forty years before! We ought, in enumerating the strides in this literature made in the eighteenth century, to have mentioned the works of Ephrem Syrus, edited by Stephen Assemani. The text is valuable, but the translation and explanations cannot be implicitly trusted.

We have now mentioned the chief works likely to come before a reader of Syriac till within the last twenty years, when, like an avalanche, the Nitrian collection was suddenly thrown upon Europe. The world was hardly prepared to receive it. There is no lexicon extant which can help a student through many of the volumes there found,—John of Ephesus, for instance,—and the consequence is, that the interpretation is a matter of reasoning from the context and from the etymology of the words. The want of a tolerable dictionary of the language throws the greatest difficulties in the way, even of good Syriac scholars, for new words crop up in almost every page. But, happily, this want is likely to be supplied before any very long time shall have elapsed. Mr. Payne Smith, the second librarian of the Bodleian, and one of the ablest, if not the ablest, Syriac scholar in England, has long been hard at work on a lexicon, which we have reason to believe will be worthy of his reputation and quite capable of satisfying the requirements of the present condition of the language. For this lexicon the University of Oxford has obtained the papers left by the late M. Quatremere. It is in a state of forwardness, which will enable Mr. Smith to begin printing it at once; but its publication will probably not be completed for some years.

Mr. Cowper has also made considerable progress in a lexicon to the Peshito Version of the Old and New Testaments, but this limitation would be very damaging to his work, and, as Syriac publications can seldom have a large sale, he may not be disposed to run the risk of a loss. The liberality of the delegates of the Oxford Press will remove all fear of such responsibility from Mr. Smith.

This is clearly one of the first desiderata for those who wish to work the rich mine now open to their researches in the  
Nitrian



Nitrian MSS.; and we cannot but rejoice that it is in the way of being satisfied. But in the mean time there will always be considerable difficulties in editing these remains for want of a good dictionary. We shall give specimens, in the course of these remarks, of the extreme variations which occur between different commentators.

In England the chief labourers in this department have been Dr. Cureton, Mr. Payne Smith, and Mr. B. H. Cowper. They have each done good service—both in editing original texts and in translation. And it is to their labours that we would now principally direct our attention.

First in the field among these scholars comes Dr. Cureton, who has largely enriched our literature with treasures from this mine of intellectual wealth. Two of Dr. Cureton's publications, although they are of interest and value, we do not propose to review here. We mean his 'Ignatius' and his 'Gospels.' We do not agree in his conclusions as to the authority of the Syriac Epistles in determining the genuineness of the Greek; and we think their chief value is as a contribution to the knowledge of Syriac, and a means of judging of the manner in which Greek texts are handled by Syriac writers. When we consider that this volume was published by Dr. Cureton nearly twenty years ago, when the Nitrian collection had scarcely been arranged, the merit of entering so early on the great work of publishing its most valuable documents may compensate for any hasty conclusions to which we think the editor has come.

Nor, again, can we accede to the views propounded by him as to the value of the ancient recension of the Gospels which he published from a MS. in the Nitrian Collection.\* The questions connected with both these publications are of considerable interest in a theological point of view, but they relate to matters so well known that they do not invite us to dwell upon them; and we pass on to the two great works edited by Dr. Cureton.

His 'Ecclesiastical History of John of Ephesus' is undoubtedly the greatest work which has been published from this collection. It was entirely unknown, and, although it relates to a period of short duration, it is valuable as being the work of a contemporary and actor in the scenes which he describes. The work which we have is called the 'Third Part of the Ecclesiastical History of John of Ephesus,' because it follows on two others which contained an ecclesiastical history in twelve books, commencing with 'Julius Cæsar' and ending with 'The Sixth Year of Justin

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\* We do not believe this version more ancient than the Peshito. On the contrary, we believe that it contains a mere varied copy of that version.



the Younger,' the son of the sister of Justinian. The third part comprises the history of only about fourteen years, from A.D. 571—A.D. 584. The reader of Gibbon will easily call to mind some of the thrilling scenes described in his pages during the reign of Justinian and his nephew. The reign, indeed, of Justinian had been signalised by the most remarkable work on jurisprudence ever produced; but the monarch, whose fame rests on so bright a monument of morality, was, by a strange anomaly, the promoter of the most flagrant immorality by his marriage with the infamous Theodora. The circumstances under which his nephew was raised to the throne, the midnight procession to his house, and the hurried investiture of the fortunate Justin with the imperial garments, all rise up at once to the memory and give an interest to the history of this reign which cannot fail to be heightened by the discovery of a new work throwing a little additional light upon some of its more difficult problems. The period in question is not overburdened with contemporary evidence, and a new witness is of value to us.

John of Ephesus was a native of Amid in Mesopotamia, and was born about A.D. 516. For thirty years he dwelt in Constantinople and was in favour with the Emperor Justinian, under whose orders he undertook a very successful and important missionary enterprise. The period to which the history of John of Ephesus relates has some questions of intricacy; but the narrative of the ecclesiastic does not effect much towards their elucidation. The history itself appears to have been written at various times and under circumstances so unfavourable to continuity in the narrative, that the story is sometimes rather confused. Dr. Cureton observes in his short preface the dates at which certain portions of the history were written, which range from A.G. 888 to A.G. 896, *i.e.* from A.D. 577-585. The A.G., it is hardly needful to say, is the Greek Era, or the Era of the Seleucidæ, and requires the subtraction of 311 to bring it to the common computation.

The reigns of Justinian and his successors were not seasons of tranquillity and peace, but of great agitation. The great wars, indeed, which distracted the whole empire and resulted in the extinction of the western empire had died away, but Italy was still a troubled kingdom, and in Constantinople the battles of the factions of the Circus were in full vigour.

During the reign of Justin II. the incursions of the Gepidæ induced the emperor to engage the assistance of the Lombards, and the awful episode of Alboin and the daughter of Cunimund produced a war fatal to the Gepidæ, and productive of a new element of weakness and disturbance in the neighbourhood of the

the seat of the Eastern Empire. The period of this war was about A.D. 567, and at this epoch the Turks first appear in the history of Europe. The record of the house of Alboin is simply a record of crime and murder. He carried away his wife by violence, and, after killing her father Cunimund, he made a drinking-cup of his skull; and not content with this barbarity he made his wife drink from that fatal cup. He fell a victim to his wife's revenge for this outrage. 'The King of the Lombards,' says Gibbon, 'contemplated with delight the head of Cunimund, and his skull was fashioned into a cup to satiate the hatred of the conqueror, or perhaps to comply with the savage custom of the country.' We can hardly wonder at the awful sequel of this painful history. Human nature recoils and shudders at the history of these Lombards in the early years of their appearance in the history of the Roman Empire. It is to this period, and the few years immediately succeeding it, that the history of John of Ephesus relates. It does not add much to our knowledge of the civil history of the time, because the whole soul of the author is occupied with the controversy between the Monophysites and the Catholic Church. It is rather difficult to characterise this controversy, because John of Ephesus and the Monophysites call themselves 'the orthodox'—a designation which the Catholic Church can never concede to those who confound the Divine and the human natures in Christ. John of Ephesus was one of the leaders of the Monophysites and writes in the true spirit of a partisan. Parties ran high at that time in Constantinople, and to those who consider the history of the human mind, and the influence of dogmatic teaching upon it, worthy subjects of contemplation, the history of John of Ephesus will always present a field of deep interest.

The Empress Theodora, once the most shameless and abandoned of women, abominable even in an abominable age, but afterwards the wife of Justinian, was a decided patroness of the Monophysites, and under her influence Theodosius, the exiled patriarch of Alexandria, resided at Constantinople. He had been exiled for these opinions, and the devotion of the empress to the Monophysite heresy is recorded in a note in Gibbon, which, though it partakes of the sneering nature of his style, is not so offensive to the faith or the modesty of his readers, as most of his notes on the subject of Theodora.

The history, as it now remains to us, begins with an account of the persecution and the cruelties committed on the 'orthodox,' as John of Ephesus calls them, by the machinations of John of Sirmium, which occurred about the close of the year A.D. 570.

The commencement of the book is lost, but the persecution must have



have been very severe. Bishops and divines in those days were not permitted to ventilate heretical opinions with the impunity of our own theological sciolists. The Council of Robbers, as the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 449) was called, visited with such severity what they deemed the heresy of Flavianus, that they publicly scourged him—to say nothing of the irregular kicks and bruises he received—and treated him with such barbarity that he ended his days within a very short space of time after the Council. The Council of Chalcedon, as is well known, in A.D. 451 re-established the Catholic doctrine of the two natures in one person, and its teaching was the test in after days to which the orthodoxy of churches and individuals was subjected. John of Ephesus throughout his history treats the Catholics as heretics, and calls them by the opprobrious term of ‘Synodites,’ because they agreed with this Council in their views upon the person and nature of Christ. In the mind of John of Ephesus a Synodite was a compound of heresy, cruelty, and every vice under the sun; while the Monophysites were, in his view, ‘the orthodox.’

The commencement of the book is lost, but it appears that the convents in outlying places had been searched, and men and women dragged to prison and treated with the utmost indignity. They were eaten up by vermin, and denied the means of cleanliness and health. The clergy and others came to them in prison, not alas! to minister to their brethren in their sorrow, but to oppress and insult them! One of the most aggravated forms of insult appears to have been the attempt to compel them to join in the Holy Communion with the Synodites, who were simply an abomination to them. The prisoners would throw themselves upon the ground, and utter solemn imprecations on those who would thus force them to communicate, while their persecutors, disregarding their screams, forced the consecrated bread into their mouths, their hands being held to prevent resistance.

To men who had definite principles, which they believed to be of vital importance, these forced communions were most abhorrent. Even the coldest of modern Christians would refuse and resist any forced participation in heathen worship. And we must remember that, while the controversy about the two natures in Christ was at its height, each party esteemed the other almost as unsound as heathens.

Several persons of distinction, especially Paul, Bishop of Antioch, and Stephan, Bishop of Cyprus, as well as John of Ephesus himself, were involved in this persecution. Stephan was treated with extraordinary severity, and a class of argument was applied to him which, although sufficiently potent, was  
neither



neither ecclesiastical nor logical. Several life-guardsmen (*excubitores*) were sent to chastise him with clubs, which they did till he vomited blood. They were, however, touched with something like a feeling of compassion when they saw their victim fainting away, and they seemed to fear that he might die under their hands: so they threw pails of water over their fainting heretic. These convincing arguments, and the consideration that many others were compromised by his opposition, appear to have shaken the resolution of Stephan, and he listened to terms of union. But when John of Sirmium proposed to reconsecrate him, this was an indignity he could not away with! He demanded that his orders and his consecration should be considered valid, or that he should be re-baptized as well as re-consecrated. Indeed, when this was again proposed in Church, Stephan rushed away suddenly and appeared before the Emperor, exclaiming that the Christian Church was ruined, and its canons confounded! He persuaded the Emperor that his cause was just, and his Majesty drew up an edict reprobating the whole proceeding, and forbidding any attempt to enforce it.

The history of these transactions must sound strangely to the ears of those who are accustomed to a constitutional monarchy with a Church, the laws of which are not at the mercy of the sovereign. It is true that the House of Commons occasionally shows a desire to be nibbling at the spiritual functions, as well as the temporalities of the Church. But this ordinance of the Emperor concerning a point of ecclesiastical discipline and doctrine, without consultation with any ecclesiastical authority, places the sovereign in a point of view which astonishes modern readers. But, after all, notwithstanding this act of power on the part of the sovereign, the dominant faction was able by bribery to smother all notice of this edict, and thus evade its force!

It would be a very useful task if any competent person would go through this volume and arrange the information it gives under special heads. It is so desultory in its method, or rather in its want of method, that although devoted only to one subject, it confuses even that one subject by the unconnected way in which all that relates to it is narrated. Dr. Land has given a chronological table of its contents, but this is insufficient, as a fuller abstract in chronological order is needed. Mr. Payne Smith, in his translation, has very judiciously incorporated into a continuous narrative all those portions of the work which will bear this treatment, by bringing together, at the earliest mention of any person, the scattered notices which relate to him in subsequent portions of the history.

At the period at which the history of John of Ephesus commences

mences, Justin II. was seized by a mysterious visitation of Providence—a sickness which is rather mysteriously related by all the authorities.\* It appears to have affected his feet and his mind. In A.D. 574, Justin joined Tiberius with himself in the Empire, and by this wise precaution he found a support for himself in the season of his weakness, and a competent successor to his throne. Many of the circumstances of this sickness are very graphically described by John of Ephesus; and, as the statement of a contemporary who had enjoyed the favour of Justinian for many years, his accounts will have considerable weight. Indeed that portion of the civil history of the Roman Empire can never be written again without a thorough investigation of the statements of this writer.

We furnish a few of the curious details which he has preserved relative to this mental affliction of the Monarch, but, of course, in estimating their value, we must remember that John of Ephesus considers this disease as divinely sent to punish him for persecuting 'the orthodox' (Monophysites). He distinctly declares that this wicked persecution by means of John of Sirmium had brought God's judgment upon the Emperor, and that this judgment was sent 'by means of an evil angel, who suddenly entered into him, and took his form and domineered over him.' And he specifies the manner in which this evil angel tormented him. 'He barked like a dog and bleated like a goat, and then he would mew like a cat, and again crow like a cock;' so that the zoological noises, which so frequently greeted the ears of the first reformed House of Commons were by no means original vagaries. The narrative then proceeds thus:—

'At other times the evil spirit filled him with agitation and terror so that he rushed about in furious haste from place to place, and crept, if he could, under the bed, and hid himself among the pillows; and then, when the horror came upon him, he would rush out with hot and violent speed, and run to the windows to throw himself down. And his attendants, in spite of their respect for him as king, had to run after him, and lay hold of him, to prevent him from dashing himself down and being killed: and the Queen was obliged to give orders for carpenters to come and fix bars in the windows, and close them up on the whole of that side of the palace on which the King lived. Moreover, they selected strong young men to act as his chamberlains and guard him; for when they were obliged, in the way I have described, to run after him and seize him, as he was a powerful man,

\* 'Justin collected the remaining strength of his mind and body, but the popular belief that his speech was inspired by the Deity, betrays a very humble opinion both of the man and of his times.' Gibbon, ch. xlv. The meaning of this sentence is by no means clear, and it seems to be one of those instances where he 'draws the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.'



he would turn upon them, and seize them with his teeth, and tear them; and two of them he bit so severely about the head as seriously to injure them, and they were ill, and the report got about the city that the King had eaten two of his chamberlains. And sometimes, as was said, they had even to tie him up, while he screamed and howled and uttered words without meaning; but if they said to him, The Bogle is coming for you, he would be still in a moment, and run away and hide himself; and any name which they mentioned was enough to frighten him, and make him run away, and be quiet, and creep under his bed. . . .

'In this disordered state of the King's intellect, those about him devised various kinds of amusements, both to divert his attention, and in the hope of restoring him to the use of his reason. The most successful of these was a little wagon, with a throne upon it for him to sit upon, and having placed him on it, his chamberlains drew him about, and ran with him backwards and forwards for a long time, while he, in delight and admiration at their speed, desisted from many of his absurdities. Another was an organ, which they kept almost constantly playing day and night near his chamber; and as long as he heard the sound of the tunes which it played he remained quiet; but occasionally, even then, a sudden horror would come upon him, and he would break out into cries, and be guilty of strange actions. For once, when the patriarch came to visit him, and drew near and made his obeisance, seeing that the King was agitated, he signed him with the sign of the cross; upon which he raised his hand, and struck him so heavy a blow on the head, that the patriarch reeled and fell on his back a good distance from him, while the King exclaimed, "An evil end be thine; go and sign thyself, that thine own devils may get out of thee." The rest meanwhile took the bishop and raised him up; but it was some time before he returned to his senses, being stunned by the severity of the blow. At another time, as it was impossible for the patriarch not to pay the customary visits to the palace, upon his entering cautiously and on his guard, the King, at the sight of him, fell into a fit of laughter, and jumping up, laid hands upon him, and took from his shoulder his mitre, which is the insignia of the episcopal office, and spread it out and put it upon his head, like a woman's hood, and looking at it, said, "How well it becomes you now, my lord patriarch! only you should put on some gold lace, like the ribands which the ladies wear upon their heads." At another time, standing at a window overlooking the seashore, he began to cry like those who go about hawking crockery, "Who'll buy my pans?" And many other such things he did which it is impossible to relate, and which were wrought in him by the devil, to whom he was given up; and which were the common talk of every city and village, and house and street, and tavern within and without Constantinople: and even upon the way all men talked of them with much wonder and astonishment.\*

\* 'John of Ephesus,' iii. 2-4. Smith's Translation, p. 167 *seq.* It will be observed that Mr. Smith, following the Syriac form of expression, uses the words King and Queen instead of Emperor and Empress. Dr. Schönfelder has trans-  
<sup>1</sup> parts of this passage most incorrectly



The history of Narses, as told in Gibbon, presents a painful picture to the mind, and one is glad to be able to add something more pleasing than the disaffection of the aged general, and the ingratitude of his sovereigns. It is pleasant to turn from the blood-stained narrative of his earlier conquests and the bitter passions of his last conflict, and to contemplate the monastery founded by his care, where his bones were laid in the presence of the King and Queen, who graced by their presence the funeral procession of the aged servant whom they had insulted and dismissed, and who is said to have 'invited the Lombards to chastise the ingratitude of the Prince and people.'\*

John of Ephesus informs us that

'One monastery, the history of which deserves especial mention, was built by the famous eunuch Narses, when holding the office of Chamberlain at the Court of Justinian, before he was sent to restore the fortunes of the empire in Italy. His purpose had been to retire from the palace, and adopt the monkish tonsure, and reside in it; and with this object he located there the monks who had been driven out of Cappadocia by persecution, and purchased a large estate, upon which he erected a magnificent church, and a hospice for the reception of strangers, and finally endowed the monastery with large revenues. But just then he received orders to proceed to Rome, and there, with the help of God, which went with him, he gained numerous and important victories in many successive campaigns. And finally, he departed from this world, and his bones were brought and deposited in his monastery, in the presence of the King and Queen, who took part in the procession and deposition of the relics, and in his canonization as founder.'†

From these extracts it will be seen that the work before us is full of interest and value, but that it requires to be read with the full allowance which must be made for the opinions of the author, and the party spirit in which he wrote. There is a very remarkable story of a vision which John of Ephesus saw during his imprisonment. It appears that for eight days a young man in bright clothing, whom he supposed to be one of the attendants, came to him, conversed with him, and gave him food and medicine, and when he inquired of the keeper of the prison about the matter, inquiry was made and the attendants were mustered, but none of them resembled the bright stranger. Upon which the keeper said, 'A vision of God has appeared unto thee and visited thee, my father; and one of the angels or saints has been sent unto thee to strengthen and encourage thee, for we have no such

\* The people appear to have had reason to be dissatisfied with him for avarice and exaction, but his services to his sovereign had been pre-eminently great.

† 'John of Ephesus,' i. 39. Smith's Translation, p. 75.

person as you describe.' (ii. 6; p. 98, Smith.) The story is remarkable, but the benevolent remarks of the keeper suggest a solution, which may remove it from the region of the supernatural, or even that of spectral illusion.

The personal history of John of Ephesus is very scantily made out from all existing sources, and one of the most definite notices concerning him, viz., that 'he was made Patriarch of the Monophysites in succession to Anthimus,' which is found in Gregory Bar-Hebraeus, is probably a mistake. There are also many writers of his own period called John, but hitherto all attempts to identify him with any one of these have failed.

Before we dismiss the subject of the History of John of Ephesus, it is only fair to pay a tribute to the learning and industry displayed by Mr. Payne Smith in his translation of this work. He has made it accessible to the English reader, and of great value to the student of Syriac. It is the more needful to do this, because Dr. Schönfelder, a Roman Catholic chaplain in Bamberg, has treated Mr. Smith with great unfairness. Two years after Mr. Smith's translation had been published, Dr. Schönfelder also put forth a translation,\* in the preface to which, after mentioning Dr. Land's German Essay on John of Ephesus with some praise, he adds the following notice of Mr. Smith:— 'There appeared also in 1860, a translation of this work by an English scholar, Mr. Payne Smith, which contains some brief remarks on these subjects. Upon the whole I have made but little use of this work, and where I have done so, I have indicated it in the notes.' Now, John of Ephesus is a writer for the explanation of whose work a pioneer like Mr. Smith is invaluable. He very justly and modestly observes, that 'In a book abounding in words not to be found in any lexicon, and which requires almost as great a knowledge of the Greek of the Byzantine historians, as of the language in which it is written, errors and mistakes may naturally be expected, and will readily be excused; but I have done my best to give the exact sense of the author, as far as possible in his own words, and yet in such a form as to prevent the perusal of him occasioning unnecessary weariness to the reader.' We are rather inclined to believe Dr. Schönfelder has—unconsciously, no doubt—made considerably more use of Mr. Smith's translation than this notice would indicate. It is hardly possible that Dr. Schönfelder, who never loses an opportunity of finding fault with Mr. Smith, can have fastened on so many passages in which, if there is an error

\* 'Die Kirchen-Geschichte des Johannes von Ephesus. Aus dem Syrischen übersetzt. Mit einer Abhandlung über die Trithheiten von Dr. J. M. Schönfelder, Kaplan an der Stadtpfarrkirche zu St. Martin in Bamberg.' 8vo. München. 1862.

at all, it is very trifling, without having bestowed considerable attention upon it. Indeed, it would be a very remarkable phenomenon, if Dr. Schönfelder never used the translation except where there was some little slip of the pen! It does however happen, that sometimes Dr. Schönfelder misses a correction made by Mr. Smith, and consequently leaves it uncorrected in his own version. Thus the monastery of Dalmatus (ii. 9) is converted into the monastery of the Dalmatians. Occasionally, also, Dr. Schönfelder's observations appear to arise from the want of a thorough familiarity with the English language. Thus, when he charges Mr. Smith with having simply passed over the word *astodeuteron* in his translation, he is evidently not aware that the word '*suburb*' is not equivalent to *city*. Dr. Schönfelder states that an old description of the city of Constantinople places the celebrated bath called Zeuxippus '*in the second quarter*' of the city. This may probably be more correct than '*suburb*;' but it is clear that Mr. Smith had no intention of omitting the word. Occasionally there is a very wide divergence in their translations, as for instance in the translation of iv. 12.

Mr. Smith translates thus:—

'A circular letter . . . in which, from the old enmity and feud of the Alexandrians against Paul, he inserted a number of *murderous and lying slanders*, to the effect that Paul and *his party had communicated with the Synodites*.'

Dr. Schönfelder translates—

'Out of hatred and enmity towards Paul, he sent a libellous accusation concerning murder and perjury, which Paul and others with him had committed, and had approximated to the Synodites.'

*Intervalla vides humane commoda*, as Horace said in a different matter. These two translations lie wide enough of each other, but we believe Mr. Smith's to be correct.\*

We have no wish to be severe on Dr. Schönfelder, but we cannot help feeling that his treatment of Mr. Smith is at least ungenerous. Wherever a difficulty has been overcome, and they both coincide in the same view, it is only fair that the honour should rest with the translation first published. Had Dr. Schönfelder not attempted to disparage that earlier translation, his own would have been more highly esteemed. There was quite room for both, and each contains something not to be

\* Mr. Smith's attention—as we happen to know—has been called to the difference here, and he strongly maintains his own view. We believe that the conjunction '*ailk*,' '*inasmuch as*,' proves from the construction that he is right. We believe also that Mr. Smith is right in translating *πιοτικός* 'a boatman,' and not 'a confidential servant.'



obtained from the other. The work, too, of Dr. Land, is highly useful. It is a series of dissertations on John of Ephesus, and on the contents of his work, together with an interesting essay on the first establishment of Christianity in Nubia.

There are many other matters of much interest in this book which we cannot enter into now; such as the history of the Christians of Hirah and Ghassan, and the questions relative to the two Mondirs, whom Dr. Land accuses John of Ephesus of confusing together; but the portions we have quoted will prove its interest and value; and England may justly rejoice that in giving to the world this very remarkable volume from the Nitrian store, the editor and the first translator have been her sons, and that in this instance, at least, she has not been *incuriosa suorum*.

The next work of importance to which we would call attention is the '*Spicilegium Syriacum*,' for which we are also indebted to Dr. Cureton both as to the text and the translation. Among the various remains of antiquity hitherto disinterred from their hiding-place in the desert of Scete, we reckon the treatise of Bardesanes on the 'Laws of Countries' to be one of the most curious and most interesting. Whether in its present form it is the work of Bardesanes himself, or of one of his disciples, appears doubtful. Some of the notices accord with the first notion, while others lead to the second. Dr. Cureton was convinced that we have the genuine work of Bardesanes, while Dr. Land is equally confident that it is the composition of one of his disciples. At all events it is a genuine exposition of his sentiments, and it is full of interest. He was himself a man of great authority among a certain class at the close of the second century. He was a great opponent of Marcion, but was himself a Gnostic. He is best known, as Neander remarks,\* from the controversial discourses, of Ephrem Syrus against him; but considerable light has been thrown upon him by Aug. Hahn in a valuable little brochure, entitled, '*Bardesanes Gnosticus Syrorum primus Hymnologus*,' Leipzig, 1819. And by Dr. Cureton's publication of the entire text of the dialogue concerning the 'Laws of Countries,' we learn considerably more of his views concerning fate than the extracts which were preserved from it could indicate. It is true that even these extracts present one main argument against blind fate, which the full treatise only develops more elaborately. His arguments against the influence of the stars, and against judicial astrology, are very remarkable when we consider the age from which they proceed. Even within the last

\* 'Genetische Entwicklung der Vornehmsten Gnostischen Systemen,' p. 192.

two years we have seen persons of rank visiting an old impostor with a crystal globe before him, which was supposed to reveal the future as in a mystic mirror; and uneducated girls ask their fortune from some wretched fool who signs himself 'Thalaba,' and pretends to cast their nativity and read their destiny. One can hardly believe that such folly could exist; but it is a fact that judicial astrology is not even yet quite extinct. A treatise against it now would of course be an anachronism; but in the days of Bardesanes it was as decidedly as much needed as a refutation of Strauss or Ernest Renan is required in the present day.

The essay of Bardesanes is an able refutation of this egregious libel on human nature. The argument is very simple, but very plain, and in some respects most effective. Bardesanes comes to Avida, and finding that he is discussing with his friends the question of fate, he begins a dissertation on the subject. He points out the difference between mere material agents, as the sun or moon, which simply obey the physical laws of motion, and those which have a will. And then he argues very justly, that moral actions are the result of will, and that the different habits of various nations prove that the stars do not influence the fate of men. For instance, those destined to be thrown to dogs are born under the influence of Saturn and Mars. But in Media this is the universal mode of proceeding; and yet all the Medes cannot be born under Saturn and Mars. And this argument is carried on through the treatise, and applied to various countries; other arguments of a similar tendency are adduced, and the nature of moral responsibility very clearly defined. On some points also the moral government of God is vindicated from common objections, so that the treatise really possesses a considerable interest for Christian readers. The other works in the same volume are not equal to this in value. The oration to Antoninus Cæsar, attributed to Meliton, cannot, we are persuaded, have proceeded from the celebrated Bishop of Sardis, whose catalogue of the books of the Old Testament was thought worthy of insertion in the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. (Eus. iv. 26.) *He could hardly have written thus in regard to Elisha: \**—

'The Syrians worshipped Athi, a Hadibite, who sent the daughter of Belat, who was skilled in medicine, and she cured Simri, daughter of Hadad, King of Syria; and after a time, when the leprosy attacked Hadad himself, *Athi entreated Elishah the Hebrew, and he came and cured him of his leprosy.*'—p. 44.

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\* Dr. Land has given a very good facsimile of a passage, a few lines above this in his 'Anecdota Syriaca,' pl. xi.

We think this quite decisive of the question. But the treatise itself has its value, and the remainder of the texts published by Dr. Cureton in the same volume are of some interest also. We have rather avoided any particular reference at present to those treatises which are simply theological; but it is only right to mention that Dr. Cureton has published from these MSS. two other volumes of much value, viz. the 'Festal Letters of Athanasius,' and a Syriac translation of that portion of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, which concerns the Martyrs of Palestine. The 'Festal Letters' are a considerable gain. There can be no doubt of their being quite genuine, and they throw considerable light on many points of Church History. At the Council of Nice, when it was agreed that the Roman method in regard to the celebration of Easter should be adopted throughout Christendom, it was also determined that the task of calculating the day from year to year should be delegated to the Bishop of Alexandria, and that he should send notice of it by letters to the other churches. These letters, of which some few fragments remained in Greek, were found in one of the MSS. of the Nitrian collection, to the number of fifteen, and some few fragments have been discovered elsewhere. They were translated for the 'Library of the Fathers,' by Dr. Burgess, and his translation was edited by Professor Williams of Cambridge. The value of these letters is very great indeed to the theologian, but to the mere literary man they are not inviting. They are for the most part Pastoral Epistles, with a calculation of Easter for the current year inserted at the end.

We therefore pass over this work at present as well as the translation from Eusebius of the 'History of the Martyrs of Palestine,' because, although they throw light on many *veratæ questionēs*, they contribute little to general literature. But for these also the thanks of the world are due to Dr. Cureton for the great diligence he has exhibited in publishing Syriac works, as well as for the great accuracy with which he has reproduced the texts. His critical remarks on Syriac are always valuable, but we cannot accord the same praise to his remarks on Greek, which occasionally betray very great want of care.\* But in taking leave of the Syriac Texts published under his superintendence, it is only just to state that no man of our time has done so much for Syriac literature as Dr. Cureton.

We are indebted to Mr. Smith (in addition to our obligations already mentioned) for an admirable edition, as well as

\* E. g. In his 'Martyrs of Palestine,' p. 64, he mistakes a neuter plural ܐܕܗܠܫܐ for a feminine singular ܐܕܗܠܫܐ. Comp. Eus. de Martyr. Pal. c. viii. (p. 114, ed. Heinichen), with his note.



for a translation, of the Commentary of Cyril of Alexandria on St. Luke, of which only fragments had hitherto been known. It is not entirely perfect in the Syriac translation, but so large a portion of it remains that it fills a closely-printed quarto volume in the original, and two good-sized octavos in the translation. But as our chief object is not theological matter so much as that which is of more general interest, we pass on to Mr. Cowper, who is a dissenting minister among the Independents, and now the Editor of the 'Journal of Sacred Literature.' This gentleman's first publication was a translation (in the 'Journal of Sacred Literature') of the 'Apology,' attributed to Melito of Sardis. His next was his 'Analecta Nicæna.' This was noteworthy for more than one reason; it was in itself deeply interesting, and it was an experiment in regard to the publication of the original texts of Syriac authors. Mr. Cowper tried the scheme of lithographing the text instead of having it set up in type; but as the example has not been followed, we suspect that the experiment did not succeed. It was of course a mere financial question, for certainly in point of clearness and beauty good Syriac type is very preferable to the running hand of a modern transcriber. There was new information in this publication about a matter which, it might have been supposed, had been nearly exhausted—the Council of Nicæa, or Nice, as it is usually called. Eusebius ('Vit. Constantini,' iii. 6) informs us that Constantine himself summoned the bishops to Nicæa to hold a council, and offered them every facility for their journey; but no letter purporting to represent this summons of Constantine had ever been seen, until Mr. Cowper found in Paris and in the British Museum a document in Syriac which not only claims to be the very summons itself, but really has very strong claims to urge in favour of its genuineness. We are disposed to believe it genuine, but we cannot consider that the evidence is such as to command unhesitating confidence. The Epistle itself runs thus:—

'That there is nothing more honourable in my sight than the fear of God, is, I believe, manifest to every man. Now, because the Synod of Bishops at Ancyra of Galatia consented formerly that it should be, it hath seemed to us, on many accounts, that it would be well for a Synod to assemble at Nicæa, a city of Bithynia, both because of the Bishops who from Italy and the rest of Europe are coming, and because of the excellent temperature of the air, and because I shall be present as a spectator and participator of those things which are done. Wherefore I signify to you, my beloved brethren, that all of you promptly assemble in the city which was named, that is at Nicæa. Let every one of you, therefore, regarding that which is best, as I before said, be diligent

diligent without delay in anything, speedily to come, that he may be in his own person present as a spectator of those things which are done by the same. God keep you, my beloved brethren.'

This letter is found in two MSS. in almost the same words, and one of these was written in the year A.D. 501. But it is not altogether free from difficulties. We are not aware that any of the original authorities mention a synod at Ancyra out of which the Council of Nice was developed. Had there been a small synod, on the advice of which Constantine was induced to summon the larger Council, it is strange that every trace of such a step should have disappeared from history. If genuine, it is very suggestive. It is probable if this be the case, that it was the formal circular to which, as Mr. Cowper suggests, special directions and provisions for each case must have been added. At all events, the Nitrian MSS. have here given us very ancient testimony in regard to a matter apparently almost exhausted; and their testimony points to facts of which no one had ever dreamed!\*

The '*Analecta Nicæna*,' which contained the original text of this letter, and the Canons of the Council of Nice, with a list of the bishops who were present, and many other documents relating to the Council itself, did not meet with the attention its importance deserved. But it has since been republished by its editor without the original text, in a volume which was published under the sanction of the Syro-Egyptian Society.† This volume of Syriac miscellanies is intended to show the nature of the documents found among these Nitrian MSS., and to awaken a greater interest in them among the public. They give a tolerably fair impression of the contents of the more miscellaneous volumes of the collection, as far as it is possible to do so within the space of a few pages. A few sentences and extracts from heathen writers are preserved, but they are not always trustworthy. Among them is a long extract from some writer whose name is so like Diocles, that Mr. Cowper (following a suggestion put forth, with a note of interrogation by Dr. de Lagarde), seems to have persuaded himself that it comes from Diocles of Peparethus, a writer who is said by Plutarch to have been the source from which great part of the history of Fabius Pictor was derived. As Fabius Pictor was employed on an embassy to Delphi, after the battle of Cannæ (B.C. 216), we must suppose Diocles of Peparethus to have lived in the third

\* There was a Synod of Ancyra about A.D. 314, but this can scarcely have any bearing on the case.

† '*Syriac Miscellanies*,' &c., with notes, by B. H. Cowper. 8vo, 1861.



century B.C., and not in the latter part of it. This consideration seems sufficient to dispose of an extract which begins thus: 'Now there was after the division of tongues in the days of Peleg a certain man of the sons of Japhet, and he was called Agur (Agenor). This man went up from the east,' &c. Mr. Cowper, indeed, suggests that the extract is not without interpolation; but this passage forms the introduction to that which follows, and is its foundation. The most approved commentator on Genesis could not speak more familiarly of the confusion of tongues and the sons of Japhet; and if this language comes from a heathen three centuries before our era, it will be a phenomenon without a parallel in classical literature. The remainder of the volume consists of chronological and historical fragments, some of which are of considerable value, but which offer no salient points for remark here.

These are the principal works for which we are indebted to the scholars of our own country, and they are the most valuable of all which have yet been published. But several foreigners have been employed in this collection, and amongst the most distinguished is Dr. de Lagarde. He describes himself as a master in one of the gymnasia of Berlin, but he seems to spend a considerable portion of his time in visiting the great libraries of Europe. There is something very eccentric and peculiar about him, and he publishes his books in such a manner as to secure their having the smallest possible circulation. He frequently limits the impression to a number below 150, and the consequence of course must be that they are proportionably dearer than other works of the same kind and bring in no profit to the editor. He seems to despair of finding purchasers for a larger number of copies, and declares that in editing these Syriac books he has contracted heavy debts in publishing that 'which not five people in Europe understand, that which nobody will read critically (*accuratius*), and everybody will judge of.' If he would only take courage and believe that there are not five, but five hundred Syriac scholars in Europe, he might publish his books without a heavy loss. He was first known under the name of Bötticher, but he has long exchanged this for that of de Lagarde. His labours have been incessant, and he has published more Syriac texts than any person now living; but many of them do not come within our scope, as they are drawn from the libraries at Paris. Thus the '*Didascalia Apostolorum*' was printed from a MS. intrusted to him by M. Reinaud, Professor of Arabic at Paris, from which MS. he afterwards published his '*Reliquiæ Juris Ecclesiastici Antiquissimæ*.' These are two volumes which are invaluable in  
regard



regard to early Church customs, and the editor has much enhanced the value of the latter by giving an edition in Greek. It would be very valuable to those who use these volumes if they could at once turn in the Syriac or the Greek to the corresponding passage in the other language, if the passage is found in both; and if the editor had simply marked this down in a single half-page of comparison, he would have conferred a great boon upon his readers at an infinitesimal amount of trouble to himself. But this is not his way; he spares no pains himself, and he is determined not to save trouble to any of his readers.\* We have often wondered why the Prussian government has not subsidised a man of his eminence, and instead of allowing him to waste his energies in teaching boys and girls (*pueris puellisque* he tells us himself), sent him to Paris or London to copy MSS. and publish the most valuable. It is their custom to send learned men into foreign countries for literary work, and no one seemed more fitted for such a mission than P. A. de Lagarde. We know nothing of his personal history, but a little indication in one of his last volumes seems to reveal the reason for this apparent neglect of his government. At the close of his preface to the Syriac edition of the 'Recognitiones Clementis Romani,' are the following ominous words. After complaining of the ingratitude of his countrymen, and their indifference to his labours, he adds,—

'Germanos vero si a bono deo mox non sine ingenti totius patriæ calamitate et quodam quasi incendio in antiquam justæ nationis incolumitatem restitutum iri auguramur, proximo tempore libris legendis vacare posse negamus.'

These words tell their own tale; the author is evidently looking forward to events, the approval of which would not be a very strong recommendation to the powers that be! Prussia does not exactly patronise the liberalising literary man. But with his political views we have no concern; we only regret extremely that energies like his should not have been available to the utmost for the advancement of knowledge. As it is, we must gratefully accept what he has done against time and tide, and only think the more highly of his intellectual energy and perseverance. He has edited four volumes of very great value from the Nitrian collection. They consist of: (1) The Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, in the Peshito version; (2) The Four Books of Titus of Bostra against the Manicheans; (3) The Recognitions of Clement of Rome; and lastly, a miscellaneous assemblage

\* We must except from this remark his edition of the 'Recognitiones of Clement;' for he has added a table of reference to the Latin and Greek texts.

of fragments, under the title 'Analecta Syriaca.' We have not named them in the order of their publication, but simply arranged them by their subjects. One of the great desiderata for Syriac is a critical edition of the Peshito version, more especially of the New Testament. Every portion, therefore, of the text of this version, whether of the New or Old Testament, which is edited with critical acumen from good manuscripts, is a gain for Biblical criticism. But it is merely in this point of view that the work is of importance. But the two volumes which are of most value are the 'Analecta Syriaca' and the 'Clementis Romani Recognitiones,' of which the latter has special claims upon our attention. It is one of the four works found in that wonderful MS. of the Nitrian collection, the date of which,\* written in A.D. 411, has been so providentially preserved. 'The Recognitions of Clement' is a sort of religious romance, which dates from about the second century, and is one of the most curious and interesting problems of ecclesiastical lore. It was evidently a favourite book in certain regions of the world, and enjoyed a kind of popularity like the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but its origin and intention are by no means clear. It is the history of Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, who is represented at first as a heathen, who was anxious about religion and a future life, and could find no satisfaction in the teaching of the schools of heathen philosophy. At Rome or at Alexandria he meets with Barnabas, is converted and goes with Barnabas to Cæsarea, where he meets with St. Peter, whose preaching and missionary exertions form the subject of the remainder of the book. We say 'at Rome or Alexandria,' because the story has descended to us in two forms, which differ on this point. It is found in Greek, under the title of the 'Homilies of Clement,' and in a Latin translation made by Ruffinus, in which it is called 'The Recognitions of Clement.' Ruffinus confesses that he took great liberties in translating; but it is very improbable that he should have altered circumstances like these. In his translation it does not take the form of Homilies or Conversations, but is divided into ten Books. Part

\* It will be remembered that a copy of the colophon of this MS. was inserted at an earlier part of the volume, by some scribe, who feared that its ancient date might be lost from the end of the volume. This copy was written, A.D. 1086, and when Dr. Lee published the *Theophania* of Eusebius, the ancient date had not been found. But it has since been recovered, having formed part of the second consignment obtained through M. Pacheco. It is fragmentary, having been found, as Dr. Cureton assured us, among the fragments gathered by sweeping the floor! It is now mounted on strong paper in its proper place. Those who wish to see a facsimile of this literary curiosity will find it well taken off in Dr. Land's 'Anecdota Syriaca,' plate iv.



of the book appears orthodox ; but it exhibits traces of Ebionite doctrine, and it is a curious question to determine whether the orthodox party, finding an Ebionitish book very popular, attempted to turn it to their own purpose (as Dr. Neale has in our own time converted Bunyan's 'Pilgrim' into a High Church allegory), or *vice versâ*. There is also a certain amount of interest in the inquiry whether the form, under which it appears in Ruffinus, is the original, or that in which the Greek has been preserved. When we knew that a translation of this work was found in a MS. written early in the fifth (nay, almost in the fourth) century, we were in hopes that some light might be thrown on this latter question : at all events its testimony would be of some weight, if it should consistently follow either of the two. But we were disappointed, for up to a certain point (Lib. iv. 1) the Syriac follows Ruffinus, and in the remainder of the work, as far as it goes, it is taken from the Greek Homilies! In regard, however, to the conversion of Clement, the Syriac follows the course of the Latin translation of Ruffinus by placing it at Rome. These questions are, of course, more curious than important ; would that we could pierce the darkness which surrounds them ! We have often supposed that the origin of this remarkable romance may have been a desire on the part of the Christians of Palestine to exhibit some of the missionary exploits and earnestness of St. Peter. They may have thought that as the Acts of the Apostles is so pre-eminently occupied with the deeds of St. Paul, it would be desirable to show the nature of St. Peter's preaching to the world. We regret that this newly-discovered translation does not contribute much to the solution of any of the questions connected with this once-popular story. We may remark, as we quit the subject, that about seven-eighths of this MS. was transcribed by Dr. Cureton and handed over to Dr. de Lagarde, who finished the transcript and published the whole book.

The 'Analecta Syriaca' would require a special notice to itself, if we desired to make known its contents and discuss their value. It has some very hard nuts to crack ; but when they have been before the world some time and well discussed, we shall know more of them. Among the extracts there are several from Diodorus of Tarsus, the teacher of Chrysostom, and from Theodorus of Mopsuestia. The lucubrations both of the fellow-pupil of Chrysostom (Theodorus) and his teacher are politely characterised in the heading of the extracts in the following complimentary style : '*From the books of Diodorus—blasphemies !*' It is not always easy in these extracts to ascertain whether you are reading



reading the extract from the author, or the remarks of the transcriber. Those who may desire to see the character of some of the matter found in the 'Analecta,' will find a portion of it translated by Mr. Cowper in his 'Syriac Miscellanies.' Mr. Cowper has also translated part of the extract from Hippolytus.

We have left no room for an enumeration of the contents of Dr. Land's noble volume '*Anecdota Syriaca*.' It contains twenty-seven plates of facsimiles, by which the eye may become accustomed to the various styles of writing found in Syriac MSS. On the value of this there can be no difference of opinion. They are for the most part most faithfully executed, and have none of the stiffness which sometimes characterises facsimiles. Dr. Land was for some months in England under the patronage of the Government of Holland, and he has taken to his own country transcripts of many most valuable treatises from the Nitrian collection, among which a portion of John of Ephesus, as yet unpublished, is to be found. The handsome quarto volume, lately published, is only the first instalment of the results of his mission, and is to be followed by three more. Dr. Land is a very good Syriac scholar; but there is a certain want of accuracy in his transcripts. Dr. Wright wrote a review of this volume in the '*Journal of Sacred Literature*.' It was very severe; but it may probably induce Dr. Land to use greater caution in the succeeding volumes. There are many most useful discussions in the preliminary part of Dr. Land's volume, and scholars will hail with the deepest interest the additions which he is about to make in his next volume to the History of John of Ephesus. Dr. Land has also published in this volume the Syriac text of part of Mr. Cowper's Miscellanies. They are called by the latter '*Chronological Items*;' they appear in Dr. Land as part of the '*Liber Calipharum*.' We must not omit to mention that a considerable portion of the Hexaplar version of the Old Testament, which has hitherto been a desideratum in Syriac, is found in these MSS., and that Dr. Rörðam, of Copenhagen, has given an excellent edition of the Books of Judges and Ruth; and Ceriani of Milan has published Genesis and part of Exodus.

We have now, we believe, enumerated the chief gains which have accrued to the world from the Nitrian collection; but it is only right to add that several works are now in progress which will increase our stores with some materials of very deep interest. The University of Oxford proposes to publish the Inedited Remains of Ephrem Syrus, under the care of Overbeck; Dr. Bickell, of Giessen, is occupied on the Hymns of the Church of Nisibis; Dr. Phillips, the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, on the

the Scholia of Jacob of Edessa,\* and Mr. Bensley of Cambridge on the Fourth Book of Maccabees.

There is one rather remarkable feature which distinguishes the Syriac MSS. from those of Greek and Latin works. It is seldom that we can ascertain with precision the exact date of a classical or Biblical MS. It is usually only by comparing the different characters, and judging by some manuscripts whose age happens to be known, that an approximation is made to the true date in other cases; and men like Sir F. Madden and Mr. Coxe of the Bodleian, attain to an astonishing degree of accuracy and certainty in these guesses. But the Syriac scribes are determined that no such difficulties shall occur in their case, for they usually add a Colophon to their labours to state the month and year in which those labours came to an end, and occasionally they even inform posterity of the very hour of the termination of their task. Thus in a MS. (Add. MSS., No. 14,489) the scribe closes his labours thus:—

‘This Synaxarion of the Lessons and Gospels, according to the order of the Greeks, is written and finished. For the honour and praise and to the magnifying of the Holy and Consubstantial Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the year one thousand and three hundred and fifty-seven, according to the reckoning of the Greeks (A.D. 1046), in the month Canun—the first Canun—on the sixth day of that month, on the Sabbath day (Saturday), at three o’clock in the day, in the Holy Convent of Mar Elias.’

This Colophon has been given in facsimile by Dr. Land, plate xi. Sometimes these Colophons exhibit a tendency to enigmatical methods of expression, as in the colophon found in the ‘Cyril’ published by Mr. Payne Smith, which runs thus:—

‘Lord, let not the five pairs (fingers) be defrauded of their reward, which have laboured to sow thy seed by means of pigments in the field of a beast (parchment), by the wings of a bird (pens), and the help of God.’

The following, which occurs in a Syriac version of the Psalms, is of a similar character, but rather more elegant:—

‘Lord, refuse not the reward of the five sisters which have wrought in thy vineyard, but may they be in joy with the five virgins who have entered into the marriage-chamber. Amen.’

Occasionally the scribes give their own character, and it cannot be said of them that they are guilty of flattery to themselves, *e. g.*:—

\* This work has been published since these remarks were written. The text is carefully edited, but we have not had an opportunity of examining the translation.

‘The



‘The scribe who wrote this is a poor paralytic sinner, mere filth and offscouring, and the dung of dung-heaps, and the dirt of every one’s feet, and unworthy to have his name recorded.’

(Which, however, he takes care to add, viz. Salibi.)

The following is of a different class of Colophon:—

‘As the sailor is glad when he comes to a place of tranquillity, so the scribe is glad when he comes to the end of the book.’

As we hope the reader may not follow the example of this last scribe, we will be very brief in our concluding words. We must not, however, conclude these observations on the Syriac literature of our own day without expressing our grief for the heavy loss which the world has sustained in the death of Dr. Cureton. His place in that department of literature it will not be easy to supply. With a wide and accurate knowledge of the language he united a practical experience, which rendered that knowledge doubly valuable. He was always considered to stand at the head of the Syriac scholars of this country, a position to which both his acquirements and his publications justly entitled him. Even while these sheets are passing through the press another noble monument of Dr. Cureton’s learning and zeal in his favourite pursuit has been given to the world in a posthumous work. It is entitled ‘Ancient Syriac Documents, relative to the earliest establishment of Christianity in Edessa and the neighbouring countries, from the year of our Lord’s Ascension to the fourth century.’ It is a volume of the deepest interest to every student of early Church History. As the Syriac text only occupies about one-third of the volume, while the rest (about 200 pages) contains an English translation and notes, this work is available to every reader of Ecclesiastical History. When we state that its publication was far advanced under Dr. Cureton’s own superintendence, and completed under that of Dr. Wright, we have said enough to prove that the volume deserves a place in every library in England which recognises Ecclesiastical History as an important branch of study.

We cannot help thinking that the statements which we have now made are calculated to show that the Nitrian relics have found a resting-place, in which they have been fully appreciated. Paris is rich in Syriac MSS.; but they are comparatively little known, because they are not arranged and catalogued so as to be easily accessible. We have shown that in this respect the Trustees of the Museum have made great exertions, and that if the good work is carried on for a few years and Dr. Wright’s Catalogue is published in a manner worthy of its importance, a new era for Syriac studies will have commenced. It is gratifying also to think that



a very large proportion of the works rescued from the darkness of oblivion have been given to the world by our own countrymen. We hope that the consideration of the honour which may be gained for England, if she still continues in the van of this honourable rivalry, and the disgrace, which must be her portion, if, with the advantages of such a collection as this in her metropolis, she lags behind other nations, may give a new impulse to the study of a language, which is probably the nearest representative of the dialect of Palestine in the time of our Saviour. When the importance of these studies in a Biblical point of view is better known, there may be a little more encouragement given to them in high quarters. A great deal remains to be done for Syriac. There are many works still awaiting an editor in this collection.\* The laws of construction have to be more fully ascertained, and a Lexicon, adequate to the present wants of scholars, must be supplied. With regard to the translations of Greek authors, which are found in Syriac, we are inclined to believe that the mode of translation of the Syriac writers was loose and inaccurate, and that in many instances they abridged and curtailed the text of the authors on whom they operated. But every fresh publication gives us a better hope of judging of their general character, and we must be content to suspend our judgment for a time. There is also another *desideratum*, which is a critical edition of the Peshito version of the Bible. At present the text is in a most unsatisfactory state, and it is difficult to find materials for a true judgment on the point.† Here, again, we must be content to wait; but as England led the way to a critical edition of the Hebrew Scriptures, we will hope that she may still keep her place in this honourable struggle. Germany is alive to its importance; we will hope that the possessors of the rich stores from the Desert of Scete will not be behind the scholars of that country. The researches which have already been made have thrown considerable light upon the reign of Justin II. and Tiberius; they have revealed circumstances hitherto unknown regarding the most important Council ever held, the Council of Nicæa; they have restored to us one lost treatise of Eusebius; a series of Epistles from Athanasius, hitherto known only in minute fragments; and they have given to us the greatest work of Titus of Bostra in its full proportions; not to mention a vast variety of smaller treatises by the

\* Dr. Wright is printing in the 'Journal of Sacred Literature' the 'Transitus Beatæ Virginis'; and intends to publish all the Apocryphal Books of the N.T.

† There is a very valuable brochure by an Hungarian Jew on this subject. 'Meletemata Peschiththoniana,' &c., auctor Josephus Perles. Vratislaviæ, 1859.

great men of old, and many translations of the great works of antiquity. Where results so great as these have been achieved in twenty years, we will earnestly hope that the next few years will put the finishing touches to this large redemption of literary treasures from the neglect and oblivion of their former abode.

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ART. VII.—1. *Servia and the Servians.* By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A. London, 1863.

2. *Treaties and Hatti-Sheriffs relating to Servia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament.

3. *Treaty of Paris*, 1856.

4. *The Condition of Turkey and her Dependencies.* Speech in the House of Commons, May 29, 1863. By A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P.

OF the mixed elements of which the population of Turkey in Europe is composed, the Slavonian is by far the most numerous and the most important. The origin and early history of this people is involved in much obscurity, but there is no doubt that they made their first appearance on the borders of the Roman empire about the year 527, when they invaded the Greek provinces, defeated the imperial legions, and devastated the country extending from the Ionian Sea to the walls of Constantinople. They besieged the capital itself; and Belisarius succeeded, rather by presents than by force, in removing them to a distance from the seat of empire. We find them shortly afterwards extensively settled on the banks of the Danube, sometimes enlisting in the Roman armies, but more frequently ravaging the provinces and alarming by their inroads even the Byzantine court. In the seventh century, having entered into an alliance with the Emperors of Constantinople, they entered Illyria and founded the colonies of Slavonia, Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia; and, by the end of the eighth century, large numbers had become established in Thrace and in Moesia. Meanwhile, many remained in the North. The nationality of the Slavonians has not been destroyed either by dispersion, subjection, or by time. The various dialects still preserve so strong an affinity that it has been said a Slavonian residing on the shores of the Frozen Sea can understand the language of one living on the coasts of the Adriatic; but on the borders of the Baltic and on the banks of the Elbe the Slavonian language has been long superseded by the German. At some remote period the whole Slavonic race doubtless spoke the same language, which separated into different dialects after the nation had split into tribes and commenced that migratory process by which their

territories became so greatly enlarged. The language is supposed to have had an Indian origin from the great number of Sanscrit words which it contains. It is considered by Niebuhr almost perfect in its grammatical structure, but it has been considerably modified in the south of Europe by an admixture with Italian, Turkish, and Greek.

About the middle of the seventh century a Slavonic tribe settled in the Roman province of *Mæsia* and gave its name to the country which afterwards became the kingdom of *Servia*. The boundaries were gradually extended until a kingdom grew into an empire; for, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the sovereignty of the *Servian* kings was acknowledged from the *Adriatic* to the *Black Sea*. *Bosnia*, *Macedonia*, *Albania*, *Slavonia Proper*, *Bulgaria*, and *Dalmatia* were all subject to their rule. The empire had been even more extensive, for in the tenth century the *Magyars* drove the *Servians* from *Hungary* and erected there a kingdom of their own.

The enmity which for some time existed between the *Greeks* of the lower empire and the *Servian* people, although they professed a common Christianity, greatly facilitated the progress of the *Turks* in Europe. So commanding was the power of *Stephen Dushan*, the greatest of the *Servian* monarchs, whose banners bore the Imperial double eagle, that he even entertained the design of putting himself at the head of an army of eighty thousand men and of marching on *Constantinople* to put an end to the effete *Byzantine Empire*. Political jealousies and theological animosities undoubtedly prevented that alliance between the *Greek* and *Servian* empires which might have presented an invincible barrier to the progress of the *Ottoman* armies, and perhaps have eventually compelled them to recross the *Hellespont*. Although the great *Servian* emperor once meditated giving the deathblow to the palsied *Greek* empire, and extending his vigorous sway over the whole of *Eastern Europe*, his successors had to look to their own kingdom, and to protect it against an enemy which had been heedlessly overlooked. A *Greek* emperor, harassed by provincial insurrections and distracted by religious and political strife, invited a *Mahomedan* caliph encamped on the slopes of the *Caucasus* to come to the support of his tottering throne, but only to find that instead of to an ally he had opened the gates of his distracted dominions to a conqueror.

The *Slavonian* countries which were subject to the ancient emperors of *Servia* are now somewhat unequally divided between *Austria* and *Turkey*. Aspirations for a revival of *Slavonian* nationality have frequently manifested themselves with more or less



less intensity in Austria, in Bosnia, and in Bulgaria ; but it is in Servia that this ambition has excited the greatest attention and has achieved its greatest success. The principality of Servia may now be said to possess a recognised status in the European system. Its free institutions cannot but have a very important influence on the prospects of a race which may be destined perhaps yet to play a great part in the future history of mankind.

The country which possesses many moral and political claims on our support is, politically, the youngest member of the European family. The resistance of the Servian people to their Turkish rulers commenced in 1804 ; but the practical independence of the country was not secured until 1826, when after a protracted and heroic struggle the whole of Servia was freed from Turkish government. But as a country containing little more than a million of inhabitants, and surrounded by powerful States, could not be expected to maintain the independence which it had achieved, it was the opinion of the great European Powers, to which Russia, perhaps somewhat reluctantly, assented, that in the interest of Servia itself its connexion with the Porte should be maintained, while its complete administrative independence should be guaranteed. Negotiations having been entered into accordingly with the Porte with that object, the result was an Imperial decree dated November, 1830. By that instrument the whole internal administration of Servia was confided to native authorities, subject only to the suzerainty of the Sultan, by whom it was stipulated that certain fortified places should still be garrisoned by Turkish troops. So little is generally known in England of the history, institutions, and peculiar political position of Servia, that we are induced to avail ourselves of the recent enquiries of some English travellers to bring before our readers a few of the prominent events in the career of this new State, together with the commercial prospects of a country which possesses many elements of future wealth.

The principality of Servia is situate on the northern extremity of the great Alpine range which separates the Adriatic from the plains of Hungary. It is protected to the south by that portion of the almost insurmountable barrier of the Balkan Mountains which constituted the ancient Rhodope ; while lateral ridges extending from the principal chain cover both its flanks. The Danube and the Save form its northern boundary ; the Drina separates it from Bosnia ; and the Morava, which runs through the Principality, almost divides it in two. The surface of the country is extremely hilly, but it possesses only one considerable valley,—that of the Morava. The heights are almost uniformly covered with forests of gigantic oak, which not only constitute

one of its most important natural defences, but form one of its principal sources of wealth. Servia has a general inclination to the north, rising gradually towards the great Balkan chain, of which the Servian passes are extremely difficult to surmount. The numerous small valleys formed by the spurs of the mountains rarely expand into plains. As a military position, Servia is surpassed by few countries in Europe, and its success in resisting the Ottoman armies was in no small degree owing to that happy configuration of its surface, which is often so influential in shaping not merely the political destiny but the character of States.

There are three distinct periods in Servian history,—that of the Old Feudal Monarchy, the Turkish conquest, and the formation of the modern Principality. The political state of the Servian Empire previously to its subjugation by the Turks resembled that of the other great feudal monarchies of Europe. The revenue of the Sovereign was derived chiefly from the demesnes of the Crown; and a numerous territorial nobility held their extensive estates by military service. Society, as in other parts of Europe, was composed of ecclesiastics, nobles, knights, gentlemen, and villains, the last held in the same predial bondage which prevailed wherever the feudal system was completely established. There was no citizen or burgher class; and whatever trade the country possessed was monopolised by Byzantines, Ragusans, or Jews. Gold and silver mines were farmed and profitably worked by Venetians. Castles, afterwards converted into Turkish strongholds, were planted on every commanding eminence, and defended every mountain gorge. These remains of the middle ages can now nowhere be seen to such perfection as in Servia. They are almost in the state in which they were left by their builders, they have been carefully preserved, and are garrisoned, fortified, and held as strongholds to the present day. In other parts of Europe,

‘Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand  
Of hoary Time to decorate,’

these relics of the past have been either modernised or are in ruins; in Servia and in Bosnia they carry us back to the thirteenth century, and the lofty keep or battlemented tower still frowns in undecayed strength, and threatens the surrounding country.

In 1389 an alliance was concluded between the Servians and the Hungarians with the object of making a determined effort to arrest the progress of the Turkish arms. The destiny of Servia was decided



decided on the field of Kasso<sup>va</sup>, where the allied Servian and Hungarian army was routed and cut to pieces, and Lazar, the last sovereign of Servia, was taken prisoner and put to death. The whole of Servia then fell under Turkish sway, with the exception of the city of Belgrade, which still maintained a Christian garrison and successfully resisted the Turkish arms until 1532.

Servia did not experience the usual fate of conquered countries after the battle of Kasso<sup>va</sup>; and, notwithstanding the treacherous assassination of the great Sultan Amurath by a Servian, the country was divided and conferred by his successor, Bajazet, upon the two sons of Lazar, who held it as a fief, and paid tribute and did homage for it to the Ottoman Government. If a Mahomedan Sovereign ever entertained the thought of extirpating his Christian subjects, an overpowering sense of self-interest must have deterred him from carrying such a project into effect. Their services were indispensable to him, and so far did one of the greatest of the Sultans carry his views of toleration in favour of a conquered race, that he declared that for every new mosque erected within his dominions he would build a Christian church.

Certainly no overpowering sense of humiliation could at first have been felt by the great body of the Servian people as a consequence of their subjugation, for subsequently to the battle of Kasso<sup>va</sup> we find a Servian army taking a prominent part year after year in the wars of Bajazet. The Servian nation was still possessed of great power, and in its relation to the Turkish Empire it was long treated as a trusted dependency. Much misapprehension exists as to the manner in which the Turkish conquests were effected. At the very time when the inhabitants of a large portion of Europe were thrown into agonies of terror by the progress of the Ottoman arms, the conquering legions consisted to no inconsiderable extent of Christian troops, organised according to their respective nationalities. They had their own officers, their own banners, and their own positions in the ranks of the invading hosts. The native forces of the Osmanli settled in Europe would have been altogether inadequate to have attempted those vast schemes of conquest which threatened in the sixteenth century to bring the whole of Christendom under Turkish dominion. It was a spirit of conquest, not of religious enthusiasm, which banded these long-invincible legions together; and the zeal even of the more impetuous disciples of Islamism was absorbed in the stronger passion of martial ambition. The Sultan does not even at the present day possess more loyal subjects than those Roman Catholic Albanians, known as the Mydrites, whose ancestors did not embrace Islamism in the  
fifteenth



fifteenth and sixteenth centuries like the majority of the Bosnian and Albanian noblesse. This Christian clan, as it may be termed, living amidst their mountains, has ever been faithful to their Sovereign, and on the first summons from Constantinople would joyfully bring into the field twenty thousand fighting men for any service that he might require. They received from the great Amurath a firman exempting them from tribute, and conferring on them the proud distinction of carrying the royal standard in war. Equal confidence was reposed in the population of other conquered provinces which the Sultan found the means of conciliating and attaching to his Government. A disaffected soldiery would never have been incorporated with legions encouraged to aspire to the conquest of Europe. In one respect, indeed, the Turkish conquest operated unquestionably to the advantage of Servia. The Spahis or Turkish soldiers who supplanted the ancient nobility were not like the feudal lords of Christendom. None of the oppressive privileges of feudalism attached to their newly-acquired estates. No grants of territories equivalent to petty kingdoms were made, but a fixed sum was charged upon the lands assigned for their support, subject to the payment of which the peasantry were entitled to cultivate the soil for themselves. It has ever been a principle in the Ottoman jurisprudence that all the land of the empire belongs to the Sovereign, the Vicegerent of the Deity upon earth.

In a material point of view, therefore, the Turkish conquest was beneficial to the mass of the Christian population. It raised them from the condition of serfs to one of peasant proprietors. Forced labour was certainly sometimes exacted under heavy penalties, and we read of peasants and even artisans having been transported from Belgrade and its neighbourhood to reap the Sultan's harvests in the plains of Adrianople; but these oppressions ceased before the close of the eighteenth century. The position of the Turkish Spahis or soldiers who were settled as feudatories may have resembled that of the Zemindars in some parts of India; while the condition of the peasantry was probably very superior to that of the Ryots, the land-tax being more moderate, and its exaction less severe. The poll-tax, although small in amount, was considered as a redemption from the penalty of death incurred under rigid Mahomedan law by unbelief.

The improvement in the material condition of the people was undoubtedly accompanied by much social oppression. Christians were not permitted to enter a town on horseback, and were bound to render personal service to any Turk who demanded it. If a Christian met a Turk on the road, it was his duty to stop until he had passed. He was prohibited from carrying arms. He

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was expected to bear indignities without a murmur. The Turkish population, however, congregated in the cities; the Christians were dispersed over the country, or settled in villages, and many are said to have died at an advanced age without ever having seen a town.

The Christian population of Servia long dwelt in peace; and if they felt their social inferiority it was mitigated by the lightness of taxation and by mild and equitable laws. The central authority resolutely set its face against all religious persecution, and often called its officers to a severe account for their disobedience. The Servians were eventually driven to insurrection, not by the severity of the laws, or by the hostile feeling of the Sultan to any portion of his Christian subjects, but by the despotism of provincial Pashas disregarding the intentions of the Government, and often disobeying its positive commands. In proportion as the central power at Constantinople became relaxed, oppression in the provinces grew strong; and the evil increased from year to year with the increasing feebleness of the Divan. The Pashas of the distant provinces yielded to their Sovereign only a very imperfect obedience. The Spahis, or Turkish feudatories, not only displayed the most overbearing pride, but systematically plundered the people, and replenished their harems by forcible abductions of the wives and daughters of the peasantry. These wrongs became at length so intolerable that nothing was talked of in Servia but revenge. The forests and mountain-defiles were filled with armed men. The profession of a bandit came to be considered as the most honourable. To waylay, pillage, and kill the plunderers of their country and the defilers of their homes were the most praiseworthy acts which Servians could achieve. Crimes were transmuted into virtues, and a vast organisation having assassination for its object was justified by patriotism if not sanctified by the Church. Servia was in the hands of an association of 'Heyducs;' and when a Russian nobleman requested a celebrated Servian chieftain not to call himself a robber, he replied, 'I should be sorry, indeed, if there were in the world a greater robber than myself.'

The general insurrection of the Servian people commenced in 1804, and it is remarkable that the movement at first was avowedly directed not against the authority of the Sultan, but against his mutinous officers; and it was not until towards the close of the insurrection that the views of the patriots, emboldened by success, underwent a change, and they aspired to rid the country entirely of the Turkish yoke. The Government then naturally took measures for the support of its authority. The Servians, notwithstanding the masses of troops brought against them from  
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the neighbouring province of Bosnia, were in the end completely successful; and in 1812 the virtual independence of the country was achieved.

The success of this remarkable revolt of a small province against Turkish rule was in a great measure owing to the energy and ability of one extraordinary man. George Petrovitsch, called by the Turks Kara or Black George, was the son of a peasant, and one action of his life reveals his determined character. He had committed himself by some acts of reprisal against the oppressors of his country, and with his cattle, household goods, and family, including his aged father, he fled for refuge to the Austrian territory. The old man was reluctant to leave Servia for ever, and, on reaching the banks of the Danube, he objected to proceed; choosing rather to return alone, and die in his native land. 'As you will surely be tortured to death,' said Kara-George, 'by the Turks, it is far better that I should kill you myself;' and, drawing a pistol from his belt, he shot his father dead on the spot.\* Returning to Servia he followed the business of a pig-dealer, until, on the outbreak of the general insurrection in 1806, he was unanimously called upon by his countrymen to place himself at its head. He was one of those daring characters which oppression never fails to bring to the surface of society, and he towered above even the heroic stature of his countrymen as some gigantic production of the wilderness dwarfs and overshadows the noble trees which surround it. He could neither read nor write, yet he could dictate despatches with ease and correctness. While in the exercise of almost despotic power, he would sometimes clear with his own hands a piece of forest-land, or cut a watercourse for a mill, or put his hand to the plough; and he spoiled the insignia of the Russian order with which he had been decorated while in the act of fixing a hoop on a cask. When engaged with the enemy he preferred fighting on foot, and always sprang from his horse as soon as he saw there was a prospect of a personal encounter. Of a lofty stature, spare, broad-shouldered, and with black deep-sunken eyes, no one could fail to recognise him in battle; his presence alone generally produced a panic among his enemies; and his victories were always decisive and complete. He governed Servia with almost despotic sway until 1813; and probably no other man could have kept such a society together after the turbulence and anarchy which it had passed through, in the total absence of all written laws and civil tribunals.

\* Some years afterwards he hanged his own brother before the door of a house, one of the inmates of which, the daughter of a respectable shopkeeper, he had treated with indignity.



The Sultan relieved from the pressure of a Russian war turned his attention to the reconquest of Servia in 1813. The forces brought against it were so formidable, the attack was so sudden, and the hope of receiving foreign assistance so slight, that a panic seized the whole people, and even Kara-George fled to his old asylum, the Austrian territory. The Turks re-occupied the country without striking a blow. Three hundred Christians were impaled on the glacis of the citadel of Belgrade, and every village in Servia witnessed scenes of the most savage revenge; but such excesses were as strongly reprobated by the Sultan as they were denounced by the whole of Christendom. This sudden and complete collapse of the Servian State can only be accounted for by the unforeseen rapidity of the Turkish invasion, and by the total absence of all preparation on the part of the people to repel it; that it did not arise from any decay of the national spirit was fully proved by subsequent events.

The restoration of Servian independence was the work of a man whose character presented a remarkable contrast to that of Kara-George, and was a singular combination of craft and audacity. Milosch Oberonovitch had spent his youth as a swine-herd, and by taking an active part in the insurrection under Kara-George had raised himself to a post of command. The resumption of the Turkish rule appeared to afford him a favourable opportunity for raising himself to a much higher position. He made terms with the Turks; offered to collect the tribute payable to the Porte, and to assist the authorities in conciliating the population. He commenced by betraying all the chiefs who could oppose his pretensions to supreme command, and after maturing his plans of insurrection he raised the standard of revolt. The nation rose *en masse*, but the Porte temporised; and, having won over Milosch by promises, induced him to return to Belgrade, where he was reinstated in his employments, and acknowledged as Prince of Servia, with hereditary succession, under his Suzerain the Porte. This transaction received the sanction of Europe by the Treaty of Bucharest in 1815, and Servia became a member of the European system although recognised only as a vassal state.

The events which marked the first years of Servian self-government—the tyranny of Prince Milosch, the growth of a popular party, the grant of a constitution by the Sultan, and the dynastic changes which followed—are matters of recent history. The spirit in which the government has of late years been conducted, and the innovations which have been effected in the constitution, have been subjects of grave reprehension on the part of most of the guaranteeing Powers. The reigning Prince  
Michael

Michael dismissing the old Senate, which had been invested with certain independent powers, not only nominated a new Senate wholly subservient to his will, but enrolled nearly the whole adult male population of the principality as a militia, although by the constitution only such a force was to be maintained in the country as might ensure its internal tranquillity. As a dependency of the Porte Servia is entitled and bound to look to its Suzerain alone for defence against foreign aggression; therefore to organise a militia consisting of 50,000 men with 70,000 more as a reserve, out of a population of 1,000,000, thus converting the Principality into a camp, indicated designs altogether inconsistent with his allegiance.

These unconstitutional acts were soon followed by an event which took Europe completely by surprise. We refer to the bombardment of Belgrade by the garrison of the Turkish citadel. The papers relating to this 'untoward event' presented to Parliament contain the most convincing proofs that it was simply the consequence of a panic on the part of the Pasha who commanded the citadel, and who believed it to be the object of attack by the Servian populace. A conflict had arisen in the neighbourhood of the fortress, and the Servian police, recruited from Bosnian and Montenegrin refugees, had assailed a Turkish guardhouse and murdered a Turkish officer. No doubt is now entertained that the affray which was the cause of the bombardment, had been previously concerted by the Servian Government in the hope of being enabled to obtain the possession of certain gates of the city to which it conceived it had a right, and possibly of the fortress itself. The precipitation of the Turkish Commandant was punished by his immediate disgrace, and the Sultan expressed himself as 'horror-struck' at the occurrence. Of the five fortresses which the Porte retained by treaty in the principality, two have been since relinquished, the other three are held as defensive barriers of the empire. Belgrade is so associated with the military history of Turkey that it will probably never be given up; but the Servians, while they maintain the faith of treaties and are true to their allegiance, have nothing to fear from its guns.

Almost all we know of Servia is derived from the hasty tours of a few English travellers, who made the state of the Church and the ecclesiastical architecture of the country the principal objects of their attention. Some British capitalists have more recently visited the country for the purpose of ascertaining its commercial capabilities. Availing ourselves of these and some special sources of information, we shall endeavour to present as accurate a picture of the present condition of this interesting country

country and of its people as the means at our command will allow.

It is difficult to realise the fact of the existence in the centre of Europe, in the nineteenth century, of a country in so primitive a condition as Servia. Wallachia and Moldavia were not long since in the same rude state; but recent events have brought these Danubian countries more into communication with the rest of Europe, and they have acquired some of its superficial civilisation. The spirit of improvement has penetrated these rich provinces, and a thousand ships are now yearly freighted with the produce of their teeming soil. The day has passed when a boyer would reply, as one is said to have done on being asked why his countrymen did not cultivate their fertile prairies, that 'it would be a pity to spoil so fine a wilderness.' These vast plains, for ages abandoned to the wild luxuriance of nature, now wave with magnificent crops of wheat and maize. Very different is the aspect of Servia. There almost all vegetation is spontaneous, and the marvellous fecundity of the soil displays itself chiefly in the growth of timber. No botanist has yet described and classified its flora; no artist has yet gazed with rapture upon its wood-capped hills, rushing torrents, and long-drawn vales. In the principal characteristics of their scenery, Servia and Bosnia may be considered as almost one country, although politically they are essentially distinct. Excepting towards their northern boundaries, where the great Balkan chain separates them from Macedonia and Albania, neither Servia nor Bosnia can be strictly called mountainous countries; but a multitude of isolated hills, rising from a plain, give to both of them a highly picturesque and variegated aspect. Much of Servia and the greater portion of Bosnia is still a wilderness, so rare are enclosures of any kind; yet although every glade reminds one of English lawns and parks, the delighted traveller seeks in vain for the castle or the mansion of the noble or wealthy proprietor, the envied possessor of such a domain. A very small portion of the soil of Servia is cultivated; some travellers estimate it at a sixth, others only at an eighth. Although situated to the south of Hungary, the productions of the country resemble rather those of the North than of the South of Europe. The olive is unknown, although it thrives in the corresponding latitudes of France and Italy. In the district of the Lower Morava wheat is partially cultivated, but enormous numbers of swine are everywhere reared, and they rove through the forests in a style of almost primitive wildness. The cup of a particular kind of acorn—the vallonica of commerce—is in extensive demand for tanning. A recent traveller was shown in Schabatz a warehouse full of them,  
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the value of which was estimated at 40,000*l*. Much of Serbia in fact yet resembles a new settlement in North America, where belts of wood alternate with patches of cultivated land, and the stumps of charred trees remain in the ground, between which, as in Canada, is planted Indian corn, the stubble serving the purpose of manure. The whole process of agriculture is at present almost that of a newly-settled country, and there is but little scientific farming. The fig and the mulberry thrive well, but we have heard of no attempts to rear the silk-worm. The plum abounds, and from it is distilled the common spirit of the country. The vine covers the slopes of some of the hills, and especially in the neighbourhood of Semandria yields a good wine, which is retailed in the small inns of the country for three-pence per pint, but may be purchased wholesale of the growers at twopence per quart.\* The vine is said to have been introduced into Serbia by the Emperor Probus, and the grapes grown near Semandria are not surpassed in flavour by any in Europe. Many of the wines are extremely rough and astringent; but others are exceedingly good, particularly that known as Negotin, of which the Servians are justly proud. This wine also possesses the repelling name of 'Turk's-blood,' and it has acquired a high reputation in Hungary. In Serbia a custom still prevails with reference to it, which strongly marks the old hatred of the people to their Mahomedan rulers. Whenever a bottle of it is opened, the first person who tastes it affects an air of surprise, and asks, 'What is this?' a second, having likewise tasted it, replies solemnly, 'It is Turk's-blood;' on which the first rejoins, 'Then let it flow freely!'†

One peculiarity of Serbia, Mr. Denton says, will not fail to be noticed by an English traveller. The flora is almost entirely English. 'The banks skirting the roads which wind through the forests are carpeted with the wild strawberry, and the open glades which run into the woods abound with the wild raspberry; the thin soil on the steep sides of many of the hills is covered with the whortleberry; the weeds and wild flowers of the fields also are those which are commonly met with in England; violets and daisies, pansies and spurge, primroses and oxlips, forget-me-nots and speed-wells, orchises of all shades and wild garlic, meadow saffron and the cuckoo flower, or ragged robin. The hedges are powdered with honeysuckle and the clematis, and fringed with yellow broom, with bramble bushes, dog roses, and the white and black thorn.' Trees, indeed, that are comparatively

\* 'Serbia:' by Denton, p. 6.

† 'Vacation Tourists'; Paper on Serbia.

rare in England are met with in profusion in Servia. The wild pear and cherry, the plum and the apple, may be seen in great numbers in the woods; the acacia and laburnum are met with by the sides of the roads, and lilacs abound on all the hill-sides.

For a country which has so recently arisen from a state of anarchy the industrial progress of Servia has been respectable. The attention of the Government has been much directed to its material interests. Agricultural schools have been established in the principal towns, and although the trade with foreign countries is not yet very active it is steadily increasing. The mineral wealth of the country is no doubt very considerable. Gold, silver, and iron mines were worked extensively by the Romans. Copper and lead are known to exist, but the precious metals are not found in such quantities as to make their modern working remunerative. The iron of Servia is surpassed by none in the world. Coal, sulphur, and saltpetre are found in abundance; and, as the woods can supply an unlimited quantity of charcoal, gunpowder might be manufactured to any desired amount. The hills of Servia yield both 'man and steel—the soldier and his sword,' and the almost universal practice of wearing arms may be thought to denote a disturbed and insecure state of society. Such, however, is not the fact. During the Turkish occupation the display of arms was strictly forbidden; they thus came to be considered after the war of emancipation as symbols of freedom. The practice will doubtless be discontinued in proportion as the sense of security increases, and the impossibility of a resumption of Turkish rule is fully realised. That time, Mr. Denton thinks, has not yet arrived, and is of opinion 'that the court of Constantinople has sufficient allies among the great Powers of Europe, to whom the substantial liberties of Servia, the simplest privileges of the Christian subject, and even the common rights of humanity, are as nothing compared with the chimera of maintaining what is called the integrity of the Turkish Empire.' If a blow should ever be struck against the liberties of Servia it will not proceed from Turkey. Mr. Denton must moreover be grievously misinformed or strangely prejudiced to have ventured on the assertion that 'never were the Christians throughout Turkey exposed to acts of more atrocious cruelty than at the present day.' It is to be lamented that Mr. Denton, as well as others who have written on the relations of the Greek population with their Government, should have suffered their ecclesiastical sympathies to lead them into grave misstatements, which must considerably detract from the authority and value of their publications and are calculated to mislead public opinion.

Coal has been discovered at the depth of only twenty  
yards



yards from the surface, and has been pronounced by English viewers fully equal to the best Newcastle coal. Tobacco and hemp, it is thought, can be grown in any quantities and with highly remunerative results; and there is scarcely a country in Europe of the same extent which offers a fairer field for the employment of capital. At present there is little demand for foreign luxuries, and the exports considerably exceed the imports. The country has no manufactures of consequence. The cotton and woollen goods which it requires are supplied chiefly by Austria, and the transit trade is at present the most important. Turkish cotton in considerable quantities finds its way to Austria through Servia. The division of employments has scarcely yet taken place to any extent. Warehouses are more numerous than shops, and both contain very miscellaneous collections of goods. The 'general dealer' is the type of the tradesman of Servian towns. In the shop of one of this useful class in the considerable city of Schabatz, Mr. Denton found groceries of all kinds, glass, crockery, earthenware, hardware, clocks, musical instruments, drapery of all descriptions, hats of all shapes, boots and shoes for all ages, and ready made clothes to suit every nationality.

The steamboats on the Save, the greatest of all the tributaries of the Danube and uninterruptedly navigable for a distance of two hundred miles, impart some animation to Servian commerce. This river is the natural outlet for the produce of Servia and the Banat by way of the Adriatic, and it only needs a railway to Fiume to make it one of the most important commercial highways of Europe. The improvement of the navigation of the Morava has also recently been under the consideration of the Servian Government. In 1862 there was not a vessel in this fine stream from its source to its mouth. An English company has been formed for opening it to commerce, which, if successful, will have a most important influence on the future of Servia. The development of the immense resources not only of this but of other contiguous countries is simply a question of the judicious application of foreign capital. The productive capacities not only of Servia but of Hungary and Transylvania are in their infancy; it is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we learn that a company, very powerfully constituted, is on the point of formation, the special object of which is to bring the valuable raw produce of these rich districts within the reach of British commerce. It will include in its operations a system of native agency to make known the description of produce most in demand in England, and the best method of preparing it for our own and continental markets. To facilitate its collection, warehouses



houses and granaries are to be established on the banks of rivers, and growers will be invited to deposit within these warehouses the produce of their estates either for safe keeping or for sale. As the want of roads, however, forms one of the greatest obstacles to commercial activity, a system of advances to municipalities or communes on the security of local rates is contemplated for assisting in their construction. No greater boon could be conferred on countries in the condition of those to which the experiment is about to be applied; for their governments are generally too poor to lend money for such objects. It is contemplated also to improve the navigation of the principal tributaries of the Danube, and thus make them serve the purpose of roads; but perhaps even a more important undertaking is the railway now on the point of being constructed, under a concession from the Austrian Government, from Semlin, opposite Belgrade, to Fiume, which will thus connect the corn-growing districts of Hungary, Transylvania, and Servia, with the Adriatic, than which nothing more is wanting to bring the overflowing produce of these rich countries into the markets of Europe. There is scarcely a limit to which the production of these provinces, under such a system of encouragement, might not be pushed, and their wheat, maize, hemp, tobacco, and wine, would speedily find consumers in every country in Europe, at prices which, although they may be lower than those now current, will be highly remunerative, both to growers and importers. The wines especially might, by careful supervision in the making, and by judicious manipulation, be so greatly improved that, with the guarantee of a great company for their genuineness, they would probably soon come into general favour.

The peasantry of Servia have great reason to be satisfied with their lot in life. Pauperism is unknown, and from the comparative sparseness of the population farmers assist each other in getting in the harvest. The Servian 'harvest-home' would recall that pleasant rural festival in England, and the songs in its honour are animated, joyous, and often devotional in their character. Ranke, in his interesting sketch of Servian character, has shown how much still remains in the popular festivals of that ancient veneration of nature, and of that mysterious sympathy with its invisible powers which is felt amidst the lone sublimities of mountains and forests with an intensity altogether unknown in other lands. The fair 'human' will linger amidst the wood-crowned  
non to  
swear by the sun and the ship  
in the commemoration of  
the solstice, which in P

were accustomed to celebrate with fire—a custom which survives in our own island to the present day.\* In Serbia shepherds, bearing lighted torches, walk round their sheepfolds; they then ascend to the top of some lofty mountain, where they are allowed to burn out. St. Mark's day is devoted to the memory of the dead, and is distinguished by funereal dances, which are performed in the cemeteries on a green plot kept purposely separated from the graves. The long struggle for independence, during which every man carried as it were his life in his hand, has imparted a peculiar religious earnestness to the national character. In feasts the preface of every health or sentiment is 'To the glory of God;' and no one, Mr. Denton says, would presume to take his seat at the head of a convivial board unless he was able to extemporise an appropriate prayer.

The poetry of Serbia would form a subject of itself, and can be but slightly touched on here. The thirty-fifth volume of the 'Quarterly Review' contains a review by Lockhart of an interesting unpublished work on Servian Minstrelsy; a translation of the most popular of the Servian songs was published many years since by Sir John Bowring,† and another selection has recently appeared from the pen of Owen Meredith.‡ Those who desire a clear insight into the character of any people cannot do better than study their ballads. Those of Serbia are intensely national; and it is said that no one is now able to name the writers even of the most celebrated compositions. Inspired by the grand scenery of the country, by the patriarchal life of its people, and by the incidents of their eventful history, they are considered the finest of all the Slavonian national songs. Many belong to a period anterior to the arrival of the Turks in Europe; others are connected with the war of liberation. The mountains, forests, and villages of Serbia all still resound with minstrelsy; and the rudest singer seldom fails in moving his audience to tears. Some of these songs belong to a period when Turks and Servians not only lived on terms of friendly intercourse with each other, but blended their affections with their lives, and in spite of differences of faith—or perhaps oftener as the result of such strong inducements to conversion—entered into the closest and most intimate of relations.

Notwithstanding the poetical temperament of the Servians, they possess abundance of shrewdness. A collection of national

\* In the west of Cornwall, on Midsummer-eve, the country is illuminated in all directions by bonfires, and lighted torches are waved wildly round the head.

† 'Popular Servian Poetry.' By Dr. Bowring. London, 1827.

‡ 'Serbski Pesme; or National Songs of Servia.' By Owen Meredith. London, 1861.

proverbs amounting to four thousand was published in Dalmatia a few years ago.

'An English traveller,' Mr. Denton remarks, 'will be pleased with the perfect freedom which is enjoyed in a country where the constitution is even more popular than that of his own. There are, indeed, no wealthy magnates as in Hungary; but the country houses of the Servian gentry and the homestead of the farmer are as comfortable as can be desired, and a residence amongst this hospitable people will be one of real enjoyment. In no country is life or property more secure, and the peasants of no part of Europe can compare with those of Servia for that truest of all courtesies which is based upon a spirit of independence, and springs from true gentleness of character. The salutations of the peasants to the traveller have no trace of servility. They are universal; but they are the natural homage which one free-man renders to another. I once asked of a Servian gentleman "whether there were any nobles in Servia?" "Every Servian is noble," was the proud reply.'

The Servians are perhaps more isolated in Europe than any other people. They travel little, and see few travellers; indeed a traveller, as such, is regarded with a mixture of curiosity and respect. 'You are a great traveller, and we honour you as such,' said a monk to Mr. Paton during a repast in the refectory; 'but the greatest traveller of your country that we have heard of was Robinson Crusoe of York, who met with many and strange adventures, but at length, by the blessing of God, returned to his native land.\* This ignorance of the world has occasionally exposed the Servians to impositions. The demand for 'Morrison's Pills,' when Mr. Paton visited the country, almost exceeded belief: there was scarcely an invalid or a hypochondriac who had not consumed large quantities of them; and a magistrate of one of the principal towns died, after taking countless numbers, in the firm belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The President of the 'British College of Health' was mistaken for the President of the Royal College of Physicians; and the respected head of the British faculty was credited with the discovery of a wonderful panacea the blessings of which he was desirous of diffusing over the world.

Servia is the country from which, Mr. Denton says, the milliners and dressmakers of other nations might profitably take lessons in what is becoming to the female form.

'Over a chemizette of lawn, or some other very fine material, the usual habit is the body or skirt of some rich silk. Magenta is a very favourite colour, though occasionally white muslin is used; this is put over a crinoline of as ample dimensions as are to be met with in Vienna or in Paris. This garment is trimmed at the wrists with a

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\* Paton's 'Danube and the Adriatic.'



very deep edging of embroidery, most commonly of silver. Over this is worn a jacket, generally of very fine velvet, for this a very favourite colour is green. This jacket also is edged with a deep embroidery round the neck, at the bottom, and the wrists, of gold lace. If the embroidery of the dress be of gold, that of the jacket will be of silver. Round the waist is worn a large sash, with the ends hanging down in front, often as low as the bottom of the dress. The headdress is a small cap, generally of red cloth, fitting close to the head. Sometimes, however, the cap is made of leather, silvered or gilded to represent gold ducats. Round this cap the hair is braided in a deep band, so that every part of the cap is concealed except the round top, from which a small gold coin or a pearl is frequently pendant. Almost all the women wear gold earrings. This dress is costly but durable. One of these jackets with its lace will often cost from ten to twelve pounds sterling. Of course, as in all other countries, those who cannot afford so expensive a dress content themselves with one of a less costly material.

The headdress of the peasantry is most remarkable, consisting of a fall extending down the back to the waist, composed of silver or gold coins. It presents the appearance of a casque and neckpiece of chain-armour. The coins are of all ages, and are often worth, in the aggregate, eighty or a hundred pounds. In addition to this heavy headgear, the women are adorned with necklaces and armlets of the same construction. These treasures are handed down from mother to daughter, and are often connected with the earliest history of the people. Among these ornaments may be seen pieces of ancient Macedon, of the old Greek colonies of Asia, of Byzantium long before it was known to Constantine, of the Lower Empire, of Venice, of Ragusa, and of the independent Servian kings. Children are often decorated with coins for which a numismatist would readily give ten times their weight in gold.

The Servian division of the Eastern or 'Orthodox' Church elects its own metropolitan and bishops. The language is the old Slavonic, which is sufficiently understood by the people to enable them to be intelligent participators in the services. The marriage of priests having a parochial cure is compulsory. The opinion of the people is decidedly opposed to monastic institutions, and it is probable that they will be suppressed at no distant day. The monastic clergy are necessarily unmarried; but it is the rule throughout the Eastern Church that the parish priest must be married;—a rule so inflexible that, on the death of his wife, the widower being incapable by the canons of the Church of contracting a second marriage, is compelled to enter a convent; and were it not for this supply of involuntary monks the Servian monasteries would soon be closed. *The monotony and restraint of a convent are felt to be so intolerable*

tolerable after the active duties of a parochial cure, that the question of permitting a parish priest to contract a second marriage has been freely discussed. The regular are said to be inferior in every respect to the secular clergy—peasants in cassocks, in fact, rather than clergymen. If, as is probable, the legislature of Servia should sanction the second marriage of a beneficed clergyman, the monastic order will probably soon become extinct. Preaching does not seem to be highly esteemed in the Servian Church. Out of the forty churches which Mr. Denton visited, the Cathedral of Belgrade alone was furnished with a pulpit. The vestments, ceremonies, and services seem to be a mixture of Oriental splendour and Jewish symbolism. The headdress of the primate is a bonnet much resembling that of the Jewish High Priest, studded with emeralds, garnets, and pearls worked on cloth-of-gold, and surmounted with a brilliant emerald cross.

‘The whole ceremonial, not only in its broader features but down to its minuter details, appeared to me essentially Jewish. . . . It was as though the unvarying East had retained so much of the services of the elder Church as could be made applicable to Christian worship, and had thus restored to them their full and spiritual meaning. This was so much the case that as I stood in the cathedral of Belgrade, with the myriad lights blazing around, and listened to the full choirs chaunting antiphonically, while the people answered in responsive chorus, using the self-same music which may still be heard in the Jewish synagogue, and whilst with the voices of the people clouds of incense, symbolizing “the prayers of the Saints,” rose within and without the door of the sanctuary, with its veil of scarlet covering the way to the holy of holies, I seemed to be standing within that older temple at Jerusalem and listening to the music which, at least from the time of David, has been the sacred heritage of God’s church. This illusion was completed when I saw before me the tall form of the priests, clothed in flowing Oriental garments, full bearded, and with heads as guiltless of the razor as the Nazarites of old.’\*

We have before referred to the connexion of many of the popular festivals of the Servian people with nature. This spirit seems to be embodied in many of the rites of the Church. A recent traveller attended divine service in the cathedral of Belgrade on the festival of the Transfiguration, which happened to be one of the several days of thanksgiving appointed for the different harvests—that of the vintage. Grapes in large clusters were borne into the church in metal basins, and after the service were distributed among the con-

\* ‘Servia and the Servians,’ p. 96.



gregation. Graceful customs of the old times still linger in the observances of the Servian Church, and the peasant, unsuspicious of its source, uses the symbolic worship of nature purified and sanctified by a Christian spirit. The celebration of the corn harvest is pleasing and impressive. Dishes of baked grain, prettily ornamented, are brought in during the Holy Communion. In the centre of each is a lighted candle, and they are all placed on the floor of the choir. At the conclusion of the service these dishes are blessed by the Archbishop, and then removed by their owners. They afterwards make their appearance at the evening entertainments.

The administration of the Sacrament in the Servian Church is thus described :—

‘The richly robed priest, with flowing beard, stood at the central or holy door of the iconostasis, the gates of which are at this time open and the curtains withdrawn. In his left hand he bore the chalice, in his right the spoon, for with the spoon the sacrament is given, the contents of the disc or paten having, after consecration, been carefully swept into the chalice. At the Presbyter’s left hand stood the long-haired ascetic-looking deacon, also in beautiful array. About four feet westward of the priest and deacon, facing them, stood two officials of the church to prevent the danger consequent upon the pressure of the crowd. In front of these two men passed the communicants from south to north, as each in turn came up. Those communicants were of both sexes and all ages. They stood before the chalice-bearing priest with reverent upturned faces, and beneath the mouth of each the deacon held his houselling cloth of violet coloured silk, embroidered in the centre with a cross of gold, whilst into it was placed the holy sacrament of love. After each had communicated his lips were carefully wiped by the deacon.’

Few churches in Servia survived the devastations of the Turks ; the village churches, therefore, are chiefly modern, and very simple ; but there still remain some fine specimens of Byzantine architecture, such as the cathedrals of Studenica, Ravanica, and Manasia. The best churches are said to date from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the thirteenth century, and to resemble in style the early English modified by Italian, particularly by Venetian art.

The devolution of real property in Servia is peculiar. In the case of intestacy the descent is not as in France to children alike but to the sons exclusively. The law is said to be generally in a satisfactory state and its administration good. The Code Napoleon has been partially adopted, and there is a general disinclination to employ professional lawyers or advocates. Among the best institutions of the country are courts of reconciliation in which cases are decided by village elders without any  
expense



expense to the litigants, and from which appeals are rarely carried to higher tribunals. The country is divided into seven-teen provinces, each of which is governed by an officer, whose duty it is to keep order and to report to the ministers of war and interior. Each province is divided into cantons (*Sres*), over which a captain is appointed. The average population of a province is fifty thousand souls; and there are generally three cantons in a province. Mr. Denton describes the reigning Prince Michael as simple in his tastes, and popular with his subjects.

'We had been forewarned,' he says, 'that we should find the Prince full of ambitious projects of enlarging his kingdom, and busy with preparations for encroachments upon the Turks. If these schemes were dwelling in his mind he gave no indications that his thoughts ran on such matters. His whole conversation turned on social, commercial, and agricultural topics, on the state of the schools, and the advances made by the peasantry in the management of their lands. His chief inquiries were as to the state in which we had found the roads, and the convenience and inconvenience of travelling in Servia, and he seemed anxious to learn our opinion of the condition of the people. He spoke of the necessity of improving the navigation of the rivers, and especially that of the Morava, and dwelt upon the advantages which he thought likely to accrue from the projected English company. After some observations upon differences of climate in several parts of Servia, and the want of rain at Belgrade, he gave a lively account of the state of his farms, and handed us a piece of barley which he had plucked a week before in passing through one of his fields—a well formed and full ear of barley gathered in the middle of April was something to be pleased with. In a chat of this kind, without the slightest allusion to politics, or the remotest reference to anything more warlike than a ploughshare and a sickle, we spent half an hour, and left the Prince much pleased with his courtesy, the perfect naturalness of his manner, and the interest which he takes in such peaceful pursuits as road-making and farm cultivation.'

The Servian regular army is limited to four thousand men, including a small corps of artillery and two hundred cavalry, amply sufficient a force, we should think, for all the purposes of police in a country so situated as Servia, without the supplement of an enormous militia, necessarily withdrawn at times from industrial occupations, together with a considerable body of volunteers, all doubtless ready to take the field and render good service to their country against an invader—when he comes.

The pretension of Russia to interfere in the affairs of the Danubian Principalities was put an end to by the Treaty of Paris in 1856, and the check thus given to Russian encroachments in the south of Europe is perhaps the most important result of  
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the Crimean war. Russia assumed no direct religious protectorate over Servia but nevertheless exercised an indirect control over its Government, and was incessantly tampering with the priests. To put down, therefore, these assumptions for ever, the twenty-eighth article of the Treaty of Paris placed the Principality under the collective guarantee of Europe. The attitude of Austria towards Servia has varied with her varying policy and her perplexed political position in different periods of her history. In 1788 she took the Servian Patriarchate under her protection, and combined with Prussia in an attack upon the Ottoman Empire, the avowed object of which was to drive the Turks out of Europe. A considerable body of Servian troops co-operated with the Austrian army in that war and rendered good service at the siege of Belgrade. A large portion of the ancient kingdom of Servia was conquered from Turkey in one campaign, but was restored on the conclusion of peace. The emancipation of the Servian people was not at first regarded with much favour by Austria, for a successful Slavonic insurrection afforded a dangerous example for the nationalities of her heterogeneous empire, and the new Principality presented itself to her alarmed imagination as a nucleus round which the Slavonian population of her own dominions might one day coalesce. The feeling of the Imperial Government with respect to this position of its subjects has however undergone a considerable change. The military colonies of the frontier are composed chiefly of Slavonians, who would never have been encouraged to settle in provinces liable on the first outbreak of war to be overrun by an invader unless a just confidence had been felt in their loyalty, and the Empire having been transformed into a Constitutional State the existence of a kindred people successfully working out their prosperity in a neighbouring country ought not to be regarded with distrust. In a previous number of the '*Quarterly Review*'\* we took occasion to observe how much the establishment of a semi-independent state on the banks of the Danube would be the true policy of Austria, for whatever increases the resources and influence of those countries, which Russia had long marked as its own, must necessarily add to the security of Europe against the ambition of that aggressive Power, and raise up additional barriers to its further progress in the East. The leaning of Servia is now perhaps rather to Austria than to Russia. The ecclesiastical spirit is gradually giving place to the commercial; and as Servia imports not only woollen and cotton goods but its principal newspapers from Germany, opinion must neces-

\* No. xcvi. '*Objects of the War, 1856.*'

sarily be considerably influenced by the German press.\* It is probable, indeed, that Austria will exercise a gradually increasing influence over all the border provinces of Turkey; and it is for her interest, and perhaps for the interest of those countries themselves, that she should. It has been thought indeed that the whole of the South Slavonic family may eventually, notwithstanding the conflict of religious denominations and interests, grow into two principal divisions—the one under Italian, the other under German or Austro-Hungarian influences.†

It requires but a slight knowledge of the events which have occurred in European Turkey within the last twenty years to recognise the fact that a great change has taken place in the attitude of the Turkish Government towards its Christian subjects. In Bulgaria and in Bosnia this change has been especially marked. In Bulgaria, an insurrection promoted by Russian intrigues was easily suppressed in 1849 by Omer Pasha; but its people were treated on the whole with marked lenity; the desires of the Christian population numbering four millions were generally complied with; taxes were more equitably distributed; the wearing of arms was legalised, and other important modifications were introduced in the administration of the province. In Bosnia the feudal tyrants, renegades from Christianity, who had from time immemorial plundered and oppressed their Christian fellow-subjects, were tracked like wild beasts to their lairs, hunted even from the snow summits of the Balkan, sent in chains to Constantinople and transported to Syria or to Egypt. The Christian rayahs were placed on an equality with the Turkish landholders; and the whole population, without respect to faith, was made liable to the military conscription. Russia had speculated on a successful revolt, but the result of her intrigues was a pacified and contented population. In Servia the Bulgarian and Bosnian rebellions excited little sympathy. The Servian Government was well informed of their origin, and so great was the confidence of the Sultan, at that time, in the loyalty of the Principality, that, in the height of the insurrection of the neighbouring provinces, he did not hesitate on the death of the Turkish Governor to commit to the reigning Prince Alexander the provisional command of the citadel of Belgrade.

It is, moreover, a conclusive proof of the good feeling which long subsisted between the Servian people and the *Turks*,

\* Eighty-four German newspapers are circulated to twenty-sixteen of other countries.

† See the last chapter of Viscountess Strangford's *Notes of the Adriatic*, contributed by Lord Strangford.



that, before the unfortunate event at Belgrade, only two insignificant quarrels had occurred in twenty years, although the city contained a Mahomedan population of more than three thousand souls. The Government of Servia has now abandoned, we trust, that attitude of defiance if not of hostility which, instigated by foreign intrigues, it was recently induced to assume. That there exists the remotest desire on the part of the Porte to encroach on the rights and liberties of the Servian people no one in Servia can seriously believe. Servia has now much more to fear from the weakness of Turkey than from its strength; and there can be no justification for those vast military levies and preparations which must weaken rather than increase the real strength and influence of the country. There is an ample field for the energies of the whole Servian population in the arts of peace; and the attention of the Government will be best directed to the education of the people, and to those material improvements which may enable the country to participate in that prosperity the advancing tide of which must sooner or later set in upon all the Danubian countries in consequence of the influx of capital and the extension of railway communication.

Intelligent travellers, too, will doubtless in time be attracted to this remarkable country, where a state of society exists in the rural districts which has scarcely a parallel in Europe, and a people not without high qualities; and while meditating on their eventful history, listening to their national songs, and contemplating their antique dances, the stranger may enjoy scenery equally remarkable for its peculiarity and for its beauty. The general want of inns is compensated by an abundant hospitality, and the few Englishmen who have visited Servia describe their reception as almost partaking of the character of an ovation. For one the inhabitants of a village were drawn up to show their respect for his country; for another, tables covered with fruit were spread by the wayside; for another the inhabitants had prepared bouquets of flowers, and the school-children of the village were assembled to sing a hymn of welcome. This simplicity of manners may not continue long, but the Servian people will long remain very different from any other in Europe.

Whether Servia will prove the nucleus of a wide-spread renewed Slavonian nationality time alone can show; but Servia, independent of Turkey, would necessarily be dependent on some other Power, and it assuredly would neither accord with its avowed aspirations nor with its interests to be absorbed in the vast dominions of the Czar, or to have its political exi-

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extinguished in some great republic of the Danube which Slavonian democracy hopes some day to construct out of the ruins of surrounding nations. There certainly exists a party in England which desires the downfall of the Ottoman empire, and if the future should in any degree resemble the past, the total collapse of Turkey in Europe would seem to be only a question of time. From the day when the Osmanlis sustained their first great defeat on the plains of Hungary, the area of their empire has been gradually contracting. Hungary, Transylvania, Bukovina, Croatia, Bessarabia, the Crimea, and Greece have been successively wrested from their dominion; while Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia have assumed the position of quasi-independent states, and there certainly has been manifested in some quarters a disposition to encourage these dependencies in their attitude of insubordination to their Suzerain, and to demand a formal independence. But since the Peace of Paris in 1856, the political position and prospects of Turkey must be admitted to have materially changed. Its Government has shown an anxious wish to rely once more upon the loyalty and support of all its Christian subjects, for even their military education has become an object of attention. Abuses of power in the provinces are becoming every year more rare, and in all the official reports of British Consuls residing in the interior of the empire there is a remarkable concurrence of testimony that the real oppressors of the Christian population have been their co-religionists, farmers of the taxes, and too often the bishops and pastors of their own Church, who, under the form of ecclesiastical discipline have practised the most grinding extortion. The Government of Turkey is assuredly not wanting in some of those high moral attributes which are the true conservative element of States. An increasing commerce and an improving revenue are also steadily adding to its strength and consolidating its power. An intimate union of her dependent states with Turkey is called for by a community of interests and the necessities of mutual defence. It is manifestly the true policy of Servia to maintain its present connection with the Porte, and to contribute, when required, to the general defence of the empire. A true allegiance to their legitimate Sovereign is neither derogatory to the faith nor inconsistent with the historical antecedents of the Christian subjects of the Porte. Servia, as a vassal State, was certainly associated with the Ottoman arms at the period of their greatest renown; and the Sultan may again find in its vigorous dependency auxiliary ready to bring to the assistance of its Suzerain in some all the traditional hardihood of its race.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Anthologia Græca, ex Recensione Brunckii*. Ed. Fried. Jacobs. Lipsiæ, 1794.
2. *Bland's Collections*. By Merivale. London, 1833.
3. *Anthologia Polyglotta*. Ed. Henry Wellesley, D.D. London, 1849.
4. *Epitaphs from the Greek Anthology*. By Major R. G. Macgregor. London, 1857.
5. *The Greek Anthology*. Translated by G. Burges, M.A. London, 1854.
6. *Martialis Epigrammata*. Schneidewin. Leipsic, 1853.
7. *Martial and the Moderns*. By Andrew Amos, Esq. Cambridge, 1858.
8. *Delitiæ Delitiarum, sive Epigrammatum ex Optimis quibusque hujus et Novissimi Sæculi Poetis . . . ἀνθολογία in unam corollam connexa*. Op. Abr. Wright, A.B. Oxford, 1637.
9. *Bernardi Bauhusii Epigrammatum Libri V*. Antverpiæ, 1620.
10. *Joannis Owen, Oxoniensis, Cambro Britanni, Epigrammatum Liber Singularis*. London, 1622.
11. *Epigrammata Thomæ Mori, Angli*. Londini, 1638.
12. *Patersoni Niniani Glascuensis Epigrammatum Libri Octo*. Edinburgi, 1678.
13. *Georgii Buchananani Scoti Poemata*. Amstelædami, 1687.
14. *The Festoon; a Collection of Epigrams, Ancient and Modern*. London and Bath, 1766.
15. *The Poetical Farrago; being a Miscellaneous Assemblage of Epigrams and other Jeux d'Esprit*. 2 Vols. London, 1794.
16. *The Panorama of Wit, exhibiting at one view the Choicest Epigrams in the English Language*. London, 1809.
17. *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern*. Edited by the Rev. J. Booth, B.A. London, 1863.
18. *Greek Anthology*. Translated by Major R. G. Macgregor. London, 1864.

IT may seem a truism to set out with the statement that Greece was the mother-country of the epigram. Yet patent truths are not seldom overlooked and lost sight of; and it is, indeed, owing to forgetfulness of the fact that the model of an epigram must be sought in the literature of its birthland, that so much latitude and discrepancy have marked the attempts of other countries to naturalize this species of poetry. In its home the epigram is distinguished by its sweet, direct, and frank simplicity. It is lively, without guile; and pointed, without intent  
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to vex or offend. But in its sojourns in foreign parts it will be found to have contracted more or less the prevailing vices of the atmosphere it has learned to breathe; and thus have arisen various types of 'epigram' so called, each approaching uncritical readers with plausible claims to acceptance, each contributing to confuse the superficial student as to the distinction between the epigram *proper*, and its inexact and irregular foreign imitations. For simplicity coarseness is too often substituted; liveliness degenerates into personality; the 'point,' which is the prime ingredient of the genuine article, becomes, through a literal and narrow interpretation of the scanty recipes of antiquity, an unmistakeable and unmasked 'sting' in the counterfeit. Not, indeed, that there are no cases of happy transplantation—not that it is to be supposed that among the Latins, Italians, French, Spanish, or ourselves, there have lacked epigrammatists who could catch up the refined spirit of the Greek muse; but it is only necessary to wade through a dozen pages of any collection of 'Epigrams, ancient and modern,' in order to be convinced that what was in Greece a graceful sprightly nymph, 'a simple maiden in her flower,' is transformed, for the most part, through change of soil and climate, into a coarse and scurrilous harridan. Hence it is that we find distinguished writers, such as Dryden and Addison, holding the epigram in low esteem; hence, in the judgment of a not incompetent critic, 'the dignity of a great poet is thought to be lowered by the writing of epigrams.\*' Now, is there anything in the remains of Simonides, Callimachus, Leonidas of Tarentum, Meleager and others, which can justify a disparaging estimate of this class of poetry in its original growth? Is it not rather—when it has assumed the form which it wears in the sometimes fulsome, sometimes foul-mouthed epigrams of Martial; when it has put on the loose robes which our neighbours across the Channel have willed that it shall wear among themselves, because, forsooth, the 'Epigram à la Grecque' does not come up to the demand for piquancy, which is made with them upon every class of literature, and not this only; or when, again, it has chanced, as in our own land, upon coarser days, social and literary—that the epigram deserves to be esteemed lightly, as a composition in which bitterness and spleen play as large a part as wit or ingenuity?

This is surely an interesting question, and, doubtless, it is one on which much may be urged on both sides. It will, perhaps, not be labour lost to search a little into the history of the epigram, with a view to ascertaining what is its original character, and

\* W. S. Landor, Collected Works, i. 15.

what are the merely adventitious accidents of its sojourn in foreign lands. No one would be so hardy as to maintain that no advantage is derived from travel; but it seems certain that, at all events in the case of the epigram, harm as well as good may accrue from the practice of peregrination.

It is not a little remarkable that we can arrive at no precise definition of the Greek epigram in the extant pages of its own literature. There is, no doubt, a floating rumour that it should have the qualities of a bee, 'point, or sting, minuteness and honey;' but we are unable to trace this dogma up to any Greek original. Nay, it does not even claim a distinguished Latin parentage, though we find with surprise the epigram

' Omne epigramma sit instar apis: sit aculeus illi: \*  
Sint sua mella; sit et corporis exigui,'

ascribed by Mr. Riley in 'Bohn's Dictionary of Classical Quotations' to Martial himself. This is surely an inadvertency on the part of a generally painstaking scholar; for in no 'index verborum' or 'epigrammatum,' and in no examination of the poet's books, have we been able to meet with these lines; which, moreover, are quoted by neither Gesner, Facciolati, nor Smith, under the word 'epigramma,' in their dictionaries. The real parentage of these verses we have been unable to trace, nor are they worth much inquiry, except in so far as they seem to have influenced the modern manufacture of epigrams; and this, as is often the case, in a one-sided fashion. The fact of the 'sting' being a *sine quâ non* appears to have sunk deepest into the minds of imitators, and would-be epigrammatists. In p. 250 of 'The Panorama of Wit,' a collection published in 1809, we find what seems a free translation of the epigram given above:—

' The qualities rare in a bee that we meet  
In an epigram never should fail:  
The body should always be little and sweet,  
And a *sting* should be left in its tail.'

And the same idea pervades the epigram of Lessing 'On a volume of epigrams,' which is thus translated in Booth's collection:—

' *Point* in his foremost epigram is found,  
Bee-like, he lost his sting at the first wound.'—p. 157.

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\* 'Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all:  
A *sting* and honey, and a body small.'—Riley.

'An epigram should be, if right,  
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,  
A lively little thing;  
Like wasp, with taper body—bound  
By lines—not many—neat and round,  
All ending in a *sting*.'



There are other English recipes for epigram-making, which account the kindred 'needle,' and 'the point that can wound and eye to look round' an essential ingredient in the composition. Yet no such idea is, we opine, traceable to the Greek precept or practice. In the best epigrams of their Anthology, sarcasm, even of the most polished kind, is exceedingly rare, that of Simonides on his rival Timocreon being one of the few instances (Jacobs, I. 70, lv.).

πολλὰ φάγων καὶ πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν  
ἀνθρώπους, κείμει Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

An examination of the copious collections of Jacobs will convince the closest inquirer that there is little internal evidence of any absolute requirement for the epigram, save *brevity*, which, with Cyril, (Jacobs III. 194),\* is synonymous with a distich, or three lines at the most, and by Parmenio, the Macedonian, (Jacobs II. 184) † is limited to a very few lines. In this respect the mother-country stands in very favourable contrast to the lands which have given welcome to the epigram on its travels, that its samples of this kind rarely exceed the measure which he, who runs, may read and retain. On the other hand, the chief of Latin epigrammatists has epigrams of thirty lines in length; and modern imitators, under cover of his example, have not unfrequently committed the error of which Cyril warns them; and by exceeding due limits produced rhapsodies, not epigrams.

But if the epigrammatists themselves are silent concerning the rules and prescriptions of their art, it is not difficult to gather some notion of its primary ideal by calling etymology, archaeology, and history to our aid. The primary meaning of the word is simply 'an inscription;' that little note which of old explained to passers-by the object of a tomb, a cenotaph, a temple, a statue, or an arch. Now the note was a simple monogram; now a single hexameter verse; and now, again, an elegiac couplet, conveying the object of the memorial, whereon it was writ. Tracing the word up to the father of history, Herodotus, ‡ we have two *loci classici* in the fifth and seventh books, which give us specimens of the single verse and of the couplet, as they were inscribed on tripods in Apollo's Temple at Thebes, and as old, in the historian's judgment, as Laius, the son of Labdacus; and of the famous distiches inscribed on the tomb of those who fell at

\* Παγκάλων ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθης τοὺς τρεῖς, ραψωδεῖς, κόνη ἐπίγραμμα ποιεῖς.—Cyril. ap. Jacobs.

† Φημὶ πολυστιχίην ἐπιγράμματος οὐ κατὰ μόνους εἶναι. κ. τ. λ.—Parmenio, Maced., ii. 184, Jacobs.

‡ Herodot. v. 59; vii. 228.



Thermopylæ, as well as that famous four-lined epigram of Simonides over the seer Megistias, which has been so well turned into English by one who had made Simonides, as it were, his own, Mr. Sterling: \*

‘Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,  
Him on this side Spercheus slew the Medes:  
A seer who well foresaw his coming doom,  
But would not lose his share in Sparta’s deeds.’

An examination of like epigrams, quoted by Thucydides, † as extant in his day, in the Temple of the Pythian Apollo, and at Lampsacus, shows that the first intention of the ‘epigram’ was simply commemoration on stone, or marble, or brass, or other impressible substance. Such records would, of necessity, be brief; and, of equal necessity, the wits of a writer would be strained to enshrine in fewest words the most telling praise and most crowning feature of the object commemorated. Hence the origin of the neat turn and pointed expression; and it is easy to conceive that, as was indeed the case, the province of the epigram would by degrees extend itself, so that what had been peculiar to sepulchral inscriptions or votive offerings, was transferred, by analogy, to the expression of thoughts which might have served as *inscriptions*, and which, taking the form of such, passed down to posterity through the medium of oral tradition, or in extant poetic ‘garlands.’ In time the epigram came to serve the purpose of the bard who cared to record any event of interest, to point a neat compliment, or to sketch some striking characteristic with telling conciseness. The essentials appear to have been brevity, completeness, adaptation of metrical form to the expression of thought. *Point* was indeed appreciated, but it stood, if anything, in a secondary rank as compared with elegance and conciseness; and those who take their notion of an epigram from the pungent personalities which pervade Martial’s books, or those of the mass of our English epigrammatists, are not to be wondered at, if, finding these to their taste, they find the Greek somewhat insipid by comparison. ‘They have nothing that bites, but something that tickles,’ is the character given to Greek epigrams in the article ‘Epigrams’ of the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica;’ but to our mind this sentence hardly sets in a just light the native charm of the Greek. It is wholly inadequate to express the rare felicity, the nameless grace, the complete yet in-

\* Simonides, 1. Fragm., xxv. p. 64, Jacobs. John Sterling’s Translation in *Anthologia Polyglotta*, lxxxvii. p. 75. Bland’s Translation of Epigrams, ed. Merivale, p. 64.

† Thucyd. vi. 54, 59.

effable expressiveness of a great portion of the gems which are richly strewn over the pages of the 'Greek Anthology.' These are by no means wanting in refined wit and easy simplicity; and though French taste has frequently pronounced them flat, and spiritless, and saltless, they will not the less command the attention and affection of such as can, through cultivation, appreciate 'that tongue in which so many of the noblest works of man's genius lie enshrined;' not the less be deemed by competent judges as among the best models for imitation, the choicest treasures for memory, the most characteristic, if not the most elaborate specimens, of the poetic achievements of Hellas.

'The Greek Anthology,' we are quoting the Preface to 'Liddell and Scott's Lexicon,' 'contains about 4500 epigrams, by about 300 authors.' Out of so large a collection it is a marvel that so few should descend to absolute mediocrity, and so many attain a high standard of excellence. Take the fifteen books of Martial, and weed them of the epigrams purely fulsome; this done, expunge those which are so coarse that it were hopeless to attempt to clothe them in 'parliamentary language;' and it will be seen how the Latin epigram suffers by contrast with the Greek. Catullus, again, must lie under the same ban of coarseness; whilst of the numerous other Latin poets, of whose epigrams we have extant specimens, the most to be said is, that their best efforts have been those in which they have copied the spirit, not less than the matter, of the Greek epigrammatists. Comparatively little that demands expurgation causes difficulty in placing a large portion of the 'Greek Anthology' in the hands of youth. If imitators of this class of poesy in other lands had observed the general care of the Greek epigram writers to set down nought that they might afterwards wish to blot, it had never followed that, as that ripest scholar, Ben Jonson, says, in dedicating his epigrams to the Earl of Pembroke, 'their name' had 'carried danger in its sound.' For a pleasant and genial field of recreation, commend us to the 'Greek Anthology;' for a charming exercise in light and easy criticism, to the spirited versions of the 'Anthologia Polyglotta,' the earlier collection by Bland and J. H. Merivale, and to the translations from the 'Greek Anthology,' collected by Mr. George Burges. These have picked well-nigh all the plums, though, as far as monumental epigrams are concerned, there is considerable merit in the faithful and forcible versions of Major R. Guthrie Macgregor, a retired Indian officer, who, from the days when he was a Reading schoolboy under Dr. Valpy, has devoted his leisure to these and kindred pursuits. We should hope much from his experiments, if he could be induced to make them, into the wider



and more general field.\* In the volumes which we have enumerated, there is no danger of stumbling on the comparatively few epigrams of Meleager, Agathias, and two or three others, which, for nameless reasons, are objectionable and distasteful, but which are rather characteristic of a depraved age and standard of morality, than of an intention to offend by deliberate coarseness and impurity.

There is one point of view in which the minute study of the 'Greek Anthology' is especially interesting, inasmuch as it, in some sort, ministers to our self-love. In these days of a world that is growing into old age, it is the fashion to say that there is no such thing as originality in our poets or imaginative writers. But read up the Greek epigrams with a previous intimate acquaintance with our best English literature, and, verily, you shall find much confirmation for the venerable proverb, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' In these utilitarian days the study of the Classics is subjected to much railing accusation; but what our English literature would have been without it, is seen when we compare the finished and perfected conceit of a Jonson, a Shakspeare, a Pope, with the original idea drawn by them, consciously or unconsciously, from Greek sources. This would be abundantly evident in a survey of the 'Greek Anthology.' Of the few gleanings from that broad field which we have made for citation, some will admit of ready parallelism in Latin or English, whilst others will wake echoes of some familiar strain, or recall fragments and snatches, which, though we may not be able at once to trace to their source, yet impress us with a strong suspicion that they are, in reality, old friends, whose address we have simply lost.

For example, although the following from Simonides may be one of the latter class, it is not improbably the germ of an idea which has been in many forms worked into subsequent poetry. Simonides, xlii.; Jacobs, I. 67:—

τῶνδε ποτὲ στέρνοισι ταυγλωχίνας οἷστοὺς  
 λούσεν Φωινίσσα θούρος Ἀρῆς ψεκᾶδι.  
 ἀντὶ δ' ἀκοντοδόκων ἀνδρῶν μνημεῖα θανόντων  
 ἄψυχ' ἐμψύχων ἄδε κέκευθε κόνις.\*

† In red drops gushing from their stubborn hearts,  
 Impetuous war once bathed his keenest darts.  
 For great-soul'd men who at the spear-point died,  
 This lifeless dust serves soulless tombs to hide.—*Macgregor.*

\* Since writing the above remarks we have had the pleasure of perusing Major Macgregor's 'Anthology,' a work of great labour and proportionate merit, anticipating our wish and comprehending well-nigh the whole range of Greek epigrams. We are the less sorry that we have not made extracts from it, because it is a volume that ought to be in every library, and is calculated to amuse the unlearned as well as to interest the scholar.



Here the first two lines of the original recall to the memory Gray's expression in his 'Fatal Sisters,' 'Iron sleet of arrowy shower,' and that of Milton (Par. Reg. iii. 324), 'Sharp sleet of arrowy showers,' while the general sentiment has been repeated again and again in later poetry. But the following pretty conceit of Plato, in all probability the philosopher himself, has a more close imitation. Jacobs, I. p. 102 :—

‘ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην  
οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω.’

This has been translated, it is needless to say gracefully, by Thomas Moore himself :—

‘Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!  
Then every star should be an eye,  
To wander o’er thy beauties here.’

and more closely by an elder translator, T. Stanley :—

‘The stars, my star, thou view’st! Heaven might I be  
That I with many eyes might gaze on thee.’

We have no intention of entering upon the question of Shakespeare's scholarship, lest we should seem to imitate in the matter of his classical acquirements, certain supererogatory endeavours to prove the depth of the great dramatist's Biblical studies. But when we note that Apuleius (416. Apol. ed. Paris) has this Latin version—

‘Astra vides: utinam fiam, mi sidus, Olympus!  
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam,’

it does not seem improbable that from this Latin version, or some English rendering of it by earlier English poets, our Shakespeare may have culled the conceit which he has wrought out in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ Act ii. sc. 1 :—

‘Two of the fairest stars in all the Heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return,’ &c.,

as well as in Juliet's words in the 2nd scene of the third act, which follow up the same thought. We cannot pass from this epigram without quoting J. Sylvester's pretty imitation of it :—

‘Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.’

The epigrams ascribed to Plato are, as might be expected, mostly rich in fancy. There is, e. g., one on ‘Lais's Looking-glass,’

glass,' which Prior has appropriated and condensed (Jacobs, I. vii. p. 103) ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα κ.τ.λ. :—

'Venus, take my looking-glass,  
Since I am not what I was.  
What from this day I shall be,  
Venus, let me never see.'

Another (Jacobs, I. xvi.)—

τὸν Σάτυρον Διόδωρος ἐκοίμισεν, οὐκ ἐτόρευσεν,  
ἦν νύξῃς, ἐγερεῖς ἄργυρος ὕπνον ἔχει,

reminds us of Shakespeare's 'And sleep in dull cold marble' (Henry VIII. iii. 2), and numberless familiar expansions of the same idea. There is yet another worth quoting, by Plato, which has been turned into most modern languages, and in translating which Moore and Shelley have contended with equal success. It is in Jacobs, I. xxi. p. 106 :—

ἄστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐφῶς  
νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἑσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

Shelley renders this

'Thou wert the morning star among the living  
Ere thy fair light had fled :  
Now having died thou art, as Hesperus, giving  
New splendour to the dead.'

But Major Macgregor is literal and good also—

'As Phosphor erst thy light on life was shed,  
As Hesper now it shines among the dead.'

There is a beautiful little epigram by Nossis, a poetess of Locri in Italy, of a date not earlier than the reign of Ptolemy Soter. It is upon a statue of her daughter, and occurs in Jacobs, I. vii. p. 128. Ἀὐτομέλιννα τέτυκται Ἰδ' ὡς ἄργανόν τὸ πρόσωπον.' κ. τ. λ. This is gracefully rendered by Mr. J. H. Merivale :—

'In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace ;  
'Tis hers, that form ; 'tis hers, that speaking face !  
How like her mother's ! Oh what joy to see  
Ourselves reflected in our progeny.'

Parallels to this, in Horace and in Catullus, are too obvious to need quotation, but the general idea may be illustrated by Shakespeare's 'King John.' Act i. :—

'He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face.

\* \* \* \*

Mine eye hath well examined his parts.  
And found them "perfect Richard."

In the collection of epigrams by Leonidas of Tarentum (B.C. 278), one of the purest writers in the 'Anthology,' we pause at one epigram, which becomes especially interesting if we take into account the writer's history, and bear in mind that he had experimental knowledge of exile, from having been carried away captive by Pyrrhus. Its subject is 'Home, sweet home' (Jacobs, I. lv. p. 168). 'μή φθείρευ, ὦνθρωπε, περιπλάνιον βίον ἔλκων.' κ. τ. λ. It is a long epigram to quote in Greek, and it may suffice to give Bland's adequate version (p. 135):—

'Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed  
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,  
And some poor plot with vegetables stored  
Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board,  
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow  
Wild on the river bank or mountain brow,—  
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide  
More heart's-repose than all the world beside.'

No one can help comparing this with Goldsmith's 'Traveller,—

'Thus every good his native wilds impart  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms,' &c.,

and with the even more familiar lines of the same poem, commencing with

'The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone.'

The same epigrammatist of Tarentum has left an elegant epigram on one Crethon, a rich man (see Jacobs, I. lxix. p. 172):—

'Who once had wealth, not less than Gyges' gold,  
Who once was rich in stable, stall, and fold:  
Who once was blest above all living men  
With lands—how narrow now—so ample then!

—Bland, p. 138.

an idea reproduced a hundredfold, and notably by Shakespeare—  
'Henry IV.'—(Act v. Sc. 4.)

'When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.'

probably



probably in imitation of the lines of Ovid (*Metam.* xii. 615, &c.).\* With the 98th Epigram of Leonidas in the 'Anthologia' of Jacobs, beginning 'ποιμένες, οἷ ταύτην ὄρεος ῥάχιν οἰοπολείτε,' Bland aptly compares Collins's Elegy 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, &c.' Two verses (7, 8)

ἑῖαρι δὲ πρώτῳ λειμώνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρσας  
χωρίτης στεφένω τύμβον ἔμὸν στεφάνῳ,

are interesting, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but also for having perhaps suggested Collins's first stanza,

'Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.'

After Leonidas, passing by several lesser epigrammatists, we pause at Euphronion (B.C. 274), a native of Chalcis, not so much for the purpose of parallelism, as to notice how much cleverness commentators are apt to waste on passages, for the comprehension of which common sense and poetic taste are a sufficient equipment. At the second verse of the epigram, 'On a Corpse washed ashore' (Jacobs, I. ii. p. 189),

οὐ Τρηχίς λιθιάϊος ἐπ' ὅστέα κείνα καλύνπει,  
οὐδ' ἢ κνάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρῃ.—κ. τ. λ.

that erratic genius, George Burges, is moved with indignation at his predecessors for having left that verse unnoted. For γράμμα he suggests reading λαῖτμα, 'sea-swell,' or χρῶμα, 'colour,' which last seems to be the reading adopted by Merivale. But why these emendations? Nothing is more natural than to understand the line to refer to the rock receiving the dark blue sea's handwriting, the rock on which the constant action of the ceaseless wave writes its deep-printed characters. Much ingenuity is often wasted by those who, as it were, put on a pair of extraordinary spectacles, instead of trusting to the simpler exercise of their own every-day vision.

To the treasury of Greek epigrams no mean augmentations have been contributed by the Alexandrian bards, Theocritus and Callimachus. From the former poet we cull 'On Epicharmus' for its exceeding beauty, which causes us to marvel that it finds no place in any other version save Chapman's. It is to be found in Jacobs, I. xvi. p. 199, and begins 'ἄ τε φωνὰ Δωρίος, χῶνιρ ὁ τὴν κωμωδίαν.' This Chapman renders

\* 'Jam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille  
Nescio quid, parvam quod non bene compleat urnam.'

'We Dorian Epicharmus praise in Dorian,  
 Who first wrote comedy, but now, alas,  
 Instead of the true man, the race Pelorian,  
 Bacchus, to thee presents him wrought in brass.  
 Here stands he in their wealthy Syracuse,  
 Known for his wealth, and other service too—  
 To all he many a saw of practic use  
 Declared, and mighty honour is his due.'\*

It is but fair to remark upon the last couplet that the sense and beauty of the passage are enhanced, if we read *παισὶν* for *πᾶσιν*. Force is clearly gained, gratitude is more appropriate, if instead of 'To all' we read 'To youth.' The same Theocritus has another epigram not much known, but which, as it is translated by Chapman, might be a good motto for the establishment of a poetic private banker, if such a person exist. (See Jacobs, I. xxi. p. 200. 'On a Bank.') 'ἀστοῖς καὶ ξείνοισιν ἴσον νέμει ἅδε τράπεζα':—

'With stranger and with citizen the same  
 I deal: your own deposit take away  
 Paying the charge: excuse let others frame;  
 His debts Caius e'en at night will pay.'

It is hard to select for the best out of the abundant fair specimens of Callimachus. His fourth epigram ('ἡμισὺν μὲν ψυχῆς.' κ. τ. λ. Jacobs, I. 212) is elegantly translated by Mr. J. H. Merivale in Bland's collection, and looks in its borrowed dress very much like an early English love-song; but we turn to one 'On the Chase,' which has been done by the same translator with his accustomed taste, not however so closely or briefly as in an anonymous version, which we give (Jacobs, xi. 214. vol. 1), 'Ὠ'γρευτῆς' Ἐπίκυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν':—

'O'er the hills, Epicydes, the hunter will go  
 In pursuit of a hare or on track of a roe,  
 No stranger to frost, or to snow-storm. But say,  
 "Hold! here is our game dead! He recks not his prey."  
 So the fair one, who shuns it, my love will pursue,  
 Disdaining all charms within reach and in view.'

The closing verses recall more than one obvious English parallel, and bring to mind distinctly Horace's lines in the second satire of the first book (v. 105), as translated from them:—

\* This recalls Ben Jonson on 'Shakspeare's Portrait':—

'O could he but have drawn his wit  
 As well in brass, as he has hit  
 His face, the print would then surpass  
 All that was ever writ in brass.'

‘Leporem venator ut altā  
In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:  
Cantat et apponit;—meus est amor huic similis: nam  
Transvolat in medio posita et fugientia captat.’

We add yet another gem of Callimachus, set in English by Henry Nelson Coleridge, in Bland’s collection. The original commences ‘εἶπε τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόνον.’ κ. τ. λ. (Jacobs, I. xlvii. p. 223):—

‘They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;  
And then, I thought, and tears thereon were shed,  
How oft we two talk’d down the sun: but thou—  
Halicarnassian guest—art ashes now!  
Yet live thy nightingales of song. On those  
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne’er impose.’

The bold and exquisite figure in the last verse but one, ‘τεὰ ζῶουσιν ἀηδόνες,’ is better preserved in this version than in any other of the many experiments upon it which we have seen.

There are several beautiful epigrams in the ‘Greek Anthology,’ by Antipater of Sidon, a contemporary of Cicero; particularly one ‘On Anacreon’ (see Jacobs, II. lxxiii. 26, ‘θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος Ἀνάκρεον.’ κ. τ. λ.) which has been made familiar to English readers in the free but melodious versions of ‘Anacreon’ Moore. Who does not remember the verses beginning

‘Around thy tomb, O bard divine,’

and

‘Again the golden hours have winged their flight,’

yet how few that feel their charm, remember that half of it at least is due to the Greek? But if one were to multiply selections from one Greek epigrammatist and another, the task might go on for ever. There is indeed no end to the weighing and balancing of rival gems in which the lover of the ‘Greek Anthology’ is involved, if he would inspire others with the same passion for their beauty and rich conceits. We must forbear any further citation, when we have set down two from that voluminous poet and collector, Meleager, and one from Palladas, a poet of Christian times, if not faith. Our citations from both admit of English parallels. The first which we give is the stock of many imitations. Those by J. H. Merivale and B. Keene, in Bland’s ‘Anthology,’ are longer than the anonymous version which we subjoin, and which fairly gives the force of the Greek. (Jacobs, I. xci. p. 27.) ‘κηρύσσω τὸν Ἐρωτα.’ κ. τ. λ. :—

‘A hue and cry for Love! The wild one’s fled!  
Just now at dawn he left his rosy bed.  
Glib is his tongue: the lad sheds pretty tears:  
Fleet is his foot, his heart unknown to fears.

Around



Around his smile a dash of scorn he flings,  
 His quiver-bearing-back is girt with wings.  
 I cannot name his sire: for earth and sky  
 And sea the bold brat's parentage deny.  
 Nowhere is he a favourite. Yet, beware,  
 Perchance e'en here for hearts he lays his snare.  
 Yes! there's his ambush! Mark him, where he lies!  
 Archer, I spy thee in yon maiden's eyes!

Of this passage we can hardly doubt that Congreve was thinking when he wrote his

'Cruel Aminta, can you see  
 A heart thus torn, which you betray'd:  
 Love of himself ne'er vanquished me,  
*But through your eyes the conquest made.*  
*In ambush there the traitor lay,*  
 Where I was led by faithless smiles:  
 No wretches are so lost as they,  
 Whom much security beguiles.'

The 88th epigram of Meleager, beginning 'Εὐδεις, Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλος.' κ.τ.λ., is also a beautiful conceit, aptly rendered by Mr. J. H. Merivale:—

'Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower! Would I were Sleep,  
 For ever on those lids my watch to keep!  
 So should I have thee all my own—nor he,  
 Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be!'

No one can forget a similar wish in 'Romeo and Juliet' (Act ii. sc. 2), or Romeo's aspiration:—

'Sleep dwell upon thine eyes: Peace in thy breast!  
 Would I were Sleep and Peace; so sweet to rest!'

The epigram of Palladas, which we take from the 'Anthologia Polyglotta,' cxlii., is introduced for the purpose of showing the germ of Pope's more elaborate expression of the same thought:—

'ἡ φύσις ἐξεῦρεν, φίλης θεσμούς ἀγαπῶσα  
 τῶν ἀποδημούντων ὄργανα συντυχίης,  
 τὸν κάλαμον, χάρτην, τὸ μέλαν, τὰ χαράγματα χειρός  
 σύμβολα τῆς ψυχῆς τηλόθεν ἀχνυμένης.'

The accomplished editor of the 'Anthologia Polyglotta,' Dr. Wellesley, has turned this with dexterity and neatness,

'Ingenuous Nature's zeal for friendship's laws  
 A means for distant friends to meet could find,  
 Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,  
 Betokening from afar the anxious mind.'

But

But the parallel from Pope's 'Abelard to Heloise' is very striking, and, though Pope got his sentiment no doubt out of Abelard's Latin epistles, who is to say whether Abelard may not have had the epigram, or some form of it, in his head?

'Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.'

There is, of course, a fair sprinkling of humorous epigrams, chiefly perhaps by the later epigrammatist, to be found in the Greek Anthologies. Such is that epigram about Asclepiades the Miser, and the Mouse which came to him for a lodging, not for board. But these are not, it seems to us, the salt of the Greek epigrams. Other nations rival or eclipse them in the humorous. In their own peculiar vein they are unmatched.

Of the foregoing specimens of that vein, to the illustrations of which from English poetry it is but fair to say that Bland's notes to his 'Anthology' have been frequently made useful, some, it will be seen, are amatory, some monumental; some, 'inscriptions' proper; others, epigrams in the second intention of the word. But it will be observed also, that, of whatever character, they do not err as to lack of refinement; they are free from personality. They do not trust for their wit to the vulgar process of setting up a butt, at which to throw. And this, we venture to think, is the peculiar characteristic of the epigram on its native soil. No doubt it is possible to pick out from among a vast number some two or three that are virulently personal. There will always be bilious poets, and woe to those that offend them. But such epigrams are the rare exception to a very general rule; and the strong language in which Hipponax and his crew are spoken of in the 'Anthology' evidences the ill-savour in which biting sarcasm and personal invective were held by the usually genial epigrammatists. As to the *length*, moreover, of these pieces, the Greeks are almost always within bounds. If they often exceed two or three couplets, they seldom go beyond four; and they so conclude one thought in the briefest and most telling mode of expression, that we cannot find it in our hearts to begrudge them a space which they fill so well and so honestly. They have unmistakeable *point*, reasonable *brevity*, and very frequently *honey-sweetness*; but, as we set out by observing, they do not make it a *sine quâ non*, or even a strong requirement, that the *point* should be of the nature of a *sting*. We cannot pass on to those steadfast

imitators

imitators of their illustrious captive, the rough Latin race, without perceiving that in this matter of epigrams, they were scarcely apt scholars. They found it most hard, in this class of poetry, to put off their 'sylvestris animus,' and to forget that they were not still, as of old, for ever occupied in games of Fescennine licence.

In the range of Burmann's 'Latin Anthology,' we have found comparatively few graceful or original Latin epigrams, among the best of which are to be classed the three celebrated epitaphs on Plautus, Ennius, and Nævius. The most considerable of Latin epigrammatists were, of course, Catullus and Martial. The former was a diligent imitator of the Greeks, though in the branch of poetry now under discussion he certainly failed to catch the real spirit of his pattern. His epigrams have indeed the merit of brevity, but they are rarely free from personality, and very frequently make use of their sting in a most savage and scurrilous manner. Readers of the 'Atys,' of the 'Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis,' or of the 'Elegy on his lost Brother' can scarcely persuade themselves that it was even the master of the grand and the pathetic,—the same Catullus, who wrote these,—that condescended to spin by the distich or two distiches infamous charges against Julius Cæsar and his compeers, the only marked feature in which charges is their boldness of imputation. Neither is there in them any great effort at giving a sharp edge to the last line or half-line, as is common with Martial; but, if herein they are more after the Greek model, they come behind it in so many of its better features, that we could be well content to forego this portion of the remains of Verona's bard, and readily forget that he ever wrote an epigram. But there have been those who were interested in preventing this obliviousness. Martial understood the value of a precedent. He prefaces his first book of epigrams with a defence of personality as well as of wantonness. 'Lascivam verborum veritatem, id est, epigrammatum excusarem si *meum* esset exemplum: sic scribit Catullus, sic Marsus, sic Pædo, sic Gætulicus, sic quicumque perlegitur.' Catullus is pushed into the foremost rank of those under whose practice he shields himself; and in one of his earliest epigrams Martial pleads that singular excuse for a wanton muse, which Catullus\* had pleaded before him:—

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\* 'Nam castum esse decet pium poetam  
Ipsum: versiculos nihil necesse est.'—*Catullus*.

'Distant mores a carmine nostri:  
Vita verecunda est: Musa jocosa mihi est.'—*Ovid, Trist.*, ii.

Seneca, however, philosophises after a better fashion when he quotes from a Greek source:—'Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.'

'Innocentius



‘Innocuos censura potest permittere lusus :  
Laseiva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.’—*Ep.* i. iv.

What Martial's life was is, we think, beside the question. Probably it will be sufficient to pass over that needless speculation with the apt lines of Muretus in his ‘*Juvenilia*’ :—

‘*Raro moribus exprimit Catonem,  
Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum.*’

But in point of fact, as to the books of Martial, it is undeniable that the licence for which he adroitly pleads the example of Catullus, has been used so freely, as to leave about a fifth part only out of some sixteen hundred epigrams unobjectionable on the score of vice and immorality ; and this, be it remembered, is done of set purpose, done to pander to the depraved taste of his readers, as we learn from other passages beside that one in the first book (i. 35) :—

‘*Lex hæc carminibus data est jocosis  
Ne possint, nisi pruriant, juvare.*’

Never was there a stricter observer of this law ; never did poet, in a graver measure, mar gifts, of which here and there he furnishes brilliant indications, of humour, ridicule, irony, strong sense, and sagacity, by bowing (if his plea were true) to the low tastes of his age, instead of seeking to raise them to a higher standard. Taken in the truer and better sense of the word, there is little in the epigrams of Martial which deserves the name. They are the very Antipodes of the Greek. For personality and scurrility they are verily a scandalous chronicle. Run over a book or two, and you are nauseated with the poet's surmises about Ælia's four teeth (i. 19), Nævia's cough (ii. 26), the causes of the paleness of Charinus (i. 77), and the claims of Quirinalis to be called a ‘*paterfamilias*’ (i. 84). Acerra smells of last night's wine (i. 28), Gellia keeps for the public view her tears over her dead father (i. 33), Tongilianus burns his premises to cheat the insurance-companies (iii. 52). Middle-aged matrons clope from Baïæ (i. 62). Afra, though a grandam, prattles about her papa and mamma. Hair, teeth, complexion, everything about everybody is false and unreal ; and never is the poet so much at home as when he is unveiling all the mysteries of paint and enamel. Now and then, indeed, he virtuously attempts to rebut the charge of personality, as where (in x. 33) he asserts

‘*Hunc servare modum nostri novere libelli,  
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.*’

A wholesome rule truly, if it is observed ; and one which Ben Jonson has adapted in his ‘*Prologue to the Silent Woman*’ :—

‘And

'And still t'hath been the praise of all best times,  
So persons were not touched, to tax the crimes;'

but a rule, we are forced to think, honoured by Martial only in the breach. His practice belies his preaching, a circumstance which always carries an ugly look with it. He rarely fails to impart a sting to his epigrams, if no other way can be found, by personal allusion and invective. There is, however, one class to which he is consistently lenient, the powers that be. Domitian is a faultless being, a hero, a god. His least and most trifling act is made the subject of a fulsome panegyric. The accident of any Roman being a favourite of the Emperor insures him an immunity from the sting of this partial moralist. When one Festus commits suicide to escape the lingering death of a consuming malady, his courage is exalted above that of Cato, because that self-murderer died to escape a Cæsar, whereas a strong inducement to Festus to live on, with any amount of disease, is the love and friendship of another Cæsar (i. 78). In the 'Book of the Spectacles,' the Emperor is credited with a humane desire to impose even on the brute creation a gentler and less savage nature, because, forsooth, when one of his lions had bitten his keeper and feeder, Domitian on the spur of the moment commanded the wild beast to be shot (i. 10). In one place Domitian is beslavered with the palpable flattery that he is not loved for the sake of his largesses, but they for the sake of him (viii. 54); and in another, he is asked to believe that if the poet had his choice of a banquet in Olympus, or in the Palace of Domitian, he should have no hesitation in accepting the latter. In the poet's own works we find the transparent hollowness of this adulation exposed; for no sooner is Nerva on the throne than Martial has the face to begin lecturing Rome on the baseness of flattery. This feature in the Roman epigrammatist has scandalised Addison;\* and this feature is one of native growth, and certainly no importation from the Greek. It might have been but just had Pliny added a word or two about adulation to the character which he gives of Martial, 'Plurimum in scribendo et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.' There is Roman candour with a vengeance in one who has lived by flattering Domitian as 'a god, when finding Nerva wearing the purple he takes the bull by the horns, and inaugurates the return of 'siccis rustica veritas capillis,' by bidding flatteries and flatterers begone.

In the matter of length, too, Martial widely departs from the primitive model. An epigram with him is something far

\* See his 'Dialogue on Metals;' and see Swift, quoted by Andrew Amos, 'Martial and the Moderns,' p. 214.



advanced beyond an inscription, and, in point of fact, there is a great deal in his books, which, if they were being now first published, would be classed under the head of sonnets, occasional poems, and such like. It may seem paradoxical, but Martial strikes us as far most likeable when he is least of the epigrammatist; in his pretty descriptions of villa-scenery, or Roman street-life; in his historical sketches and in those passages which contain, in a pleasant form, the food of the archæologist. Thus in the 70th epigram of the first book, he devotes eighteen elegiac verses to an address to his volume, bidding it go to the house of Proculus, his patron. It is an elegant descriptive piece, but, except in point of metre, it has no more claim to rank as an epigram than several of the Epistles of Horace, which treat of similar subjects; and any reader of Martial will remember many like pieces of even much greater length. It would however be unfair to pass over one, who has so far influenced epigram-writing, that from his time forward he has set the fashion to the French and to ourselves, to the exclusion of the elder models, without observing that he did not himself despise or undervalue the Greek simplicity. He only found that it did not 'pay' at Rome. He lived by his muse, and shaped his verses to the prevailing taste, which was anything but elevated. Occasionally, as in the epigram to Faustinus, on the death of the daughter of his neighbour Fænius (i. 114), his vein is tender and pathetic:—

'Condidit hic natæ cineres, nomenque sacravit  
Quod legis Antullæ, dignior ipse legi.  
Ad Stygias æquum fuerat pater isset ut umbras,  
Quod quia non licuit, vivat ut ossa colat.'

But is not the charm of this epigram mainly due to its adherence to the Greek type; if, indeed, the idea itself is not borrowed from the pretty Greek of Diotimus, beginning 'τὶ πλέον εἰς ὠδῖνα πονεῖν;' κ. τ. λ.?' ('Anthol. Polygl.' p. 286.) In the same vein are two very pretty epitaphs on Glaucias, the freed-youth of Melior (vi. 28, 29). The concluding lines of the last of these

'Immodicis brevis est ætas et rara senectus:  
Quicquid amas, cupias non placuisse nimis,'

have awakened echoes in Shakespeare's line

'So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long!'

and in Ben Jonson's 'Elegy on the Death of his first Son.' The conceit too in the epitaph of Scorpis, the charioteer (x. 53)

'Invida quem Lachesis raptum trieteride nonâ  
Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem.'

'Among



'Among the dead Fates early me enrolled,  
Numb'ring my conquests they did think me old'

—Anon. 1695 A.D.

is Greek in its tone, and is in the best style of epigram-writing. These, belonging to the class of sepulchral epigrams, would commend themselves to the few who had suffered deeply by the bereavement; or to the passing feeling of the public, which, arrested for a moment in its career of folly and flattery, might be constrained to contemplate the unpalatable fact of mortality. But it was not for such that Martial cared to write; nor, indeed, did he write his best, only for these. He could tell bold truths upon occasion, and set them in verse, which has therefore lived again in the pages of other and higher-toned writers. He it was who gave us our sun-dial motto, 'Pereunt et imputantur' (v. 20). He had enough pride in his literary power to be ready to vindicate the superiority of genius to wealth, when he wrote to a rich blockhead:—

'Hoc ego tuque sumus: sed quod sum, non potes esse:  
Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest.'—(v. 13.)

He could appreciate 'prudens simplicitas, pares amici,' though he was too fond of running after imperial patrons, and partaking of ambrosial suppers, and he often approached the highest morality in such couplets as the following,—

'Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus: hoc est  
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui,'—(x. 23.)

which Pope has imitated in well-known language—

'Such, such a man extends his life's short space,  
And from the goal again renews the race:  
For he lives twice, who can at once employ  
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.'

His line (which may have given the cue to Gray's paradox, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise')—

'Quisquis plus justo non sapit, ille sapit'—(xiv. 210.)

is the very essence of truth; and the poet must have been no superficial observer of human nature, who could note and record so well this little feature of it:—

'Aurum, et opes, et rura frequens donabit amicus,  
Qui velit ingenio cedere, rarus erit,'—(viii. 18.)

which is thus rendered by Jeremy Taylor,—

'Land, gold, and trifles, many give or lend;  
But he that stoops in fame is a rare friend.  
In friendship's orb thou art the brightest star:  
Before thy fame mine thou preferrest far.'

Indeed

Indeed his scattered wise-saws, rather than the tone of his epigrams generally, have made Martial so frequently reappear in the pages of our English Chrysostom, and in the works of Bacon, Addison, Steele, and our best essayists. An accomplished classical scholar, Mr. Andrew Amos, has illustrated select epigrams of Martial by examples of the modern uses to which they have been applied; and has shown, in so doing, how great a favourite this epigrammatist has been with English writers, and how much his thoughts and language have insensibly affected our past literature. His book, entitled '*Martial and the Moderns*' really contains the cream of the Martialian epigrams: and his own opinion may be accepted as that of one excellently qualified to judge, when he says that the two hundred epigrams which he has translated or illustrated are nearly all the epigrams of Martial, 'in which there is much talent or little grossness.' These select epigrams are of course those which have furnished themes for the moralist rather than staple for our epigrammatists; and it is rather to the '*index expurgatorius*,' which comprises a larger portion of the author, that one must look for the latter: still there are some old favourites to be met with, which please, without offending, even the most squeamish, and of which the aptness is testified by the frequency of modern imitations. Such is that well known epigram (xii. 47).

'Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem:  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te,'

which has been imitated by Steele, Prior, Goldsmith, and we know not how many more, and which is perhaps best known to us, as English readers, in the version of Addison,—

'In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.'

The original, too, of the lines beginning '*I do not like thee, Dr. Fell*,' is to be found in the 33rd epigram of the first Book, beginning

'Non amo te, Sabidi; nec possum dicere quare.'

The eight-lined epigram (xii. 50) which describes 'a house for show,' with avenues, porticos, hippodromes, waterfalls, everything in short except warmth and hospitality, and which ends

'Atria longa patent: sed nec cœnantibus usquam  
Nec somno locus est. *Quam bene non habitas!*'

may have been the first draft of the modern skit,

'A house without cheer,  
A park without deer,  
A cellar without beer,  
..... lives here.'

Such as he was in his faults, as well as in his excellences, Martial stands as the only notable Latin epigrammatist, and as the model upon which most who have come after him have moulded their compositions. In Burmann's collection there are but few epigrams that strike us as coming up to a higher mark than this of an uncertain author,

'Militis in galeâ nidum fecere columbæ:  
Apparet, Marti quam sit amica Venus,'

which is a pleasantry of a sufficiently mild and level character. Now Martial can never be accused of tameness. He is not far wrong when he gives the character of his productions in the couplet,—

'Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria: sunt mala plura,  
Quæ legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.'—(i. 16.)

But if any member of his craft, in his own country, could have produced a practical disproof to his epigram (i. 118), which says that 'He who a hundred epigrams reads o'er, No ill's enough for him, if he wants more,' he, and he alone is that man. Taking him as the concoctor of them, we are bound to admit that 'epigrams à la Romaine' are more likely to find readers content to recur to them frequently, than 'epigrams à la Grecque,' if, at least, we regard the mass of mankind. Piquancy, personality, grossness have some share in the attractions of the former; and they are appreciated, just as journals by Mrs. Beecher Stowe or Mr. N. P. Willis, for the interiors which they unveil, are devoured rather than those of more reticent authors, who forbear to spice their narratives with accounts of dinners with Lord This, or breakfasts with my Lady That.

Modern collections of epigrams, such as the 'Festoon,' the 'Panorama of Wit,' the 'Poetical Farrago,' and the quite recent 'Epigrams Ancient and Modern,' of Mr. Booth, exhibit a fair sprinkling of epigrams from the Greek and Latin, though all of them plainly accept the Roman type as the preferable, because more popular, article. It is a curious fact, however, that they mainly if not entirely ignore a very rich mine of epigrammatic metal, which was not unknown to Pope and the literary men of his day, but which has never, it strikes us, gained that appreciation which it deserves among more immediate moderns. We



allude to the stores which are to be found in the poems of the Italians, Belgians, Germans, French, and English, who in the period between 1450 and 1650, or thereabouts, wrote in Latin numbers. These frequently exhibit a happy union of the Greek and Latin epigrammatic schools; having much of the point and sharpness of the latter commingled with the good taste and sweetness of the former. A very interesting selection from these is the '*Delitiæ Delitiarum*' edited by Abraham Wright, B.A., a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1637—which is professedly an Anthology of the best epigrams '*hujus et novissimi sæculi*,' which have been written in Latin. It is compiled from materials afforded by the Bodleian Library. To this if we add the epigrams of Sir Thomas More, (1638) the famous collection of the Cambro-Briton, John Owen (1622), the earlier epigrams of George Buchanan and the later ones of Ninian Paterson, both Scotchmen, we have a field from which an abundance of very presentable flowers, of the kind which is the object of our search, may be gathered without robbery; flowers which, so far as we are aware, have been doomed of late years to blush unseen, but which are nevertheless quite worthy to compete with more modern garlands. It is indeed quite possible that any one who should address himself to the famous collections by Gruter of the Latin poetry of Italians, French, and Germans, would find in them a vast quantity of chaff amidst the wheat, a great deal of immorality, and no little effeminacy of style and diction. But the little volume of Abraham Wright may be read through without offence, and will leave behind a very pleasant impression of the lively wit and polished taste of many among its authors. Amidst these are jurists of Milan, physicians of Florence, Parma, and Bologna, professors of Greek, of Law, and of Belles Lettres; Cardinals of Rome, and sturdy reformers of the school of Luther and Melancthon; men of various walks of life, but all more or less devoted to classical literature, and, as a consequence, fond of making occasional sacrifices to the Latin Muse. Many of these men flourished in the days and under the immediate rays of the Medicean Sun, and found in Lorenzo, as well as others of his house, not only warm patrons, but friendly rivals in the field of poesy. Bembo was a cardinal; Strozzi a high dignitary of Ferrara; and these were not ashamed to augment the Anthology of their day by contributions under the names of Petrus Bembus and Hercules Stroza. It has been observed by Dr. Johnson that Pope was an assiduous seeker of images and sentiments from these versifiers in modern Latin, and that Parnell and Prior were poachers on the same preserves. There seems just ground for the remark; and but little to lament in the

the fact, if one or two of our poets have had the taste and discrimination to borrow graces of foreign poesy, which the rest of the world of letters has suffered to be neglected. The most recent collection of epigrams in our day, that of Mr. Booth, classes his materials under the heads of 'humorous, witty, satyrical, moral, panegyrical, and monumental,' and under each of these heads he might have given a reasonable supplement from the 'Delitiæ Delitiarum,' and other kindred works. Take the head 'panegyrical' under which is included the wide range of compliments to the fair sex, and, as might be expected, the Frenchman and the Italian are not backward, though writing in a language not their own. The great commentator and miscellaneous writer, Muretus, a Frenchman born near Limoges in 1526, has left more than one neat specimen in this vein. An instance may be given of his amatory epigram, in that 'To Venus,' which manifestly savours of the Greek :—

'Si Venus, ut mendax docuerunt turba, poetæ,  
De mediis verè nata putatur aquis,  
Qui fieri potis est, mediis ut fluctibus orta  
Assiduo nostrum torreat igne jecur?  
O dolor! O quid jam miseri speretis amantes!  
E mediâ vobis nascitur ignis aquâ.'

which may be thus Englished :—

'If Venus, as the lie of poets goes,  
From the mid-waters at her birth arose;  
How is 't that by herself, from ocean sprung,  
This heart of mine with ceaseless flames is wrung?  
O grief! \* What worse can hopeless swains surprise,  
Since fire to burn them doth from waters rise.'

In the same panegyrical or amatory vein is a pretty epigram of one Stephanus Forcatulus (the mischief of scholars preferring to dub themselves by fanciful names from a dead language is that one is sometimes puzzled to trace their real history :) which is addressed to his mistress :—

'Porrexî ex auro munuscula Dædala, sed tu  
Respuis, et nugas aurea dona facis.  
Cinnama nec captas redolentia, nec amethystas:  
Quid faciam, si nec, lux mea, carmen amas?  
Montibus Æthiopum magnetem poscere cogar;  
Fibra tibi cum sit ferrea, sic venies.'

'Rare presents wrought of gold I brought: but you  
Spurn'd them, and scorn upon my offerings threw.

---

\* Compare Meleager's Epigram (Jacobs i. 17, li.) from which the idea of these last verses is taken.

Nor spicy scents, nor jewels you affect,  
 What shall I do, if *verse*, too, you reject?  
 I'll fetch the loadstone from its Afric home,  
 For in its wake your heart of steel will come.'

We cull another from one Hiero Angerianus (a Neapolitan poet of the sixteenth century, who wrote the 'Erotopægnion' as he called it:) which, like the last, has about it something of the Greek flavour:—

'Cum dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra pharetram  
 Cælia: surreptâ flevit Amor pharetrâ.  
 "Noli," Cypris ait, "sic flere, Cupido; pharetram  
 Pulchra tibi rapuit Cælia: restituet.  
 Non opus est illi calamis, non ignibus: urit  
 Voce, manu, gressu, pectore, fronte, oculis."  
 'The lovely Cælia came while Cupid slept,  
 And stole his quiver: o'er its loss he wept.  
 "My love," said Venus, "do not weep so sore:  
 'Twas Cælia stole it. Cælia shall restore.  
 She needs not arrows: she her sport can ply  
 With hand, voice, step, with bosom, brow, and eye.'

Here again is a charming little gem of Balthazar Bonifacius, probably of the same date, on the dying Chariclita:—

'Sidereos oculos, qui solem lumine vincunt,  
 Claudere non posset mors, nisi cæca foret.  
 Emoriar, nisi mors ipsa emoriatur amore,  
 Istos si videat sidereos oculos.  
 'Yon eye, that into shade the sunlight throws,  
 Death, had he sight, would have no heart to close.  
 My life upon 't, e'en Death himself would die  
 Of love, at sight of yonder starry eye.'

The same writer has a pretty conceit addressed to a widow visiting her husband's tomb:—

'Conjugis ad tumulum veniens, nec, Philli, corollas  
 Fers, nec odoriferâ grandine spargis humum:  
 Sed tantum effundis lacrimas, et respicis urnam  
 Quâ mors delicias condidit atra tuas.  
 Protinus erumpunt flores tellure: vigorem  
 Roris habent lacrimæ, solis habent oculi.  
 'Wreaths to your lost one's tomb you neither bring,  
 Nor round it, Phillis, showers of perfume fling.  
 Tears are your sole rich tribute, pour'd anew  
 O'er the dark urn that hides your love from view.  
 Hence from the turf upspringing, many a flower  
 Finds thy tear dew, thy glance the day-god's power.'

These



These are, it will be admitted, little inferior to the bettermost expressions of the complimentary Muse in other languages. They have the tenderness of some of the Greek epigrams, and something of the tone of our Elizabethan love-poets. But those already cited must yield the palm, in this class, to one who has achieved a special amount of fame through the favour shown by Pope and others to one of his epigrams, the best, it may be, which he has left, but still far from the only one worth remembering and cherishing. We allude to Jeronimo Amalthei (Hiero Amaltheus), one of three distinguished brothers who added lustre, in literature, to the Venetian territory from which they sprung. Muretus, a very competent judge on such subjects, styles Hiero Amaltheus the best Latin poet of Italy as well as the foremost physician. The epigram which has made him a name with posterity is that on Acon and Leonilla, which most English readers will remember in some form or other, if not in the original. It is of little consequence whether, as a writer in 'Notes and Queries' [No. 76, April 12, 1851] thinks not likely, 'Amor' stands for Mangirow, the favourite of Henry III. of France, and Leonilla or 'Venus' for the Duchess of Eboli, mistress of Philip II. of Spain. We can accept the epigram, with every uncertainty of historical allusion, as what Wharton calls it, the most celebrated of modern epigrams. These delicate verses have been translated again and again:—

'Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;  
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos.  
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,  
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.'

But the very worst and most barren version is that given in the 163rd page of Booth's 'Epigrams Ancient and Modern':—

*On Two Beautiful One-eyed Sisters.*

'Give up one eye, and make your sister's two:  
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.'

Disclaiming all attempt at a pun, we should be tempted to call this version in its ponderous and awkward structure, if not its subject, truly 'Cyclopian.' An older version occurs in a collection of epigrams published in 1735 (vol. i., No. 223), which fairly represents the Latin original:—

'Acon his right, Leonill her left eye  
Doth want: yet each, in form, the gods outvie.  
Sweet boy, with thine thy sister's sight improve,  
So she shall Venus be, thou, god of love.'

In the 'Panorama of Wit,' this epigram is poorly done, and  
tacked

tacked to 'a handsome mother and son, each deprived of an eye.' And there is a close and fair translation of it in 'Notes and Queries,' 1st Series, vol. iii. p. 289. But we are not satisfied with the fashion generally adopted of mulcting Leonilla of her final syllable, and therefore hazard the following version, the last word of which does not appear in the original, but, being clearly implied, is perhaps admissible in translation:—

'Of right eye Acon is bereft,  
And Leonilla lacks her left,  
Yet each, I ween, might match the gods in beauty's pride.  
Fair boy, to thy sweet twin resign  
The single orb that now is thine.  
Blind Cupid thus wert thou; she, Venus, laughing-eyed!'

But Hiero Amaltheus has other epigrams of this class, on which he may rest a claim to considerable merit. Such is that one to Marianus, which would seem to have had its original in one of those of the Greek Meleager, above quoted, if we may judge by a comparison of the last verses:—

'Seu niveos, Mariane, sinus, seu brachia nudet  
Lactea, seu blando rideat ore Nape:  
Incantans averte oculos, ne callidus auceps  
His laqueis, hâc te compede nectat amor.'

'If Nape bares her snowy breast or arm  
Of milky hue, or smiles with witching charm,  
Look thou not on them: Love, an archer keen,  
These snares, this chain doth for thy capture mean.'

Such too is one to Hiella, which though seldom noticed or quoted, is perhaps not inferior:—

'In me oculos quoties vertit meus ignis, Hiella,  
Suspirat toties ignis, Hiella, meus.  
Hinc flammæ, quas illa suis jaculatur ocellis,  
Me redigunt, auctæ flatibus, in cinerem.'

'Oft as my flame, Hiella, turns her eyes  
On me, so oft my flame, Hiella, sighs.  
And hence the fires which from those orbs she flashes,  
Fanned by her breath, reduce poor me to ashes.'

Enough specimens have been given of the amatory Latin epigrams of the Italians. They have far more of the Greek tone and spirit about them than of that of Martial, who, as Mr. Amos observes, 'is almost silent on the inspiring theme of most of the short poems of our own literature, namely Love.' Somewhat akin to this class are some of the monumental epigrams, such as that of Actius Sannazarius [Jacopo Sannazaro, A.D. 1458], which expresses a mother's lament over the tomb of her only son,—

'Cur

‘Cur hæu *lætitiâ* falso dixere parentes?  
*Tristitiâ* qui te dicere debuerant.  
 Natus eras miseræ lux unica matris, ocellus  
 Unicus: hunc *Lachesis* noxia surripuit.  
 I nunc: vel *Nioben* confer mihi; cujus habet sors  
 Hoc melius, fieri *saxea* quod potuit.’  
 ‘Why did thy parents thee misname their joy?  
 Alas, far better had they said their grief.  
 The mother’s darling light, her precious boy,  
 By fate’s despite found earth a sojourn brief.  
 Go to! What’s *Niobe* to me? I moan  
 Worse fate. She could, I cannot, turn to stone.’

It will be admitted that the beauty of this expression of bereavement, justifies the favourable impression which such competent judges as J. C. Scaliger formed of this Neapolitan poet in his own age, and which Mr. Hallam endorses in ours. Sannazaro could indeed when he chose construct an epigram on other principles and after the manner of Martial; such for example as those which he wrote on Pope Alexander VI., and on Leo X. The first is an epitaph—

‘Nomen Alexandri ne te fortasse moretur,  
 Hospes, abi! Jacet hic et scelus et vitium.’  
 ‘Lest Alexander’s name your eye detain,  
 Stranger, pass on! Here’s nought but sin and stain.’

The second is a biting sarcasm in epigrammatic form on Leo’s sale of indulgences to meet his extravagance and its needs,—

‘Sacra sub extremâ si forte requiritis horâ  
 Our Leo non poterat sumere, vendiderat,’

a distich which, though hard to render literally, and so as to express what was its full meaning at the time when it was written, may be accommodated to our own customs and turn of thought as follows:—

‘Leo lack’d the last sacrament. “Why,” need we tell?  
 He had chosen the chalice and paten to sell.’\*

A specimen of the same poet’s powers in the humorous vein is to be found in the epigram on Aufidius, which seems not to have escaped some of our own poets, since a version of it, which we give below, is found in the ‘Elegant Extracts’:—

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\* The French have translated the epigram thus:—  
 Leo sans sacramens expire:  
 Comment les avait il reçus?  
 Avant sa mort le Maître-Sire  
 Dès long-temps les avait vendus.’



‘Dum caput Aufidio tractat chirurgus, et ipsum  
 Altius exquirat, quo videat cerebrum,  
 Ingemit Aufidius, “Quid me, chirurge, fatigas?  
 Cum subii rixam, non habui cerebrum.”’

‘A humorous fellow in a tavern late,  
 Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate:  
 The surgeon, with his implements and skill,  
 Searches the skull deeper and deeper still,  
 To feel the brains, and try if they were sound;  
 And as he keeps ado about the wound,  
 The fellow cries, “Good surgeon, spare your pains,  
 When I began this brawl, I had no brains.”’

In humorous epigrams the Italo-Latin Anthology is by no means barren. There is a famous one by Georgius Sabinus, who was himself a German, and son-in-law of Melancthon, but whom we class with Italians because he was the friend of Bembo and other Italian scholars, from which connexion he probably caught his epigrammatic talent. The epigram to which we allude is somewhat long to quote, but it is probably the original of that by Owen on Bardella, the Mantuan thief, which is given in English in Booth's Collection (i. 52):—

‘A monk Bardella, to be hanged, cheer'd up,  
 And said, “To-night in heaven thou shalt sup.”  
 Bardel replied, “This I keep fasting-day;  
 If you please to accept my place, you may.”’

The epigram by Sabinus is in so far better than that of Owen, as it puts the objection that it is ‘fasting-day’ into the mouth of the friar, who thus deprecates Bardel's pressing suit to him to go to Heaven in his place:—

‘Sacrificus contrà: mihi non convivia fas est  
 Ducere: jejunans hâc edo luce nihil.’

It is needless to add that these two Latin epigrams gave to Prior his idea of the song called ‘The Thief and the Cordelier,’ to the tune of ‘King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.’ In this class may be reckoned an epigram by Julius Cæsar Scaliger on the relative drunkenness of two notorious winebibbers:—

‘Inebriatur his Loserus in die:  
 Semel Bibinus. His quis ebriosior?  
 Imo Bibinus non *fit* ebrius semel.  
 Non *fit* sed *est*: et *semper* est illud *semel*.’

This reminds us of the Irishman's plea to his master that he had not got drunk again after express warning on the subject, for that it was the ‘same drunk,’ and the epigram may perhaps appear in English thus:—

‘Drunk

'Drunk gets Loser twice a day :  
 Bibo once o'erwets his clay :  
 Do not either drunker call.  
 Bibo drunk, is drunk for ever,  
 For his sober fit comes never,  
 And his once, is once-for-all.'

Henry Stephens, who is generally somewhat dull and heavy in his epigrams, rises above his usual self in this 'Upon a Wilful Helpmate,' which has some pretensions to class among the humorous epigrams :—

'Dum quædam cerebrosa diu reprehenditur uxor,  
 Nec satis officii dicitur esse memor,  
 "Quid de me queritur conjux? Quod vult volo," dicit;  
 "Imperium is sibi vult: id volo et ipsa mihi."  
 'A headstrong wife who oft came in for blame,  
 When charged with scant obedience, would reply,  
 "Why snarls my spouse? Our wishes are the same:  
 He would the ruler be: and so would I."

Humour and satire are combined in the following by Stephanus Paschasius, levelled at some who dabbled in the healing art :—

'Gratuitas operas mihi qui promittitis ægro,  
 Parcite: non tanti est æger ut esse velim.'  
 'Say not, be sick, and *gratis* I'll prescribe:  
 Sickness prepense requires a stronger bribe!'

and in another of a similar scope, by the same hand :—

'Ægrotum visis, sanum me visere cessas.  
 O utinam nunquam, Candide, te videam!'  
 'You call when I am sick, but leave me quite  
 When well. I wish you'd always cut me, White!'

Another of this class by one Macentinus accounts in a very plausible way for a not uncommon physiological fact :—

"Candidior cur barba," Lycus, "sit crine" rogatus,  
 "Sæpe fatigor" ait, "guttur, non cerebro!"  
 'Lycus was ask'd the reason, it is said,  
 His beard was so much whiter than his head.  
 "The reason," he replied, "my friend, is plain:  
 I work my throat much harder than my brain!"

We may rank, too, in the same category a distich of Euricius Cordus, a German physician and poet, who was a friend of Erasmus and Luther, and active in the Reformation. He also was indebted for his poetical taste and cultivation to his connexion with Mantua, Florence, Venice, Rome, and the knot of  
 men

men in those cities who devoted themselves to Latin literature. He addresses the following to Philomusus :—

‘ Si nisi defunctos laudas, Philomuse, poetas,  
Me tibi perpetuo displicuisse velim.’

‘ If only when they’re dead, you poets praise,  
I own I’d rather have your blame always.’

The original of this may possibly have been Martial’s epigram (viii. 69), ‘Miraris veteres Vacerra, solos,’ &c. Cordus could occasionally throw off couplets in which severity and a caustic vein are the chief ingredients. We quote one of these, which probably had a fair amount of truth in it, but which certainly was not softened down through any predilection of the writer for the subject of it. It is entitled ‘De medico monacho :’—

‘ Medicum frequentes feminae monachum petunt.  
Nil suspicare! Ægros domi viros habent.’

‘ To Æsculapian monks the good-wives roam.  
What marvel! They have husbands sick at home.’

Few epigrams of this date are more severe than this, though one or two might be adduced of a like pungency, which, as has been observed, is a later and less amiable development of the epigram. In fact, such ebullitions are ‘satires in brief,’ and are only to be justified by the existence of some crying vice at which they are directed, or by the writer’s precaution to avoid even the semblance of personality. We cannot, for instance, see much to recommend this of Paulus Thomas, ‘In Testylum :’—

‘ Testylus est lippis oculis, quis plurimus humor  
Sicut inexhaustis fontibus usque fluit.  
Hunc patrio lacrimas fundentem in funere laudas?  
Desine; hic est morbus, Pontice, non pietas.’

‘ Weak eyes hath Testyl, whence a copious spring  
Of running moisture flows eternally;  
Praise of his tears o’er his dead sire why sing?  
Pooh! ’Tis his ailment, not his piety.’

Or that of Georgius Anselmus, a physician of Parma, directed against a practitioner of whose licence to practise surgery the existence may have been problematical :—

‘ De lanio medicus fit Sosilus: haud nova res est:  
Fecit enim lanius quod facit et medicus.’

‘ Sosil, the butcher, has become a leech. ’Tis nothing new.  
For what he did when butchering, as doctor he will do.’

This last is manifestly founded upon an epigram of Martial (i. 47).

More



More harmless is the joke of the Frenchman B  llay (who was noticed by Francis I. and Margaret of Navarre, and who earned in his day the title of ‘Pater elegantiarum, pater omnium leporum’) on one of the literary fraternity :—

‘Paule, tuum inscribis nugarum nomine librum :  
In toto libro nil melius titulo.’

‘The title “trifles” on Paul’s book is writ.  
I’ve read it through, and found no happier hit.’

Others on misers, quack doctors, and sorry poets occur in tolerable frequency among the epigrams of these Latinists, many of which are pointed, if not stinging. This is not the best feature in them; but even in this they are not so biting and offensive as the epigrams of Martial’s day. And it may be said generally of epigrams of the date of those which we have been quoting, that they are mostly unmarked by bitterness and partiality. More frequently some little elegance of thought is clothed in a fitting couplet, as *e. g.* in the epigram of Cunradinus ‘On a Fly engraved in a golden Drinking-cup’ :—

‘Aurato in cyatho dum Corsica gusto, nequivi  
Suavius extingui, splendidiusve tegi.’

‘Deep down I drew my latest breath in a gold cup of wine.  
Could I have wish’d a sweeter death, or a more splendid shrine?’

Or some little pun on a difference of letter in two words is turned into a compliment or saw. Such are these of the Jesuit Bernard Bauhusius (A.D. 1620), whose volume lies before us :—

‘Omne solum forti patria est : fortem excipe nautam :  
Pontivagis nautis omne salum patria est.’

To render this pun in English is next to impossible. We might harp on the alliteration of *soil* and *sail*; but it would not meet the requirements of the epigrammatist. Giving up the pun, we translate—

‘Says the saw, every soil is a home to the brave :  
Nay, nay, the brave sailor finds home on each wave.’

Again, the same author has an epigram on ‘Vitrum et vinum’ :—

‘Vitrum proditor, atque vinum est :  
Hoc animi speculum, illud oris.  
Quod formæ solet esse vitrum  
Hoc animo solet esse vinum.’

‘Glass doth bewray, and even so doth wine.  
This shows the mind, and that the form’s outline.  
As crystal represents the body’s grace,  
So the mind’s features in men’s cups we trace.’

If Sir Thomas More's title to fame had rested on his epigrams, it may be doubted whether it would have secured him an enduring immortality. The author of the 'Utopia' develops little in these Parerga, of the boldness, humour, and inventive genius which his great prose work exhibits. A large portion of his book of epigrams consists of translations from the Greek, none of them very polished or very metrical, and of epigrams on some set 'thesis' or other, thrown off in different lengths, for the gratification apparently of both those who value quantity, and those who prefer quality. It is a tedious and fruitless task to wade through many of these, and to mark the Chancellor's shifts to expand an idea into six or eight verses, which he has already quite sufficiently expressed in a couplet. Mr. Booth, in his Collection, has given one or two specimens of Sir Thomas More's labours in this field in a translated form, but it would have been the part of more careful editing to have stated that the couplet

' If evils come not then our fears are vain ;  
And if they do, fear but augments the pain,'

is an equivalent for only two lines of an epigram which in the Latin consists of four :—

' Cur patimur stulti ? Namque hæc vecordia nostra,  
Urat ut indomitus pectora nostra metus.  
Seu mala non venient, jam nos metus urit inanis  
Sin venient, aliud fit metus ipse malum.'

Modern collectors, however, do not seem to us to have selected the best of Sir Thomas More's epigrams. For instance, they do not preserve that one on the 'Union of the White and Red Roses' (*De utrâque rosâ in unum coalitâ*), which, unless it is condemned on the score of lacking brevity, is happier than most which we can recall. In twelve lines Sir Thomas contrives to turn at least half-a-dozen pretty compliments; winding up all with a suggestion to such as are not content to acquiesce in the settlement of differences between the Houses of York and Lancaster, that the new parti-coloured Rose is one which has its thorns, and that the disaffected will have to heed the argument of fear, if they regard not that of love. Of his more humorous vein we may quote one or two good specimens; *e. g.* that 'On a run-away Soldier who wore a Ring' (p. 108) :—

' Aureus iste manns, miles, cur annulus ornat,  
Jure tuos ornet qui meliore pedes ?  
Utilior nuper meliorque in Marte feroci  
Planta tibi palmis una duabus erat.'

' Why

'Why doth a golden ring thy finger grace?  
Soldier, thy foot had been its fitter place.  
For that, thou know'st, be-sted thee better far  
Than both thy hands but lately, in the war.'

Another, to a seemingly somewhat dissimilar character, runs thus :—

'Quam tibi mens levis est, tibi si pes tam levis esset,  
In medio leporem posses prævertere campo.'  
'If thy foot were as light as thy mind, I declare  
In a course we should see thee outstripping the hare.'

Passing on from More, we turn to the famous Cambro-Briton John Owen, who has contrived to earn a considerable celebrity by his achievements in epigram-writing. John Owen—or, as he loved to call himself, Audoenus—was educated at Winchester and at New College, and was chosen Master of Warwick School in 1594. Previously, he appears to have kept a small school at Trylegh (Trelleck?), in Monmouthshire, and, if we mistake not, his volumes of epigrams still hold an honoured place on the shelves of Monmouth School Library. His genius developed itself in the direction of satire, and his own idea of an epigram, which is taken from the Latin rather than the Greek type, is to be seen in the following lines of his :—

'Nil aliud Satiræ quam sunt Epigrammata longa.  
Est præter Satiram nil Epigramma brevem.  
Nil Satiræ, si non sapiant Epigrammata, pungunt:  
Ni Satiram sapiat, nil Epigramma juvat.'

After this manifesto one knows what to expect in his amusing pages: much satirical humour, many severe hits, and a not over-kindly estimate of man or woman in general. For example, he has a hit at the Germans in the following :—

'Mersum in nescio quo Verum latitare profundo  
Democritus, nemo quod reperiret, ait,  
Si latet in vino verum, ut proverbia dicunt,  
Invenit Verum Teuto, vel inveniet.'  
'Democritus said—Truth lay buried low  
Down in a well, whose opening none might know.  
But if Truth's hid in Wine, as proverbs tell,  
I'll warrant me the Germans find this well.'

And one of his mildest epigrams anent womankind is this, to Phillis :—

'Basia, Philli, aliis dare non vis : at data sumis.  
Nimirum scis hæc accipiendo dari.'

'Kisses



'Kisses my Phillis takes, but ne'er bestows,  
Taking 's all one with giving, Phillis knows.'

For his distich against the Romish religion

'An fuerit Petrus Romæ, sub iudice lis est:  
*Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat,*'

Owen's book got into the Index Expurgatorius, and he himself fell out of his papistical uncle's last will and testament. Possibly Owen's talents may have been a trifle overrated. The wit is mild and thin in many of his epigrams. The same joke is apt to reappear again and again. Yet it is some testimony to this epigrammatist that several of his couplets have been reproduced in English by the fastidious Cowper; and he has always, in a translated form, held a leading place in all English collections of later date. The following are two of Cowper's versions from Owen:—

*To a Friend in Distress.*

'I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend!  
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.'

*Prudent Simplicity.*

'That thou mayst injure no man, dovelike be:  
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!'

And he has translated others not inferior to these in the point and the sound morality of their teaching. It may be added, that Owen's epigrams have been translated into French and Spanish, as well as English. There were one or two Scotch epigrammatists of some note in the days when the fashion of clothing verse in Latin prevailed in modern Europe. Of George Buchanan, a Scot, Scaliger had so high an opinion that he preferred him to the foremost of the Italians in this field. But Hallam's judgment on his Latin poems in general may be adopted of his epigrams in particular,—that they rank below the best efforts of the Italo-Latin poets. In his three books of Latin epigrams he here and there approximates to Martial; but it is when he is praising the reigning Elizabeth, and vituperating her deceased sister Mary, or her living rival of the same name, the hapless Queen of Scots. He is justly charged with ingratitude in the case of this ill-fated princess, and he was, no doubt, a pensioner of Elizabeth. He requited the kindness of John Major, a professor of philosophy, who had befriended him when he most needed it, by a scurrilous lampoon. Like his brother epigrammatists, he is satirical on the female sex, and seldom throws off a more spirited epigram than when he is inveighing against the

Leonora

Leonora, so often mentioned in his three books. Here is a sample (i. 21):—

‘Mentitur veros facies tibi picta colores,  
Et speculi mendax te tibi imago refert.  
In digito annellus mentitur ahenus aurum:  
Mentitur gemmam vitrea gemma probam.  
Quicquid contigerit tecum mendacia discat;  
Miremur linguam dicere falsa tuam?’

A version of this is given by Booth, which we have traced to a writer in ‘Notes and Queries’ (First Series, ii. 372), whose initials are J. O. W. H. We are not sure that the freedom of the version does not give the gist of the epigram more clearly than the original:—

‘There’s a lie on thy cheek in its roses,  
A lie echoed back by thy glass.  
Thy necklace on greenhorns imposes,  
And the ring on thy finger is brass.  
Yet thy tongue, I affirm, without giving an inch back,  
Outdoes the sham jewels, rouge, mirror, and pinchbeck.’

A better specimen of Buchanan is perhaps the following (i. 11), reproduced in the ‘Festoon,’ p. 54:—

‘Frustra ego te laudo: frustra me, Zoile, lædis:  
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile: nemo tibi.’  
‘Thou speak’st always ill of me.  
I speak always well of thee.  
But spite of all our noise and pother,  
The world believes nor one nor t’other.’

Another, of some merit, meets with an English dress in the same Collection (i. 5):—

‘Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem:  
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.  
Ille tamen merito, nam quod male sanus amabat,  
Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.  
At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,  
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus ames.’  
‘I know not whether in Narcissus’ glass,  
Matchless Corinna, you e’er saw your face.  
But this I know, with beauties all her own,  
Matchless Corinna is enamoured grown.  
The youth some reason for his phrenzy had:  
What made him so, made many others mad.  
Your cause is less, therefore your madness more,  
Without a rival you yourself adore.’

This epigram is also rendered more briefly by the afore-men-  
tioned

tioned contributor to 'Notes and Queries.' It is not to be denied that Buchanan had a decided gift of epigram-writing; yet, in examining what he has left us, not much remains deserving of reproduction, after the subtraction of such epigrams as are either adulatory, or scurrilous, or dictated by violent party spirit. It should be said, however, that his book contains many fair translations from the Greek Anthology. Another volume of epigrams by a Scotchman, Ninian Paterson, Minister of Liberton and native of Glasgow, is before us. Its date is later than the æra of epigrammatic poetry which we have been noticing, viz. 1678, and the author seems to have been an admirer of Buchanan, like whom he turns the Psalms into Latin elegiacs. Many of his epigrams are scriptural in subject, many complimentary to his contemporaries of equal standing, or to the noble families to which he looked up. He has little real humour. One of his best hits is at a 'Sailor riding' (v. 28):—

'Navita præruptas telluris devovet undas,  
Dum rudis indomiti terga premebat equi.'

'The sailor curses land's uneven tides,  
While he, no rider, a wild horse bestrides.'

Another, on a bald man, is above his usual level:—

'Si peccata tuis tibi sint numeranda capillis,  
Angelus in cælis purior esse nequit.'

'If by your hairs your sins should numbered be,  
Angels in heaven were not more pure than thee.'

An epigram to his wife (iii. 7) is more tender than striking or original, but it is clothed in six lines of not inelegant Latin, and is in a tone somewhat rare with writers of epigrams, as being complimentary to conjugal affection.

The practice of writing Latin epigrams died out, in a great measure, at the same time with the discontinuance of Latin as a vehicle of poetic sentiment among European poets. Westminster School, indeed, has served to maintain a link between past and present; while the Browne's Prizes for Latin and Greek epigrams at Cambridge have kept the knack of epigrammatism from dying out, as far at least as English youth is concerned. To overhaul the volumes which contain these proflusions of young 'Westminsters' and young Cantabs is no part of our present purpose, though there might be worse occupations than to while away an hour in dipping into these early sparklings of genius. Westminster, however, claims another the epigram, in its quondam usher 1 volume is an unceasing favourite



Latin verse composition. We have no space for examples of the grace, facility, and smoothness of the poems which this elegant Latinist left behind him. Suffice it to quote one neat epigram, as much for its fulfilment of the just requirements of epigrammatic poetry, as for the sound sense which it brings to bear on the vexed question of 'Private' v. 'Public Education.' It is on the thesis of Martial's familiar pentameter:—

'Poteris tutor esse domi.'

'Dum mater metuit virgæ ne verbera lædant,  
Ipsa domi puerum servat, et ipsa docet.  
Ipsa doce puerum, mater tam blandula, possit  
*Tutus ut esse domi, stultus et esse foris.*'

Whether the amusement of turning neat Latin epigrams is likely to decline in the favour of educated Englishmen must depend in a great measure on the spirit in which our public schools accept the recommendations of the recent Blue Books. If the time spent on composition, particularly composition in verse, is at all seriously curtailed, it can hardly be that the next generation will find such charm in clothing witty thoughts in equivalent Latin as our scholars up to this date have derived from the occupation. How many a drawer in a scholar's escritoire contains, if we might rifle it, buried treasure of this kind, thrown off, perhaps, in lightness of mood, passed about to a friend or two, and then laid by and forgotten. It is the peculiarity of these 'jeux d'esprit' that they often discover a vein of wit in men whom the world knew as learned thinkers, and nothing beside; and that their casual preservation occasionally serves some historical or archæological purpose. Little in form, slight in the time and pains they have cost, they are oftentimes little prized by their authors. Many of them float awhile on the lips of the few that can enjoy them, and then slip clean out of memory, because there is no observant scribe to 'Boswellize the talk' of such as utter them. It is a pity that these are not more carefully caught up, as they drop, and communicated on the spur of the moment to 'Notes and Queries,' where, at least, they would attain a longer and larger fame than their careless and indifferent progenitors have cared to secure for them. One of these foundlings came across us the other day: an epigram by 'Anonymus,' on a clergyman who preached Archdeacon Hare's *sermons* instead of trusting to his own manufactures. It runs

'Ne lepores vendas alienos: prome leporem  
Nativum: melior syllaba longa brevi.'

at and happy, that it may suffice to prove that, &c.  
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yet at least, there is no fear lest this talent should become extinct.

Something remains to be said of English epigrams, for our poets have mostly done a little in this line, though few of them have cared to found on such light basis their chief title to fame. The number of epigrams—good, bad, and indifferent—in our language is probably immense; the tale of those which have the necessary characteristics of the epigram-proper might be easily counted. A great number err in point of impurity, inuendo, and personality. Many collections, professing to eliminate all such as are likely to offend, contain nevertheless page after page which must exclude such volumes from the drawing-room table and the reach of the young. Freer from this fault than its predecessors is the collection of epigrams in ‘*Elegant Extracts*’; nor can any blame on this score attach to Mr. Booth’s ‘*Epigrams Ancient and Modern*,’ published in 1863. The fault of this last volume is that little pains have been taken to trace epigrams home to their authors, or to classify them on any chronological principle that would assist a history of epigrams. Hence, a work which might have been made useful as well as entertaining, has earned little or no title to the former epithet; while there may also be a question as to the judgment with which selections have been made. A number of ephemeral lampoons from ‘*Punch*’ have found admission, while many really good epigrams, interesting from the independent connection of their authors with English literature and its history, are entirely absent. Thus of one of our earliest epigrammatists (1612), Sir John Harrington, we find but one epigram cited, and that one neither so good, nor so calculated to enhance his fame, as the three which we subjoin. The first ‘against writers that carp at other men’s books’ :—

‘The readers and the hearers like my books,  
But yet some writers cannot them digest:  
Yet what care I, for when I make a feast,  
I would my guests should praise it, not my cooks,’

is not so familiar as the other two, which are well known in themselves, though seldom tacked to their author :—

*On Treason.*

‘Treason doth never prosper. What’s the reason?  
For, if it prospers, none dare call it treason.’

*On Fortune.*

‘Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many;  
But yet she never gave enough to any,’

an amplification, of course, of the Latin line, 'Fortuna multis,' &c.

We miss, too, in Booth's monumental section, Herrick's pretty epitaph 'On a child that died,' so simple, so touchingly sweet, that no collection should be without it; and this lack is ill-compensated by his satirical epigram about 'Gout in the Hand,' a hit without mercy at the avarice of one Urbes, a miser. Again, no later epigrammatist so well understood what an epigram should be as rare Ben Jonson: none was more imbued with Greek taste and scholarship. He strays, indeed, far wide of his principles in several scurrilous and several unpresentable epigrams, yet he may be pardoned these for the sake of several epitaphs, which it may be doubted if English writer has ever surpassed. We marvel that but three of Jonson's epigrams are cited by Booth: one, of course, the famous epitaph on 'Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;' while the other two fall beneath numberless specimens which might have been adduced. Why did he omit the beautiful lines on Elizabeth L. H. (cxxxiv.)—

'Wouldst thou hear what man can say,  
In a little,' &c.

Or those 'on a child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel,' beginning (cxx.)—

'Weep with me all ye that read,  
This little story,' &c.

Or, better even than these, his lament over his first daughter:—

'Here lies to each her parents ruth  
Mary the daughter of their youth.  
But all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,  
It makes her father less to rue.  
At six months' end she parted hence  
With safety of her innocence.  
Whose soul Heaven's queen, whose name she bears,  
In comfort of her mother's tears,  
Hath placed among her virgin train,  
Where, while that severed doth remain,  
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,  
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.'

These are classically pure, and of true epigrammatic calibre. But to edit a really standard book of English epigrams is a task demanding greater diligence, research, and discrimination than as yet have been applied to it. There is no one but has some half dozen pet epigrams ready to his tongue; but how few have any idea of the authorship of those which they quote. It would



enhance the interest felt in this style of composition, if readers could pick up, with the words, a little of their history, trace each epigram to its proper period, and gather from each some casual turn of thought or speech that might collaterally illustrate other works of the author. The field of English epigrams is not too poor to claim this toil and pains. Among its cultivators have been Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Churchill, Prior, Congreve, Johnson, and Goldsmith; whilst in our own times Hood and Hook, with the Smiths, Horace and James, have not disdained to bestow their wits upon the epigram. The fun of these latter is peculiarly their own, not bitter or acrimonious, but full of genial, sparkling playfulness. Of the former names some have preferred the Greek, some the Latin model. Some have cultivated both, or judiciously blended the one with the other. But it will be found that the greater the poet, the more marked is his addiction to the Greek pattern; while the coarser style, more akin to the Latin, is chiefly met with in the off-hand wit of the mere man of pleasure, who wrote because it was the fashion, and because he had a gift, if indeed that be a gift, which confers the power of being personal, or severe, in as large, if not larger measure than brilliant and terse. Thus we seem to observe the characteristics of the Greek type in Dryden's panegyric epigram on Milton, beginning—

‘Three poets in three distant ages born,’ &c.,

and in Pope's epitaph on Gay, though that is too long by half, and does not so much recall the half-joking, half-melancholy inscriptions on some Greek sepulchres, as Gay's own on himself:—

‘Life is a jest, and all things show it:  
I thought so once, but now I know it.’

The famous distich of Pope on Sir Isaac Newton is one of the grandest we know, but is scarcely referable to any original:—

‘Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:  
God said, let Newton be, and all was Light!’

Several choice epigrams by lesser hands occur to us, in which there is more of the Greek tone than the Latin. For instance, take this of Dr. Young, Greek in principle and point:—

‘As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.  
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.’

Or

Or this happy description of 'Modesty,' by Aaron Hill—

'As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright.  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief does it all.'

The same writer deserves the credit of the words, if not of the philosophy, of the following:—

'Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains :  
Grasp it as a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.  
'Tis the same with common natures ;  
Use them kindly : they rebel :  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues will use you well.'

Prior, indeed, was at home in both veins ; but he is better to our mind when writing in a Lady's Milton—

'With virtue such as yours had Eve been arm'd,  
In vain the fruit had blushed, the serpent charmed.  
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,  
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote,'

than when he strings together bantering lines on the actual age of Phillis ; or versifies the misadventures of the glass eye, which Baron Le Cras was disgusted at discovering among the charms of his mistress. Prior, by the way, was most diligent in ransacking Greek, Latin, French, and English store-houses to come by his epigrams. His famous 'Debt Discharged' ('To John I owe great obligation,' &c.), is from Martial, v. 52, while his epitaph for himself—

'Gentlemen, here by your leave  
Lie the bones of Matthew Prior,  
A son of Adam and of Eve ;  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?'

is but an expert adaptation of a much older one by John Carnegie, as shown by Mr. Singer in 'Notes and Queries,' 1st Ser., vol. i., p. 482:—

'Johnnie Carnegie lais heer  
Descendit of Adam and Eve.  
Gif ony can gang hieher  
I'ae willing gie him leve.'

The best epigrams of Horace Walpole and of Lord Lyttleton are as much more akin to the Greek than the Latin, as they are in courtly point and finish to the coarser jeux d'esprit of Swift  
and

and his school. How neat is that of Walpole to Madame de Damas learning English—

‘ Though British accents your attention fire,  
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.  
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,  
For who would teach you but the verb “I love.” ’

There are one or two epigrams of the truest ring and metal for which we should be glad to find owners. Who wrote, for instance, this?—

‘ The diamond and the ruby’s blaze  
Disputes the palm with Beauty’s queen.  
Not beauty’s queen commands such praise,  
Devoid of beauty, if she’s seen.  
But the soft tear in pity’s eye  
Outshines the diamond’s brightest beams,  
But the sweet blush of modesty  
More beauteous than the ruby seems.’

Or this still more graceful inscription on twin-sisters?—

‘ Fair marble tell to future days  
That here two virgin-sisters lie,  
Whose life employ’d each tongue in praise,  
Whose death gave tears to ev’ry eye.  
In stature, beauty, years and fame,  
Together as they grew, they shone:  
So much alike, so much the same,  
That death mistook them both for one.’

Or, again, the epigram on the ‘Stage of Life,’ beginning ‘Our life’s a journey in a winter’s day,’ a garbled and maimed version of which Mr. Booth has given as extracted from a ‘Week at the Land’s End,’ though from the appearance of the original in the ‘Festoon,’ which was published in 1766, we cannot think that he has done much to trace it to its source.

It is, however, in humorous and satirical epigrams that the greatest difference of taste occurs. Here especially those epigrammatists have done best, who have at least kept the Greek model in mind, while those who have implicitly followed Martial have been most apt to substitute ill-nature for wit. What but a gloomy misanthropy could have produced this cynical snarl of La Monnoye—

‘ The world of fools has such a store,  
That he, who would not see an ass,  
Must bide at home and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.’

*And who, though he may smile faintly on the first specimen*  
which



which he hears, does not tire at a repetition, 'usque ad nauseam,' of this sort of epigram?—

'To wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak.  
Is there a day that asses do not speak?'

*On Michaelmas Day.*

'Five thousand geese this day are doom'd to die.  
What dreadful havoc 'mongst society!'

*On a pale Lady.*

'Whence comes it that, in Clara's face  
The lily only has a place?  
Is it that the absent rose  
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?'

In truth, if an association were to be formed for the collection of true and proper epigrams, its first step would be to discard all such as rely for their success on the vulgar but favourite habit of calling names; on assailing personal blemishes and defects; and on causing needless offence to estimable individuals, out of bilious acerbity towards the world at large. Thus would be sent adrift a shoal of ill-bred rudenesses, launched at a man's country or profession, *e.g.*—

'Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom:  
Not forced to wander, but confined at home;'

or,

'God works a wonder now and then:  
Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.'

Thus, too, should we be spared the disgust of meeting with rhyming insults upon private individuals, levelled at them for some secret grudge. One cannot illustrate this abuse of the epigram more forcibly than by quoting one which Mr. Booth has, with questionable taste, printed in his volume:—

*To Lady M——, on the Death of a Favourite Pig.*

'O dry that tear so round and big,  
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind.  
Death only takes a single pig.  
Your lord, and son, remain behind.'

Not that we advocate the exclusion of lively and good humoured hits at the characteristic foibles of either sex. There is no reason why we should not have a standard epigram to quote, when a man weds for money:—

'When Loveless married Lady Jenny,  
Whose beauty was the ready penny:

"I chose

"I chose her," said he, "like old plate,  
Not for the fashion but the weight!"

or 'chapter and verse' for the lady who for gold sells herself to  
a rich fool :—

'Lucia thinks happiness depends on state,  
She weds an idiot, but she eats on plate.'

Nor is there any call to banish and proscribe harmless common-places touching affectation, prudery, or flirtations in the one sex ; or jealousy, selfishness, and love of money in the other. Pleasantries aimed at a man's corporeal bulk (such as that apropos of the gentleman of a pre-Bantingian æra, who must have been 'money in pocket' to any body of street-commissioners), are offensive to none, and would provoke as hearty a laugh from their subject, as from indifferent persons :—

'When Tadloe walks the streets, the pavours cry,  
"God bless you, Sir !" and lay their rammers by.'

Indeed, it must be a peculiarly touchy individual who objects to a little harmless raillery, whether in verse or prose, anent his Pickwickian figure, or his beard and moustache. But admitting thus much, we still think it high time that English epigrammatists should explode some of the superstitious axioms, which in time past their fraternity deemed matters of faith. Their predecessors seem to have composed their '*jeux d'esprit*' in the firm belief that all men were liars and knaves, and no woman virtuous. Eliminate all these antiquated crotchets, and the epigrams that perpetuate them ; retain a score or so of the best epigrams on bad poets and quack-doctors, and send the rest a-packing ; make evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, in epigrammatic couplets, penal ; and it strikes us that the cream of this kind of poetry, which will remain, may be contained in a moderate sized and pleasant volume. And, as regards future supply, it might be well if none were suffered to epigrammatize, but such as were of ascertained good-digestions, and such as had no need to look to patrons for a dinner. Cynicism and servility would then alike disappear, and we should assimilate more, in these offerings to the Muse, to the sunny light-heartedness of the Greek original. We should unlearn, as a nation, the habit of sharpening our wit on the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures ; and, even in this little matter, aim at nearer conformity to our perfect Pattern. If the law of love is to pervade the heart, the pen and tongue must not lend themselves to spleen and annoyance. To this end it is desirable that that, which was not a primary or essential element in the epigram, its *sting*, should be  
remitted

remitted to its original insignificance. 'Point,' 'honey,' 'brevity,' should be insisted on, as immutable requisites. Wit, however lively and impatient of restraint, should be accommodated to the Greek, rather than to the Latin pattern. Thus constructed, the epigram might become the favourite resource of refinement as well as wit; the toy of learned leisure, and not the shaft of busy and stinted satire. Thus, in fine, would it keep clear of the ban, under which one of our greatest poets justly places all verse, that is not in the interest of general kindliness and benevolence.

'Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;  
Give virtue scandal; innocence a fear;  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.'

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- ART. IX.—1. *Letter from Mr. Cobden to Mr. Scovell.* August, 1862.  
2. *Letter from Mr. Bright to Mr. Horace Greeley.* October, 1864.  
3. *The Confederate Secession.* By the Marquis of Lothian. London, 1864.

IT cannot be denied that there has been recently a perceptible relaxation of the interest with which our countrymen at first watched the vicissitudes of the American war. The change must seem heartless to the actors in it, whose fate is staked upon the issue; but it is not difficult to explain. The conflict burst upon the world so suddenly, and in spite of many premonitory symptoms it was so little expected, that it was at first an absorbing topic even to those who were not interested in it by any selfish considerations. The collapse of the great experiment of democracy, the sudden transition from unbroken peace to ferocious war on the part of a people whose devotion to mere gain was thought to be engrossing, the gigantic scale of the operations, and the splendid heroism for which, on one side at least, they gave the opportunity, all combined to exercise a fascination over the minds of Englishmen, never probably exercised before by any events in which they were not nationally engaged. English feeling naturally takes the weaker side; and where the weaker side is adorned by characters of the grandeur of 'Stonewall' Jackson and Lee, the sympathy which follows its course warms into enthusiasm. Something too of indignation at the transparent hollowness of the pretences put forth by the North, mixed itself with the admiration that was at



by the gallantry of their opponents. There was something revolting in the sudden horror of rebellion developed in a nation which was itself born of that which it denounced, and which still retained and revered some of the actors in the successful revolution to which its origin was due. They had so stoutly asserted the right of all men to choose their own form of government, both in their own formal public documents and in the speeches of their public men, they had always been so prompt to recognise successful revolts in other countries, that the phenomenon of a legitimist democracy, prepared to fight for the divine right of mobs to govern wrong, excited at once the anger and the derision of the nation that in a former generation had suffered from the prevalence of exactly the opposite principles among them. All these causes combined to make the American war a subject of absorbing interest during the first three campaigns.

Then feelings of a more selfish kind operated in the same direction. At first it was exceedingly doubtful whether we ourselves should not become principals in the war. The notorious invalidity of the blockade, and the arrogant tone in which the Federals seemed inclined to interpret the rights of belligerents, threatened at one time to involve us in it whether we would or no. It was at that period a matter of some controversy whether the absolute inaction that we have in the sequel observed would be the wisest policy to follow. There were many political considerations of some weight to sanction the course suggested by sympathy for Southern bravery, and horror at the interminable butchery that was being undertaken by the Federals. The sufferings of our own operatives in Lancashire, the disturbance of commerce that was threatened by a war so costly and so desolating, the advantages that might be anticipated from a close alliance with the South, and the probability that the mere prospect of European interference would suffice to compel a peace, all pleaded for some bolder course than mere neutrality. The personal opinions, however, of some statesmen who were prominent in both the great parties in parliament inclined the balance against any active measures. At that time English feelings were so strongly moved, that if a Minister had resolved on interference he would probably have been supported; and the consciousness that the stream of events, so capricious in its course, might at any moment draw England into the struggle, heightened the intense anxiety with which each successive military movement was followed.

Now many of these causes have disappeared, or act with diminished power. The startling novelty of the war has worn off. *The hopes of its early termination, under the influence of*

frequent

frequent disappointment, are fading away. The probability that England will be engaged in it under any circumstances has ceased. Opinion in favour of action on the part of this country was never strong enough to have forced an unwilling Minister to undertake it; and now that the country is pledged to an opposite policy, the prevalent opinion, rightly or wrongly, is unquestionably in favour of a rigid neutrality. Whether this course has been determined by wise self-restraint or by timidity under the mask of wisdom, it will be for time to show. The Federal Government, convinced at last of the magnitude of the task it has in hand, will probably for the present shrink from adding to it the dangers of a conflict with any of the maritime powers. And without calling in aid any other explanation, the mere fact that the war has lasted so long, and that all the various forms of heroism and of suffering which the word represents have become familiar to us as household words, necessarily reduces the tension of the emotion with which we listened to such strange and harrowing tales at first.

But though the interest has slightly slackened, it cannot be said that the judgment formed upon the war and its causes is materially changed. The mass of educated men in England retain the sympathy for the South which they have nourished ever since the conflict assumed a decided shape. There are, indeed, philanthropists in England who still imagine that the war is a crusade upon the one side against slavery, and on the other a struggle for its maintenance; but their number is scanty and their authority insignificant. There are agitators, too, men of a different stamp, who never lifted up their hand against slavery while the North protected it, but who now turn the honest fanaticism of the abolitionist to the profit of a democratic agitation. It is a very idle task to attempt to convince such men that the North are not fighting against slavery, and that if slavery should suddenly cease to exist, the South would not lay down its arms. But lest the mere iteration of refuted fallacies should be taken for proofs, and the silence of weariness on the part of those who have frequently refuted them should be construed as acquiescence, we will reprint the testimony of a witness whose authority as to the motives upon which the war is being waged is as good as any that can be obtained, and whose language is not ambiguous. The following appeared in the early part of this last December in the 'New York Times,' the recognised organ of Mr. Lincoln's government, and conducted by a politician who was the chief manager of the recent election upon his side:—

‘There is a prevalent opinion here in the North, that it is fighting for slavery.’

slavery. It is erroneous. Though a passion for slavery is the immediate cause of the war, it does not now sustain the war. The South would buy triumph to-morrow, if it could, by a complete sacrifice of slavery. It would not now yield, though it could take a bond of fate that by yielding it would save slavery. What Jeff. Davis told Colonel Jaques in his confidential interview is perfectly true, that slavery had now nothing to do with the war, and that the only question now involved is the question of Southern independence, that is to say, the independence of the Confederacy. There seems to be substantial agreement, both by Jeff. Davis and his opponents of every shade, *that the sole object of the South is to vindicate, and for ever establish, State independence and sovereignty.* It is precisely that for which the South is fighting—exactly the converse of this national principle for which the North is fighting. We can tell the South, in all sincerity, that the Northern people will carry this war to any extremity, rather than let the nationality be broken. This is the unalterable determination of nine-tenths of the Northern people, whether supporters or opponents of President Lincoln's administration. They know that, sooner or later, they will break down the fighting power of the South. They know, too, that they can afterwards maintain the national authority over the South, if not with Southern acquiescence, on a basis of mutual respect, and good will, and civil equality, then by throwing open all the lands of the enemies of the Government to the permanent possession of every actual settler from whatever quarter of the world, and the re-peopling of the South by a loyal population. We are not willing to believe that the madness of the South will be so prolonged as to drive the Government to that resort. But that resort will be used, *and even others sterner yet*, if need be, sooner than let the nation be divided and destroyed.'

Here is another passage from the 'New York Times' of last month, as distinctly worded as the last:—

'The North, though it may destroy slavery in waging war, does not wage war to destroy slavery. There is nothing about slavery that would prevent the North from making peace to-morrow, if it could. It is quite willing to leave the whole disposal of that subject to future peaceful and constitutional action. In no form or degree is the adherence of the South to slavery a part of our *casus belli*.'

This is plain speaking enough. The North is fighting for no sentimental cause—for no victory of a 'higher civilization.' It is fighting for a very ancient and vulgar object of war—for that which Russia has secured in Poland—that which Austria clings to in Venetia—that which Napoleon sought in Spain. It is a struggle for empire, conducted with a recklessness of human life which may have been paralleled in practice, but has never been avowed with equal cynicism. If any shame is left in the Americans, the first revision they will make in their constitution will



will be to repudiate formally the now exploded doctrine laid down in the Declaration of Independence, that 'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.'

The point of view from which the Southerners undertook the war cannot be more clearly or vividly stated than it is in an able work upon Confederate Secession, which has recently issued from the pen of the Marquis of Lothian. It leaves upon the mind of the reader a clearer idea of the process by which the animosity was engendered between North and South, which ultimately bore fruit in secession, than any that has been published upon this vexed controversy. Others have been more elaborately full; but for that very reason have been less intelligible. It is a just remark of the author that—

'The abundance of proof which exists on this subject has done the Southern cause more harm than good; for its advocates, desirous of leaving nothing unsaid which might strengthen their case, have laid so much stress upon what Virginia said when she joined the Union, and what Kentucky said when she did so, and upon the way in which Washington and Hamilton, Madison and Jefferson, expressed themselves about it, that they have run the risk of entangling their rights as free men in a maze of technicalities.'

The truth is that the grievances of the South against the North, like the grievances of all people who ultimately quarrel, are very numerous, and differ widely in value. Some are clearly only the offspring of the bitterness that has been bred by others. A full statement, therefore, of all the griefs a Southerner is ready to enumerate against the North, only tends to weaken his case. The complaints that are obviously hollow have the effect of throwing doubt on those which are intrinsically sound. Enough, however, remains, after all deductions, to make out abundant grounds for a divorce. The process of legislative suction by which the North drained her partner's life-blood—the steady, ruthless use of a congressional majority to transfer all trade, all manufacture, all government expenditure to the North, and to leave to the South nothing but the privilege of paying an enormous proportion of the taxes—are effectively depicted in Lord Lothian's pages; and they furnish an impressive warning against a reliance upon the generosity or the justice of a pure democracy, which, it is to be hoped, will not be lost on trustful spirits on this side of the Atlantic. It would be ridiculous to assert that slavery has nothing to do with the present conflict; but it is still more absurd to assert either that it is now the object of the war on either side, or that it was the original cause of quarrel. It had just that connection with the disruption that the last drop has with the overflowing of the cup. The South had suffered many

many injustices from the numerical majority of the North. When they saw Mr. Lincoln elected upon the cry of Abolition, and saw that he took for his chief adviser Mr. Seward, who had given his approval to a proposal to abolish *without compensation*, they thought that this time they would not wait till the injustice was carried through and the new hostile rule was riveted firmly on their necks. But then, deluded people, they believed, with Franklin, and Hamilton and Jefferson, and all the Fathers of the Revolution, 'that it is a self-evident truth that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.'

But who cares now for the cause of the war? What value do the Federals themselves set upon even the show of legality in their proceedings? They tell foreign powers that an insurrection exists in certain portions of the United States. But they are themselves on the point of inaugurating a revolutionary government. By no possible construction of any clause in the constitution can a President be chosen by only a fraction of the States. And yet Mr. Lincoln is about to take office for another term in virtue of an election in which nine of the States have not voted, or been invited to vote. Still more flagrant is the breach of the constitution which the President elect is proposing to his Congress to commit. He suggests to them to abolish slavery by an amendment of the constitution. In other words, he proposed to amend the constitution without even consulting a third part of the States. It is obvious that discussions turning on presumed legality are out of place in criticising a government like this. It is a revolutionary government, bent on the conquest of the Southern States as an end, and reckless of the means by which that end is to be gained. The only question that is of much interest now is, whether that end will be gained? When the death-feud is raging between two communities, it is idle to enquire how it began. The only question that it concerns us to solve is, how will it end?

There has been no more curious circumstance incident to this war than the utter falsification of all prophecies that have been hazarded concerning it. The first point upon which every one was agreed was that the Northerners were far too faithful votaries of the dollar ever to plunge into a war for the sake of territory. The next point upon which opinion was equally unanimous was, that the very moment any armed force invaded the South there would be a universal revolt among the slaves. Before the battle of Bull's-run took place, the general idea was that the North would not have much difficulty in overrunning the South; but that its difficulties would commence with the restoration of a nominal peace. After the battle of Bull's-run it was assumed  
with



with equal hastiness that it would be impossible to find Northern troops who would stand fire, or Northern generals to lead them. Certain disruption has been prophesied for the North with as much confidence as certain starvation for the South. All Pitt's belief in the omnipotence of finance has reappeared in the confident predictions of the partisans of each side, that its antagonist must give way under the bankruptcy that was impending. The Americans flatter themselves that all these forecasts have proved false, because they are a peculiar people, whose ways are not to be measured by the experience of the worn-out Old World. But the truth has been really in the other direction. We in Europe have misjudged the Americans more because we have assumed them not to be men of like passions with ourselves, and have tried to construct a peculiar philosophy for their special behoof. If we had judged of the Confederates as we should of any very gallant European people—such as the Swiss, or the Scotch, or the Goths of Spain, or the mountaineers of the Caucasus—we should have foreseen a resistance scarcely less heroic than that which they have actually made. If we had judged of the North, as of a European mob, without capable rulers to guide it, we should have credited it with most of the qualities it has displayed—fortitude, determination, blind ferocity, and an equal inability to produce statesmen of power to conduct the struggle with success, or prudence to close it without dishonour.

Such failures are not encouraging to further attempts at prophecy; and it may be observed that they are now generally avoided with prudent care. The utmost that any observer can safely do is to draw conclusions from the past experience of the war as to its future course. Two facts stand out strongly upon the surface of the various operations which have occupied the last three years and a half. One of them is that the Confederates are powerless to struggle with the Federals upon the water. Their attempts to form a navy, renewed again and again with the perseverance of Bruce's spider, have been uniformly unfortunate. No ship that they have yet constructed either at home or abroad but has been destined to an early and disastrous fate. The attacks of the gunboats of the Federals upon the land fortifications of their antagonists have met with a more chequered success. On the Mississippi and upon the tributaries of that river they have scarcely ever failed. Upon the seaboard and at the mouths of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic, their success has been rarer, and as yet utterly barren. The other fact is that they have not yet contrived to maintain a single post in the enemy's country at a distance from their water-communications. For a time it seemed that Sherman had  
achieved



achieved a splendid exception to this rule. Atlanta was a real land conquest, gained with no aid from sheltering gunboats; but a few weeks showed that the rule was invariable, and that the apparent exception was but a hollow and transitory triumph. The capture of Atlanta had been due, perhaps, to the inopportune caution of Johnston, and to the perilous audacity which the necessities of a Presidential contest had compelled Sherman to assume. But the first movement of his adversary proved it to be an untenable position; and the manœuvres by which he has repaired his error, though creditable to his military talent, have brought no advantage, setting aside mere desolation, to his cause, which could not have been gained by naval operations. For the present, therefore, it may be taken as established by the experience of the war, that the Federals cannot effect a lodgement at a distance from their water-communications; and that those communications are limited to the sea, the Mississippi, and its tributaries. If the war should continue to be waged upon its present conditions, and this rule should hold good, the limits of the future Confederacy are marked out with tolerable decision by the hand of nature. The natural boundary will be the range of mountains which extends from a point near Memphis on the Mississippi to Harper's Ferry on the Potomac, and which cuts off between itself and the sea the larger part of Virginia, all the Carolinas, all Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, except a narrow margin, and a small portion of Tennessee. The conquest of Louisiana and Arkansas is probably within the power of the Federals to achieve, if they concentrated a large proportion of their force upon those points. But if they are once brought to consent to the severance of the other Southern States, it is not likely that they will make any struggle for dominion over a population that is bitterly hostile to them, except so far as is necessary to secure the free navigation of the Mississippi.

But the Federals at present contemplate a very different termination for the war. They have abandoned the dream of 'latent Union feeling in the South.' They know that if ever the Cotton States are ruled again from Washington, it will be by sheer, despotic, overwhelming force. We have seen that they calmly propose to themselves to oust from the possession of the land the whole existing population, and to supply their places by immigrants from the North. But they do not flatter themselves now that this will be possible so long as the Southern armies remain in a state of efficiency. The 'ninety days' delusion has disappeared at last. It is now confessed that the suppression of the rebellion, in the official language peculiar to the Washington Government, is 'a big job.' They have learned enough of the  
stuff

stuff of which Southern generals are made, to have renounced the hope of terminating the war by any series of brilliant and decisive victories ; but they trust to their ability to 'break down the military power of the South.' They are preparing to fight upon the principle followed by some chess-players, who, when they have by any contrivance obtained the advantage of a piece or a pawn over their adversaries, clear the board by exchanging pieces, and remain masters of the game with that simple piece or pawn. The Federal population is twenty millions. The Southern white population is certainly not more than five. If every two Federals can contrive to kill one Southerner, it is clear that the surviving Federals will find no difficulty in taking possession of the devastated Southern lands. There is no gainsaying the numerical preponderance of the Federals ; and there is no denying that, abstractedly speaking, two Federals are equal to the slaughter of one Confederate. If human nature were so composed that wars could be settled by this inexorable arithmetic, it would be better that the requisite number of victims on each side should be set to work and kill each other off at once, and settle the matter without further waste of time. But conscripts, though a patient race, have never hitherto consented to submit themselves to the operations of this kind of international clearing-house. Human beings have in all ages shown a marvellous readiness for self-sacrifice ; but when this quality has been exhibited upon a large scale, it has always been in obedience to a motive of adequate power. Before we can count upon its exhibition we must ascertain that the motive of which it is the effect and index is present in sufficient force. In balancing, therefore, the fighting power of two communities in order to ascertain the result in which their conflicts are likely to issue, it is not enough simply to compare the numbers and the wealth of the respective populations. The motives in operation upon each side are a material element in the computation, and their disproportion may well outweigh a large disproportion of numerical force. If both sides were really to fight to 'the bitter end,' there can be little doubt that the scanty remnant that would be left of the North would be entitled to claim a nominal and disastrous triumph. But we know very well by the teaching of history that the contest will not be literally fought out to the bitter end. The very gist and kernel of the question then is, Which will be tired of it first? And to answer this question we must weigh the motives by which each combatant is actuated.

The motives of the South are not difficult to estimate. They are the most powerful by which human beings can be moved. Submission presents to them, in its darkest form, the prospect of the fate that men in all ages have counted as far more terrible



than death. They were free, independent, and proud. They will be the slaves, the despised because the conquered slaves, of a pitiless despot. The slaves of an ordinary tyrant may look for relief of their sufferings to the good feeling of their master, to his fears, or at the worst to his successor. But the conquered Confederates will be the slaves of a tyrant that never relents and never dies—of a multitude triumphant in the gratification of its evil passions, and burning to vent its accumulated hate. The Confederates have no motives for yielding. Fighting on to the end may and probably will bring them independence. Yielding will bring to their lips the bitter cup that has already been drained to the dregs by the miserable inhabitants of Northern Virginia and Kentucky. To see their houses and their property taken from them and given to the enemies to whom all their sufferings are due, to submit to all the insults that can be inflicted by the most insolent and hard-hearted race that exists under the sun, to see their wives and daughters exposed to the constant risk of such outrages as those that have been practised wherever the Federals have been masters, and to hold this wretched existence upon mere sufferance, liable to summary slaughter on the least indication of their discontent,—this is the meaning which, as the Confederates have learned from experience, attaches to subjugation in such a war as this.

Considerations of this kind have obviously sustained them through the sacrifices which they have been compelled to make; and it is evident that these motives will not lose their force. The devastating policy of the Northern Government, inhuman as it is, has a tendency to prolong the resistance of the South, rather than to curtail it. Every man whose plantation or farm is ruined, every citizen who is turned penniless adrift from a captured town, has no motive left for submission to the North. He has ceased to give hostages to fortune. The Federals have done their worst upon him. If his State submits, he will have to fly from it and begin life again in the far west—unless he chooses to remain at home and gain a living as a mere labourer. If his State fights it out, there is a fair chance that independence may be the result; and if the worst should come to the worst, it is still only a flight to the far West. Such a calculation, joined to the resentment of a man at his own ruin and the personal outrages both he and his family have probably undergone, will drive him to do all in his power to injure his despoilers. Every devastating raid, therefore, made by the Federals, is a present of so many recruits to the Confederate army. This process has already been exemplified by striking instances. There is no State that has suffered so cruelly from the Vandal policy of the Federal



Federals as Virginia. A whole tract lying to the north of the Rappahannock has been changed from a smiling agricultural country into a desert. And yet the devotion of Virginia to the Confederate cause has never flagged or faltered. On the other hand, Georgia has till the recent campaign scarcely suffered in the least degree from the war, except so far as it has been affected by the blockade. But Georgia is the State in which there have been probably more lukewarm Confederates than any other. It is worth remarking, in connection with this contrast, that the whole prosperity of the State of Georgia depends on slavery; while it has been long notorious that, as a mere measure of economy, emancipation would be profitable to Virginia. Devastation, therefore, will only tend to intensify the spirit by which the resistance of the South is animated, until the point is reached at which the means of bare existence have ceased to be available: and by all accounts it is likely to be very long before this becomes a really pressing danger.

On the part of the South, therefore, there seems no probability that the contest will be abandoned until it issues in independence, or dies out for want of means to continue it. There is one danger to which all hard-pressed communities are liable—the danger of disunion. If that malady were to set in, the victory of the Federals would be easy and rapid. But, if the Confederates escape from this misfortune, it seems probable that their resistance will last as long as an army of either blacks or whites can by any means be gathered together.

The uncertain quantity, then, and that upon whose value the issue of the conflict seems to depend, is the amount of perseverance which the Federals are likely to display. That they have hitherto shown a great deal more than was expected, is undoubtedly true; but that fact is due, perhaps, to the exaggerated estimate which had been formed in Europe of the power of pecuniary considerations over their minds. The character of the war has certainly been, and still is, such as to try their mettle to the utmost. It is remarkable for the profusion of blood that has been shed, the financial recklessness with which it has been conducted, and the singular incapacity for military success which it displayed during the opening campaigns. That the Federals should have persisted in it in spite of these discouragements undoubtedly shows tenacity of will and intensity of resentment. But the wonder that might be felt at these qualities is diminished by the reflection that they have felt scarcely any of the horrors of war. Owing to a mistake in judgment on the part of the Confederates at the outset of the struggle, the war has been in the main limited

to Confederate soil. The armies have been largely composed of German and Irish mercenaries. The most grandiloquent advocates of it have kept both themselves and their relations out of it—as in the case of Mr. Everett, who was never weary of inciting others to go to the armies; but when the name of his own son was drawn, bought him out. They have paid the cost of the war by loans with a heedlessness of the future which has set the financiers of Europe aghast—for a long time scarcely imposing taxes enough to pay the interest. Under these circumstances it is comparatively easy to maintain a warlike enthusiasm. The temporary prosperity produced by a war expenditure is of itself very captivating. So long as loans and paper currency are made to defray the expenditure of the war, an artificial wealth is created which carries a fresh flow of prosperity into almost every industry. The farmer and manufacturer finds markets ready to absorb more than all that he can produce; the merchant finds in the Government a customer whose wants are never satisfied, and whose purse is never empty. True, this is all anticipated capital; it is not created,—for capital cannot be suddenly created,—but it is borrowed from the future. But that fact, however ominous for the future, in no way detracts from the mad enjoyment of the present. If the owner of some large landed estate were to mortgage his property to its utmost value, and spend the proceeds in five years, his dependents and neighbours would have a royal time of it. The village shops and the farms of the country round would fatten upon the expenditure caused by his extravagance. Many a farmer and shopman would grow rich according to their degree; and the flow of expenditure might even attract persons from neighbouring villages to come and share in the general scramble. Short-sighted people might come from a distance, and, seeing the sudden prosperity that had been created, might go into raptures over the wisdom of the policy that was being pursued by the landed proprietor. But the ruin would come, nevertheless; and when the great house was shut up, and all expenditure upon the estate had ceased, it is possible that the wise visitors might discover the real hollowness of the prosperity that had delighted them. The Irish squires, as they were before the Encumbered Estates Bill, gave in private life a good illustration of the results of the financial policy which America is pursuing. But the gaiety of the Irish squire before he had eaten up all that he could borrow, was in no degree damped by reflections upon the future; and he would have pursued any lawsuit in which he might chance to be engaged, with as much ardour as the Federals now show in carrying on the war.



It may be expected that as the weight of the taxes becomes heavier, as it must necessarily do, and as the conscription is enforced with greater rigour, the popularity of the war will suffer a material abatement. But if other circumstances were favourable to the maintenance of enthusiasm on the Federal side, the mere weight of personal sacrifices might fail to weary it, at least for a longer time probably than that during which the resistance of the South could be maintained. But such an enthusiasm requires to be sustained by some reasonable and well-grounded hope: it will not live upon mere vindictiveness, or the dreams of a blind ambition. If the Northern people can look forward to victory as the end of their troubles, and can count upon the restoration of their idolized Union as its result, they may be content to face the severest trials of war in such a cause. But if, as the contest goes on, the conviction gains upon them, as it already has upon all disinterested spectators, that victory will be but the commencement of their troubles, and that their Union cannot be restored, their resolution will not bear up very long against the increasing demands of the Provost Marshal and the tax-gatherer. And to this conviction they must come at last. They have resisted it with an obstinacy which nothing but the abnormal national vanity of the Americans could have upheld. Any other people would have learned from the history of Poland, of Scotland, of Spain, and of Italy, what the forcible subjugation of a brave nation means, and at what a prodigal sacrifice of blood, and treasure, and civil rights, it has to be maintained. That the seceded States can never return in amity under the power of those with whom they have fought in so many bloody campaigns, the Northern politicians themselves are beginning to admit. If they are held at all, they must be held by force. Their vast extent will be occupied by a people hating their rulers with the bitter hatred which Poles bear to Russians, or Sicilians bore to French. Before the South can be conquered, a very large portion of the white males must have been killed off. But the children are still left; and they will grow up to look upon the hatred of the Yankee as a sacred tradition, to which they will cling with all the intensity of enthusiasm which men feel towards a cause for which their fathers died. The reconstructed State will thus present the curious spectacle of a country of which the larger and the more fertile portion is inhabited by a profoundly disaffected population. Large garrisons will have to be maintained in all the important towns; a huge gendarmerie must be organised to protect railroads and rivers, and to raise the taxes which will then be necessary. The Press will have to be kept under rigorous censorship. The writ of habeas corpus must be permanently



permanently suspended ; an elaborate staff of police spies must be maintained to conduct the arrest of possible ring-leaders, and to check the first symptoms of revolt. In fact, the whole apparatus of repression by which 'order is maintained' in Venice and in Warsaw, will be the only tenure by which the Government of Washington will rule over more than half its territory. How burdensome such a mode of government will be to finance, how ruinous to trade and industry, how deadly to political freedom, the people of the Federal States may convince themselves from the experience of Austria and Russia. It may be safely assumed that not much will be left to them of their own liberty by a Government which is encouraged to make so little account of the liberties of others. It seems hardly possible that a hostile population can be permanently governed by the sword, over so vast an extent of country. The cost of doing it, if it be done efficiently, would be so gigantic, that the richest nation would pay by a speedy bankruptcy the just penalty of the attempt. If it were done inefficiently, of course the yoke would be thrown off as soon as the means had been collected for doing so. Even in the inconceivable contingency of such an undertaking being successful in a period of repose, it clearly must break down at the first approach of troublous times. Any disaffected party within the State, or any enemy from outside, would always command certain and sure allies in the population of the subdued Confederacy. A proposal has been made by the Northern papers, and echoed by liberal philanthropists upon this side of the Atlantic, to dispossess all the landholders of the South, and repeople the Confederacy by granting their estates to Northerners. This barbarous idea furnishes a fair sample of the humanity of the minds in which it has arisen ; but it is fortunately impracticable. At least, it may be sufficient to say that it is without anything approaching to a parallel in the history of civilised times. A faint anticipation of it was practised by Elizabeth, James I., and Cromwell, in Ireland ; but the experiment has met with but indifferent success. Unless the North could afford to keep an army to protect each of the new landowners, they will have but a brief enjoyment of their ill-gotten property. Men who have suffered oppression of this kind are not usually very squeamish about the time or place which they select for their revenge. The new landowner might get his property free ; but it would be upon the tenure of acting as walking target to all the dispossessed Southerners within a radius of fifty miles. Under these conditions, it is not likely that the confiscated estates will be the subject of a very keen competition on the part of intending emigrants.

These considerations incline us to the belief that the Northern population

population will not persevere in its infatuation long enough to break down the fighting power of the South. It must awake before long to the madness of its design, and to the sacrifices which it has been duped into making; and when that awakening has once arrived, neither the self-interest of the place-hunters who have just secured another term of power, nor the frenzy of the Abolitionists, will be able to close their ears any longer to the counsels of prudence and of peace.

There is one aspect of this question in which it is idle to disguise that England has a substantial interest. It is a possibility, upon which a certain class of politicians in America dwell without reluctance, that the Federal States, foiled of their prey upon the Gulf of Mexico, may seek to indemnify themselves upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. The idea of driving from the North American continent the flag of every Power that is not of American origin is not a chimera of recent growth. It is evident from the policy recently pursued by General Dix, and from other less marked indications in the same direction, that there is a large party in the Northern States that would gladly seek an indemnity for the losses they have suffered and the disgrace they have incurred in their conflict with the armies of the Confederate Government by an inroad into the provinces of British North America. A war with Great Britain would furnish, in the worst contingency, a convenient excuse for failure, and, in the case of success, a profitable compensation. It is necessary for our Government to be on its guard against the shifts of this kind of political despair. Vague rumours of disarmament are afloat in this country just now; and it is not impossible that, in the presence of a general election, a Government which has never shown itself scrupulous may attempt to appeal to the baser instincts of the electors by announcing an extensive reduction of military expenditure. We earnestly trust that those members of the Cabinet who have not lost all sense of patriotism in the excitement of party strife will refuse to allow the North American frontier to be denuded of troops for the sake of any such personal advantage. The danger at the moment is imminent, and the responsibility of those who suffer it to be increased for mere electioneering purposes will be heavy both in the eyes of the soberer portion of contemporary English politicians and before the calmer judgment of history.\* The

\* A distinguished naval officer protests against our total want of useful and well-armed ships wherewith to defend ourselves and destroy the enemy. He assures us that, with the exception of a few ironclads, we are almost defenceless, as the ships which fill our naval ports are obsolete; whereas the Americans have about



The very depth of the sympathy with which Englishmen have followed the course of this melancholy conflict has led them to study with unusual earnestness the lessons which it teaches. It is on the whole a fault of the national character that we are slow to learn from the experience of others. Such docility would imply the distasteful admission that other nations were made of the same stuff, morally and intellectually, as ourselves. We have therefore profited comparatively little from the various experiments in democracy which have failed upon various fields around us during the last half-century. We have learned from them scarcely anything, except to congratulate ourselves that we are not as other men, and to flatter ourselves that our practical good sense will extract prosperity from projects that have yielded nothing but calamity to others. But, for many reasons, more attention has been paid to the experiment that was being conducted in the United States. The fact that they were originally of our own stock, that their land was once a portion of British territory, that their population has been continuously recruited from our shores, and that our laws and institutions form the basis of theirs, would of itself be sufficient to concentrate upon their experience a far larger share of our attention than we bestow upon all the rest of the world put together. But these natural stimulants to a special interest in the destiny of the American people have not been left to their unaided influence. An active school of politicians among ourselves have selected America and American institutions for a devoted idolatry rarely bestowed upon foreign nations by those who profess to be still loyal to their own. In every political controversy these men act as if they were retained to deliver panegyrics upon the particular solution of it which the Northern States happen to have preferred. It is not only to those points of American practice in which the extreme tenets of democracy have been embodied, that their adhesion has been given. They have been equally enthusiastic in their advocacy of American opinions with which democracy had no concern. Such proposals, for instance, as that of neutralising all private property at sea during war-time, by which the maritime preponderance of Great Britain over the United States would be entirely destroyed, have found special favour with this school. In the

about six hundred vessels actually employed, many of them having very high speed and two or more monster guns. The career and fate of the 'Alabama' should have shown us that high speed is the very life of an active cruiser, and that one huge gun may be the death of such a vessel, or even a much larger one. Probably we never were in so destitute a state—not having a single fast cruiser, scarcely a single port defended against the entry of a hostile ironclad. And this, while every seaport in the United States is elaborately fortified, and every accessible creek or point on the coast armed with large



same spirit they deal with every diplomatic difficulty that may arise between the two nations. Their ready pens and tongues are always at hand to prove that their own country must be wrong, and her antagonist must be right. In the affair of the 'Trent,' in the affair of the 'Alabama,' in the numerous questions between ourselves and the foreigner that have arisen out of the blockade, the case of the Government of Washington could not have been more effectively defended in England, if Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright had been accredited agents of the United States, or if Mr. Adams had avowedly 'inspired' the 'Morning Star.' Nay, in such a supposed case, the advocacy of our American school would have been in reality far less effective, for it would have been stripped of the advantages which it now derives from the mask of British citizenship. The same spirit animates them even in the pettiest matters in which the merits of things English and things Yankee come into comparison. The belief in a superiority of American railway arrangements over English, of American cannon over English, of Grant's military conduct over that of English commanders in 1854, are minute matters enough; but the intensity of a fanaticism may often be gauged by its power of forcing itself even into the most trivial tastes and opinions.

Such a devoted advocacy has forced people in England to contemplate the progress of affairs in America from somewhat of a selfish point of view. The feeling of pity for the inevitable sufferings of so terrible a war, and of sympathy with the gallant struggle of a people, deserted by all, fearfully overmatched and yet unconquerable, would be exclusively the feelings with which Englishmen would regard the progress of this war, if their thoughts had not been directed into other channels by the importunate efforts of political propagandists. At first it was hoped that the breaking out of the present war would rid us of the nuisance of the 'American illustration.' For years the world has been sorely vexed with the tale of the virtues of America. Even to those who were weak enough to believe in the argument, it was wearisome to be eternally lectured upon the perfections of the United States, whenever a point of domestic politics arose. The completeness of American freedom, their beautiful love of peace, their marvellous economy, their exemption from all the Old-world contrivances for repressing disaffection, were dinned into our ears with an energy which became a trial even to the simple hearers who believed that we could secure similar blessings by a change in our own institutions. At last, when the bubble burst, and the United States, or such of them as remained, had become a military despotism, it was hoped the world had finally  
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bid farewell to eulogies of America as instruments of English controversy. But those who took this sanguine view grievously underrated the tenacity of the Yankee faith. During the whole of this civil war, we have been still invited to study the beauties of democracy as they are exhibited in America, and to imitate them so far as we can. The beauties, it is true, are admitted to be of a different order from those which used to be paraded before us a dozen years ago; but still the United States are represented to us as the champions of human freedom, and as illustrating in a special manner the progress of the human race. Such doctrines are at least paradoxical enough to stimulate curiosity. There is nothing upon the surface of the facts to induce the casual observer to conclude that freedom is faring very well there at this moment, or that the progress of the people to any desirable goal is very rapid. It will be interesting therefore to look into the fact more closely, and to discover, if we can, what is the foundation upon which these strange opinions rest. Perhaps the inquiry may help to throw light upon points which have a close interest for ourselves. It may teach us what is the meaning of the progress and freedom to which our leading Radicals are perpetually inviting us. For their praise of America is not an abstract dogma unconnected with any personal application to us. It is not for the purpose of a barren idolatry, but in order to stimulate us to go and do likewise, that this example is pressed upon our notice. Their proposals are apt to be vague, and their new principles veiled by a judicious reticence, which has been taught to them by a long experience of the disadvantages of candour; and it will be of advantage to ascertain the exact condition to which they would gladly bring our form of society, by examining their ideal again, now that its aspect has been wholly altered by civil war without losing its hold upon their affections.

There is no science in which the wholesome ordeal of definition is more needed than in politics. So little of exact reasoning and so much of *ad captandum* declamation is employed in political discussions, that words are of much more importance in it than thoughts. The man who can discover a phrase by which the desired argument or assertion is hinted, without being formally laid down, does more for his cause than the keenest reasoner. A falsehood stated may be disproved; a fallacy elaborately worked out may be easily exposed. But it is difficult to deal with falsehood or fallacy which exist only in suggestion, and have not passed in any distinct shape upon the mind of the word arms is influenced by them. A deceptive word arms to convey an argument, and disarms the ability of analysing the arguments contained



contained indisposes the hearer for scrutiny. A new error can never be said to have secured its footing, or to be furnished with the proper apparatus for conquering the popular mind, until its most important fallacies have been disguised in the form of catchwords or party cries. The man who first connected the words 'freedom' and 'progress' with the word democracy, did this inestimable service to the democratic cause. There is no *à priori* justification for such a connexion. There is nothing in the nature of things to make us suppose that the freedom of those who are not on the side of the Government will be better observed where the Government is the creature of a multitude, than where it is in the possession of one. In other words, there is no obvious ground for assuming that masses of men are calmer and more free from passion than individuals. Such an assumption, if not founded in the nature of things, is certainly not countenanced by history. The Athenian people were not remarkable for clemency or self-restraint, and played the tyrant in their time as bloodily as any Persian or Macedonian king. Rome had scarcely approached to the condition of a true democracy before it became anarchical. The pure democratic forms, which from the very birth of their community the canton of Uri has enjoyed, in no way hindered them from laying upon their conquered neighbours of what is now Ticino as heavy a yoke as was imposed by any feudal baron. The feverish interval during which France enjoyed the blessings of pure democracy, will not be upheld, even by the most advanced Liberal, as a period remarkable for the respect that was paid to individual freedom. There is nothing, therefore, in experience, and nothing in theory to authorise the connexion of the two ideas. But it has been done systematically and perseveringly; and perseverance has been rewarded with the success which generally awaits it. The two have been put together, until people have come to believe that they are connected. The juxtaposition of the ideas of 'progress' and democracy, which has been established with equal success, has been more curious still. It is more utterly at variance with the teaching of history. It is quite true that the history of the human race has been the record of a continual progress; but it is not true that that progress has been identified with a movement towards democracy, or that it has been the most strikingly displayed in countries where that form of government prevailed. For the future, it is, of course, impossible to speak; but, as regards the past, it is a simple matter of fact that the human race have not progressed towards democracy. During the experience of the living generation there may have been a movement, not intentionally towards democracy, but towards a larger development of popular power, out of which democracy



mocracy may possibly grow. But this movement has only been the flow of a tide, whose alternate rise and fall has been recorded ever since the dawn of civilised polity. Democratic equality of political power was as much developed among several nations of classical antiquity, and among the Teutons before the feudal system began to grow up among them, as in any part of Europe at the present moment, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the Swiss cantons. If there is any lesson which a general survey of history teaches us upon this point, it is that the preponderance of power in a state seldom remains in the same hands for any length of time. But the doctrine that all states have been and are tending to intrust this preponderance finally to the multitude, is one that cannot be supported by any evidence whatever.

The unhappy experiences of America furnish us with the means of testing anew the alleged conjunction of freedom and progress with unlimited democracy. English democrats do not shrink from the test. They do not set aside the present condition of the United States as an exceptional misfortune from which no argument can be drawn. On the contrary, they applaud the present action of the American democracy as a noble fulfilment of its peculiar mission, and urge it regardless of blood and suffering to maintain to the bitter end its present sanguinary efforts. From the present condition of things in America, therefore, we shall be able to judge by the admission of its own advocates how far the connexion of freedom and progress with democracy is real.

Let us take progress first. A distinguished advocate of the Federal cause recently visited New York, and being there entertained at a breakfast by his admirers, told them that he had come there to verify an historical theory—that he had deduced from history the belief that men had progressed constantly towards perfection—and that he had come to America to see whether that progress was likely to be arrested. From what he had seen in the Northern States of America, he was satisfied that that progress would not be arrested. Such was the conclusion of the English visitor, and it expresses with accuracy the views that have been taken by the Federal party in England generally. But what is this progress, then, over whose continuance in the Northern States they make so much rejoicing? Progress whither? What is the excellence which, in the view of men who profess to seek the welfare of their kind, at this moment raises the United States above other communities, and justifies us in speaking of the position they occupy as a point of progress? The spectacle which we see before us is a community of twenty millions fight-  
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ing against a community of five millions. The cause of struggle is not a small one. It is not a disputed formulary, or a coveted province, or satisfaction for some injury, or defence of some weak ally. It is a struggle, such as we have few examples of in the Old World, in which the stronger party will accept no other terms but the complete and utter subjugation of their antagonists, and are determined if they cannot conquer them to exterminate them. It may be admitted that such a spectacle is rare; but there is nothing new in it. Modern conquerors have generally been satisfied with annexing a province, and imposing a heavy indemnity; or, in extreme cases, they have gone so far as to change a dynasty or a form of government. But still there are precedents in point, and the United States cannot claim any great advance over former ages in this regard. Mahomet, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Catherine of Russia, and several other names might be mentioned as having fully equalled in atrocity even the design which the United States are proposing to themselves. They cannot, therefore, be said to have progressed upon that point. But then it is said that this scheme of wholesale extermination is to be undertaken for an idea. The organs of the Federal Government in London are in the habit of asserting that this is a war conducted for the extirpation of slavery. Even if the allegation were true, the United States would not be entitled to the credit of any originality or progress on that account. The practice of propagating ideas with the sword has been always very familiar to half-civilised nations. The Arabs under Mahomet went to war for an idea; and the idea which they offered to those whom they defeated was worthy of admiration, if it be compared to some of those which they superseded. The Crusaders furnished another well-known instance of the kind. They made even greater sacrifices for their idea than the Federals, because they did not buy Irish emigrants to go and be killed, but went themselves. Their cause, too, was nobler, for it was the propagation of the whole Christian creed; whereas the cause for which the Federals are said by their English friends to be fighting is but a single point of Christian practice, which can only be deduced inferentially from the New Testament at all. So that even if it were true that the Federals were honestly fighting merely that they might abolish slavery, they would only deserve that compassionate admiration which is given to deluded men, who use bad means for a good end, and who thereby produce a hundredfold more evil than the they desire to remove. But we have already shown, from peachable authority, that it is ludicrously untrue. They began to restore the Union, and there was no thought of slavery; new securities were even offered to the South.



come back. To guarantee it from attack, it was formally included in the United States Constitution. It was not abolished until it became clear that the conquest of the South could not be achieved without an appeal to the servile population; and the emancipation proclamation has been repeatedly justified by Mr. Lincoln, not on philanthropic but on strategic grounds. The real state of the case is that the United States have been driven by a strategic necessity in the course of the war to adopt a measure, which a certain section of philanthropists desired upon other grounds; but they had no thought of doing it when they began the war, and no measure that has been taken has been so repulsive to the feelings of the Northern people, or has required so much explanation to induce them to acquiesce in it. It has happened simultaneously to suit the purposes of the General in the field and of the Abolitionist in his pulpit; but the Federals are not on that account entitled to the credit, whatever it may be, of abolitionist confessors. It would be as reasonable for the Roman Church to put Augustus II. of Saxony into the Calendar, because he became a Roman Catholic in order to gain the throne of Poland. It is certainly not so unique a trait in human character, as to be regarded as a remarkable demonstration of progress in the human race. The corruption of the species has not gone so far that it will revolt from a profitable course of conduct simply because it has been declared by some to be virtuous at the same time.

The war, then, of itself, will hardly justify us in saluting the Yankees as the incarnation of human progress. It is a war of a very vulgar type—the passionate struggle of a people for territorial greatness in the first instance, and for the gratification of vindictive feeling as the combat has grown warm. But if the Federals in plunging into this war have shown very old-fashioned passions, quite unworthy of the leaders of the human race, perhaps more traces of ‘progress’ are to be discovered in their mode of conducting it. Unquestionably, some striking peculiarities have marked their mode of conducting the war. That they are without precedent we will not venture to affirm. Unfortunately, examples of every kind of savagery in warfare may be found in melancholy abundance in the annals of our race. But they are rare in the chronicles of modern warfare. Assuredly, since the United States themselves have been a nation, they have witnessed nothing in the campaigns of other nations which can give countenance to the horrible crimes with which they are shocking the moral sense of mankind. There was no point upon which, until this American war broke out, the progress of mankind was more hopeful than  
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in respect to the restrictions which civilization was slow to lay imposing upon the brutal impulses of war. As generations went on, human impulse had limited the extent of war, more and more rapidly in the succeeding centuries. It comprehended, not only every sort of pillage or of wanton cruelty, but all destruction of the property of non-combatants which was not absolutely required by the necessities of war. So it had this year that Mr. Colver, only two or three years ago pressed upon the English Government to exempt private property in sea from capture, on the ground that it and private private property was invariably respected. The devastation of the Prussians by France was always treated as an act of savage barbarism, somewhat out of date even in its own day, but still speaking ill for the contemporary civilization that permitted it. In the last century and the present we had but no examples of this kind. In the great revolutionaries with the generals who were suddenly tossed up from the lowest and least instructed ranks of the people into the possession of absolute power, were sometimes guilty of violent acts little reconcilable with the laws of war as they were accepted then, and which have left a deep stain upon their names. Napoleon and his marshals, especially Davoust, did not always follow the good example that was set them by the Duke of Wellington. But Napoleon and Davoust were angels of light compared to the Federal generals. The precedents that have been set in this war have rolled back for two centuries the progress which civilization had made in taming the savage passions of mankind. War was becoming, under the influence of opinion, more and more a conflict between armed men alone. Under the example of such men as Grant and Gilmore, Sheridan and Sherman, it is reverting to the old ruthless desolation of barbaric battles—it is becoming war against the unarmed citizen and the peaceful peasant—war against women and children—war against the very existence of whole populations and the industry of generations yet unborn.

The charges of cruelty that can be sustained against the Federals may be divided into two kinds, differing materially both as to the evidence upon which they rest, and as to the stain they leave upon the honour of the entire nation. An abundance of stories have reached this country of the frightful barbarities practiced by individual commanders or by small parties of Federal troops. The horror of them has wrung the feelings of those who have read them upon this side of the Atlantic, though they appear to have made little impression upon the callous ears of the preachers and platform-speakers of the Northerners, who are very far as yet from being satiated wi

These tales appear, on the whole, to be well authenticated; and they have this amount of evidence to confirm them, that they are exactly what would be naturally anticipated as the probable result of the exhortations which we know to have been uttered by the leaders of war-feeling in the North. The exhortations of Parson Brownlow and the proclamations of General Butler indicate the moral condition out of which such atrocities would arise. These crimes are chiefly of two types—outrages against women and the murder of prisoners or other citizens in cold blood. We forbear to speak of them in detail. Indeed it is not upon these individual outrages, whether against women or against men, that we should rely in describing the character of the war. Brutal and ruthless men are to be found in every nation; and if they seem to flourish in unusual abundance in the military service of the Northern States, it is fair to remember the circumstances under which that service was organised. It is hardly wonderful that discipline should be lax, or that officers should have been appointed indiscriminately in an army raised on so vast a scale at such brief notice, after a peace of half a century. Barbarities committed in time of war do not leave a stain upon the fame of a whole nation unless they are the result of distinct orders from its government, and an integral portion of its military policy. Acts of individual barbarity may be palliated by circumstances, or their authenticity may be doubtful, or the responsibility for them may be fairly limited to those by whose hands or under whose eyes they were perpetrated. Such stories, perhaps, distract attention from the real depth of the guilt which the United States as a nation have incurred. They have, indeed, achieved progress in this, that they have conceived, and to their utmost have executed a project, the like of which will be vainly sought in the annals of civilised war. They have deliberately planned to attain to the conquest of the vast territory which they covet, not by beating their enemies in the field, but by a systematic devastation—calculating that the unconquerable population that refuses to them its allegiance will be swept by famine off the land over which they desire again to rule. It may be said that this is only the principle upon which fortified towns are reduced by blockade. It appears to be the peculiarity of the Federals and of their advocates in this country, that they are unable to comprehend the difference of treatment due to combatants and to non-combatants. The inhabitants of invested towns are, or ought to be, only combatants. The interest of a besieged garrison will induce it to reduce the number of months to be fed to the lowest possible point. But the non-combatants of the Confederate States are  
many

many millions. They cannot leave the country in which they are living. They have no choice left them but to stay and be starved.

The first appearance upon any considerable scale of this mode of warfare was the celebrated Greek-fire bombardment of Charleston. The plan failed, because the Greek-fire would not light; but that was no fault of General Gilmore's. He and his master have the entire merit of having enriched the armoury of the nineteenth century's tactician with a weapon which the wildest *sans-culotte* that followed Pichegru or Jourdain would not have dreamed of. Though his efforts failed, his example has been prolific. It is easier to burn barns than to take strong cities; it is safer to wage war against small farmers, and to punish the Confederacy by the ruin of its women and children, than to discomfit the armies of Beauregard or Lee. The policy has naturally become popular. Since Grant's boastful advance against Richmond failed, the strategy of the Federal generals has resolved itself into burglary and arson on a large scale. Sheridan cannot reach Lynchburg; but he relieves his feelings by devastating hundreds of square miles of the fertile Shenandoah Valley; burning every barn and farm-building, and farm-implement, so that it shall not again, for many a year if possible, yield nourishment to the accursed rebels. The exploit is loudly approved by Grant; and the Northern journals record it with the complacent remark that the Shenandoah Valley, which has hitherto been known to the Federals as the Valley of Humiliation, may henceforth be called the Valley of Triumph. General Sherman has obtained some magnificent triumphs of the same kind. He feared when he started upon his southward march that he might not be able to retain his hold upon Eastern Tennessee; so he ordered that the whole of that enormous district should be laid utterly waste. He knew that he could not hold Atlanta; but he could hold it long enough to drive every unarmed citizen, every woman, and every child out of their homes at a day's notice, and leave a population of twenty thousand souls either to starve or to subsist upon the alms of strangers. His march through Georgia has been conceived in the same spirit. It has secured for him, in repayment for all that he has sacrificed, no one strategic advantage which might not have been obtained by operations from the sea. But, as one Federal critic in England joyously observed, 'his line of march may be traced by the conflagration of the flaming towns he has left behind him.' He has made a smiling land into a desert; he has laid waste territory sixty miles in width; he has dried up with the sole of his foot the prosperity of a large population, and numbers who were



thriving, industrious, and happy, are now homeless beggars. We may quote one specimen of his proceedings in Northern Georgia:—

‘In his march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the General occupied the town of Marietta and burned down several cotton and other factories engaged in the production of stores and clothing. By this act nearly 1000 people, mostly women, were reduced to destitution.

‘General Sherman would neither allow them to remain in Marietta nor transfer them within the Confederate lines, but sent them in a body packed as close as cattle in the railway cars to Louisville, thence to be conveyed across the Ohio to Indiana to shift for themselves as best they might.’

A civilised government might fear that their good name would be tarnished by such a campaign; a civilised people might shrink from a partnership with such foul atrocities. There is probably no other people and government, except perhaps the Russian, that would now endure to see the wickedness of Tilly and Turenne revived in the tactics of their commanders. But Sherman has nothing to fear from his superiors or his fellow-citizens. Their great revenge has stomach for it all. No misery that their generals can inflict upon Southerners, of any age or sex or calling, is in their eyes an adequate punishment for having dispelled their dream of empire.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Lincoln observed in reference to his Emancipation policy last year, that every measure which tends to weaken an enemy is the logical result of war. Ruining non-combatants is ruining the enemy's tax-payers; devastating vast regions is emptying the enemy's exchequer. Killing women and children is removing those who will ultimately furnish recruits to the enemy's conscription. That peace which is made by solitude is the logical result of war. All the restraints which humanity has placed upon the ferocity of war are logically indefensible. A rigid reasoner who preached the theory of war to its utmost limits, would not only kill all his prisoners, but would destroy everything in his path that could at any future time minister to the life of man. The Eastern conqueror, who marked his victories by making pyramids of the heads of all the populations he subdued, was undoubtedly the most consistent warrior that ever lived. But these outrages on logic, which lead the warriors bent upon subjugation to do it at the lowest possible cost of human suffering, are among the most consolations of human progress, the noblest triumphs that has achieved. It will be the glory of Mr. Lincoln's people who we have been so often told are in the position, to have done much to make them nugatory.

of America does not stand high; and it is to be hoped that, in spite of it, no generals in Europe will stoop to the atrocities that have marked this philanthropic war. But the United States, in this the first deadly struggle in which they have been engaged, have proclaimed for themselves what is their conception of the code of war. In any future contest, those who are engaged in hostilities with them will know with what kind of enemy it is they have to deal. Unhappily in the duel between nations it is the most barbarous that selects the weapons.

Nothing is more remarkable than the warlike spirit which the war has developed among the hitherto commercial Americans, except the metamorphosis which it has effected in the tone of certain ultra-pacific politicians upon this side of the Atlantic. It is instructive to note how the nation that was preached up to others as the thriftiest, wariest, most peace-loving, of all nations, has suddenly become the most profuse and the most recklessly martial. But the phenomenon which has been witnessed in England of leaders of the peace-party recommending extermination, and Quakers exhorting to war, is more instructive still. Some years ago a student of English politics would have said that if there was any one thing in which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright might have been presumed to be sincere, it was in their enthusiasm for peace. It appeared to be the spring of their whole political conduct, the absorbing aim of their lives. At times its intensity seemed to verge upon fanaticism, and to lead them into strange indiscretions. They have let no occasion pass which they could make a text for the preaching of their doctrine. Whenever their own country was engaged in war, they have denounced the horrors of it with all the vigour of which the English tongue is capable. They have ridiculed the ancient notions of martial honour. They have denounced the ambition for extended territory which has possessed so many nations, and out of which so many desolating wars have sprung. Mr. Cobden, who is more cautious than his colleague, has never condemned war in the abstract. He has always admitted that it might be waged in self-defence. But he has never found a war to his mind before—either in past history or in the experience of the existing generation. Perhaps the best illustration of the extent to which he carried his opinions on this point is the language that he used, many years after the matter

trial of M<sup>r</sup> Leod :—

been executed what would have been the

Why the old cry of our honour being

[An Hon. Member, "Certainly."]

v. But what means would you take



take to vindicate your honour? You would go to war, and for the one life that had been taken away, you would sacrifice the lives of thousands, nay, perhaps tens of thousands. But would all this sacrifice of human life restore the life of the man on whose account you were fighting? Would it not be much wiser, if instead of resorting to war, *which is nothing but wholesale murder if war can be avoided*, you had recourse to arbitration?—*Hansard*, vol. cvi. p. 64.

Mr. Bright, as his custom is, has used more extreme language, and spoken out what were thought to be his opinions with less reserve. He belongs, as is well known, to a religious sect which condemns war as in itself a crime: and he belongs, or has belonged, to the Peace Society, which professes similar views. In that sense he has spoken in Parliament, and has denounced upon principle all wars upon which it has come in his way to pass a judgment. The last occasion upon which he has expressed sentiments of this kind was in speaking upon the Italian war, a little more than a year before the American secession took place. This is his language:—

‘We have a war just over: I do not know that I use the exact words of the right hon. gentleman opposite, but I agree with him that there can be no peace in Italy between those two great powers which can compare for evil with the war which that peace has terminated. When I read of peace being concluded, I felt as though I could breathe more freely since the species to which I belong was no longer engaged in the fiendlike destruction of its fellow-creatures. . . . I do not believe it possible either for the Emperor of the French or the Emperor of Austria to have returned home with all those scenes of horror, such as we have read of, flitting before their eyes, and I hope before their consciences, and to be now prepared to enter into another struggle. . . . Have they not learnt something from the improvements effected in weapons of warfare, and the increased destructiveness of life of which these weapons are capable? They see now how costly war is in money, how destructive of human life. Success in war no longer depends on those circumstances that formerly decided it. Soldiers used to look down on trade, and machine-making was with them a despised craft. No stars or garters, no ribbons or baubles bedecked the makers and workers of machinery. But what is war becoming now? It depends not, as heretofore, on individual bravery, on the power of a man’s nerves, the keenness of his eye, the strength of his body, or the power of his soul, if one may so speak; but it is a mere mechanical mode of slaughtering your fellow-men. This sort of thing cannot last. It will break down by its own weight. Its costliness, its destructiveness, its savagery will break it down.’—*Hansard*, vol. clv. p. 199.

These are opinions expressed not upon the issues on which the war was being fought, but on the wickedness and horror of any war at all. Mr. Cobden designates war as wholesale murder, ‘if it can



can be avoided:’ but he shows the strict limitations under which this reservation is to be taken, by saying that a case in which an Englishman had been hanged as a common felon for acts done by order of the English Government, would (had it occurred) have been a case in which ‘war could have been avoided.’ Mr. Bright, without any such circumlocution, designates the Italian war on both sides as a ‘fiend-like destruction of fellow-creatures,’ and as a specimen of a system of warfare which ‘its own savagery must break down.’ There could be no doubt of the tone which it was expected that these statesmen would take in reference to the American civil war. It broke out on account of the bloodless capture of Fort Sumter—a matter far less wounding to the national honour than the execution of an English officer for the discharge of his official duty. It was not submitted to arbitration; on the contrary, the Government of Washington have rejected all offers of arbitration, not only summarily, but resentfully. It was a war that might, above all the others, have been made the subject of arbitration, inasmuch as it arose out of a claim of a purely legal nature made by the Southern States—a claim to have the power of retracting that adhesion to the Federation which those States in their Sovereign capacity had given eighty years before. The war was clearly, then, one that, according to Mr. Cobden’s views, might have been avoided, and therefore was nothing else but wholesale murder. In Mr. Bright’s eyes it must have worn a still darker aspect. Like the Italian war, it was a struggle for dominion over certain territories. A peace would have at any time forced the Federals to renounce their ambition to rule over the seceding States, just as Villafranca forced Italy for the time to renounce her ambition to rule over Venetia. As he thought that ‘there would be no peace in Italy which could compare for evil with the war which that peace has terminated,’ so it would be natural to expect he would think with respect to the far more fearful war in America. If Magenta and Solferino, professedly fought for the emancipation of the Lombards and Venetians, were to be described as ‘the fiend-like destruction of fellow-creatures,’ what language could be energetic enough to denounce a war which has been computed by good authorities already to have cost the lives of more than half a million of human beings? And if the use of mechanism in war is to be taken as such an aggravation of its horrors, that the whole thing may be expected to break down by its own savagery, there never has been a war in which personal encounters have been so few, or in which the resources of mechanical and chemical science have been more ruthlessly employed for the  
destruction

destruction of human life. Surely any future historian, whose sources of information as to the proceedings of English politicians should accidentally fail him at the year 1860, would confidently conclude that, during the years that followed, these two great champions of peace had not neglected the opportunity offered to them by events of preaching their favourite doctrine; but that they had surpassed themselves in the energy with which they had declaimed against the most colossal war of modern times, and in the earnestness with which they had striven to bring it to a close. Perhaps he might go on to moralise on the unfading laurels won by the great champions of peace, who, in season and out of season, without fear or favour, in the presence of friend or foe, had never flagged in their struggle against the most enduring and deadliest curse of the human race.

Even if their views had been extravagant and their zeal overstrained, such a life-long consistency would have furnished a great example of brave and earnest conflict against wrong. Unhappily, they have lived to show that this horror of war was only felt because it was waged by emperors and kings. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have both had the opportunity of expressing to the Government of the United States their opinions upon this war, not merely at its outset, but in this the fourth year of its duration, when enough blood has been poured out to sicken even the most warlike. They have been in a position to counsel peace, because their political views gave them influence in America, and any advice they had tendered would have affected popular opinion powerfully. If it had been a monarchical State that was fighting to subdue a vast revolted region to a yoke which it abhorred, how they would have scouted the idea that one half of a continent could have a property in the other! what harrowing pictures they would have drawn of the devastation and the butchery and the reckless waste of happiness and life and treasure which have arisen out of the infatuated passion for extended empire! But their eloquent horror of bloodshed has been struck dumb. Now they vie with the Northerners themselves in their thirst for 'war to the bitter end.' The composure with which Mr. Cobden philosophises upon the necessity of a war of extermination is a curious contrast to the peace fervour of his earlier days. We quote a passage from his letter to Mr. Scovell:—

'In common with all your friends and well-wishers, I have been looking with great solicitude to the progress of the war. There seems to be something in the modern development of armaments which favours the defence over attack. This must tend to prolong the war, and make the issue depend on the comparative strength of the resources of the contending parties. In this struggle against exhaustion



tion and men the North will be able to hold out the longer: and to this tedious and dreadful process we must resign ourselves.

There is a cynical calmness in Mr. Cobden's mode of contemplating the process of 'exhaustion.' Has it ever crossed him to ask himself what is the sum of human misery which that small word represents? It is a metaphor of a terrible simplicity. Exhaustion in a man means the temporary loss of strength which a few hours' rest recruits. In a community at war, it means the death on the field of battle or by disease of every male of the fighting age until there are not enough left to form an army. Applied to the Confederate States, it means the slaughter of a million or more of men in the flower of their age; the consignment of their wives and children and those who depended on them to hopeless poverty; the desolation, so far as the hand of man can effect it, of a land teeming with the produce of a rich and growing industry. Such is the process which Mr. Cobden calmly describes, and encourages the Federals to carry through. Such is the advice of the man who used to think that 'war, if it could be avoided, was wholesale murder,' upon the first occasion on which his voice might have exercised the faintest influence in the advocacy of peace. The Federal Generals, by their calculated barbarity, have justly earned a niche in history by the side of Tilly and Turenne. But the devastators have at least this to plead in palliation of their crimes—that the Bavarian and the Frenchman were never hounded on to their bloody work by the exhortations of a professed apostle of peace.

Mr. Bright also, though more circuitously, but not less earnestly, gives his voice for continued war. His letter to Mr. Greeley is a remarkable production, when we remember that Mr. Lincoln was professedly the war candidate, and the advocates of peace in the United States were to a man in bitter opposition to him. A single extract will show the tone of it:—

'Every friend of your Union probably in Europe, every speaker and writer who has sought to do justice to your cause since the war began, is now hoping with an intense anxiety that Mr. Lincoln may be placed at the head of your executive for another term. It is not because they think Mr. Lincoln to be wiser and better than all other men on your continent; but they think they have observed in his career grand simplicity of purpose, and a patriotism which knows no change, and which does not falter.'

Those who canvass for the war candidate canvass for the continuance of war. Those who canvass for the continuance of war approve in the main of the things that have been done in the course of it, and of the things which it is proposed to do by those who carry it on. Mr. Bright approves the awful slaughter



slaughter with which the Federals have dyed the fields of Virginia and Tennessee; he approves of the desolation which has visited thousands and hundreds of thousands of heretofore happy hearths; he does not shrink from renewing these scenes of horror until no victims shall be left on whom they can be enacted; and therefore he exerts himself to secure the election of the man who has been, and will continue to be, the minister of this blood-thirsty policy so long as he has power to do so. Is this indeed the same statesman as the one who, in the crisis of the Crimean war, painted so movingly the near presence of the Angel of Death? Is this the man who denounced in language of almost frightful energy the short Italian campaign, undertaken—in profession, at least—with the aim of emancipating a people? It was, indeed, wonderful acting; and, but for this American war, we should have never guessed how completely histrionic it was. But now we have been taught, and shall know for the future, that the occupation of mutual destruction is not 'fiendlike' if it is conducted by Republicans, and that war is no longer, in their hands, to be looked upon as that 'savagery' which will break down of itself. When Mr. Bright denounced war before, it was supposed that the American democracy was pacific; but now that it has been discovered to be warlike, even Quakerism becomes warlike too. The leading member of the Peace Society in the character of bottle-holder to the most cruel conflict of modern times is a phenomenon to which it is hard to find a parallel in history. Many men have in every age used the influence they possessed over others to whet the appetite of the multitude for blood, and have upon their souls the guilt of human lives prodigally squandered and human hearts wrung with woe. But they furnish no analogy to the peace statesmen, for they did not profess to believe that all war was in itself wrong. The nearest parallel that can be supplied will be found in the fact that Robespierre's first appearance in public life was the composition of an essay against the punishment of death.

We now know what the progress of humanity and the advocacy of peace mean in the mouths of our pacific teachers. They mean the support of such a war as Burbridge and Sherman and Sheridan have been waging. But what does freedom mean in the language of the same school? It is a question that imports us nearly. From these same men we are still receiving the same old exhortation—to look to the Government of Washington for our lessons of freedom, and to imitate its salutary example in the reform of our own institutions. Nor is the question needless; for the meaning of words appears to have undergone great alteration. We used to think freedom meant being free; but that  
definition

definition is evidently very wide of the mark. The great champion of freedom, the Government of Washington, is pouring out blood and treasure with fabulous prodigality in order to prevent a community of some five millions of men from being free. The change which the word must have undergone will be evident to anyone who reflects upon the actions of those persons who in recent times have been held up to the execration of mankind as the great enemies of freedom. The Czar Nicholas, for instance, has been a staple illustration of the wicked oppressor. The Poles desired to be free from his government, and to govern themselves: but he 'would not suffer the country to be destroyed and broken up,' and would not let them go. They took up arms to assert their freedom; but his forces were the strongest, and he 'broke down their fighting power.' The rebellion was quenched in blood; and Poland still belongs to his son. For all this, he was cursed throughout the civilised world as the enemy of freedom. At the present moment Mr. Lincoln is doing exactly the same thing. The Confederates have desired to be free from his rule and to govern themselves; and they have shown that they are united and sincere in desiring it, by the devotion with which they have fought, and the sacrifices they have made to their cause. But Mr. Lincoln, after four years' war, still will not let them go; and if he can have his way, he also will quench the rebellion in blood. We are of course prepared to put him into the same anathema as the Czar Nicholas; but to our immeasurable surprise we are informed that he is not only not the enemy of freedom, but its foremost and noblest champion. Certainly these sudden changes in the meaning of words are very perplexing to the simple-minded politician. Take another instance. The people of Sicily desire to be free from the King of Naples. Like the Czar Nicholas and President Lincoln, he will not let them go. He has the same feeling as that expressed by Mr. Lincoln's friends in the 'New York Times'—he does not like to see the country broken up. The quarrel becomes a war; and the king, to reduce his rebellious subjects, bombards Palermo, which is held by them. Instantly the whole of Europe stands aghast at his wickedness. The friends of freedom plunge him into the lowest depth of their Inferno. The nickname Bomba clings to him for life. There may be many doubtful chapters in political ethics; but one thing seemed to have been decided by the unanimous voice of the whole civilised world—that a king who bombards a town held by his revolted subjects in order to reduce them to obedience, is a monster. But now we know that there is no rule without an exception. President Lincoln is in the same position towards South Carolina that the King of Naples occu-  
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pied towards Sicily. He has revolted subjects to deal with, who abhor his rule, but from whom he will not part. He adopts precisely the same plan for subduing them as his prototype, and sends a fleet to bombard Charleston: but his superior ingenuity enables him to add to the operation a new circumstance of barbarity. He causes burning naphtha to be projected into the city—a vehicle of destruction which could do little damage to bomb-proof magazines and casemated batteries (buildings which moreover lay in the other direction); but which, had the attempt been carried out with a little more skill, would have given up all the dwellings and property of non-combatants to the flames. It was natural to expect that the improved Bomba would have been visited with curses as hearty as the original deviser of the idea. But great are the mysteries of freedom! The act which has procured for the King of Naples the execration of the civilised world, has only acquired for Mr. Lincoln a new title to the admiration of the friends of humanity—a more prominent niche in the Pantheon of freedom. Those who put themselves forward as the high-priests in that temple, do not appear to be easily disconcerted by novelties of this kind. But for the humbler worshippers these sudden changes are not edifying. It throws their devotion out of gear to be reversed so suddenly. Their simple faith is disturbed by seeing the demon of yesterday put before them so boldly as the deity of to-day. They are puzzled at being told to adore as a model of goodness the very same thing which, a short time ago, they were taught to loathe and cast out as unutterable crime.

Take yet a third case. There is no subject upon which Radicals of the present day have been so eloquent as the Rebellion of 1798. It was a movement supported undoubtedly by a large class of Irishmen, probably not by the majority; and certainly not by the mass of those who had any stake in the security of the country. It was put down by force, and in many cases with undue severity. But the severity was generally the act either of perfectly unauthorised persons, or of obscure subordinates, whom, in the disturbed condition of the country, it was difficult to control. But there certainly was no general officer in the king's army who was guilty of ordering his fellow-citizens to be shot without an allegation of crime, and without the semblance of a trial. Yet the English language has hardly proved equal to the demand made upon it for words of vituperation to be applied to the conduct of the Irish Government in the suppression of that rebellion. General Burbridge, General Paine, and General M'Neill, have been guilty of atrocities which have left the worst deeds of the most lawless Orangeman in the shade. What say  
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the friends of freedom, who have such a horror of quenching rebellions in blood, and who, like Robespierre and Mr. Bright, most of them object to the punishment of death? Their latest utterance upon the subject may be found in the address of congratulation recently presented by the Emancipation Society to Mr. Adams. That philanthropic body of men, fully cognisant of the proceedings of Paine and Burbridge and their fellows, with a deplorable courage congratulate him that no rebel taken in arms had yet been condemned to death.

We might dismiss the oppression which is inflicted by the model Republic, and is applauded by those who talk most about freedom here, with the reflection that it is not the first time that the professed advocates of freedom have been detected in a rather exceptional predilection for sanguinary measures against those who differ from them in opinion. The celebrated apostrophe of Madame Roland to the statue of Liberty, as she turned from it to the guillotine, referred to crimes which were far deeper than any that have yet been committed in America, and which were preceded by a still more enthusiastic advocacy of freedom. But what to her was a simple marvel, to us becomes a lesson. When similar phenomena are repeated under similar circumstances, they must be referable to some common cause. The excesses of so-called liberty were new to her, and she could not explain them; and moreover she had not much leisure for discussion at that particular moment. But the cause is not far to seek, and at this particular juncture it has no trivial interest for Englishmen. These men who preach freedom to us have no real desire for it in its literal sense. The protection of each individual human being from more interference than is indispensably necessary to protect the freedom of his neighbours, is what we used to understand as the meaning of freedom. But it is not the object which is prominent in the wishes of the Radicals of the present day. Their political ideal more nearly resembles one which is usually spoken of as antiquated, but which is antiquated only in the particular form that it assumed. They believe in a divine right; they uphold a legitimacy; they teach an unquestioning obedience; they look upon force as a legitimate weapon for the propagation of the faith. But their divine right is the right of the multitude; their legitimacy enthrones the majority; the unquestioning obedience which they require is to the decree of the ballot-box; the faith which they do not shrink from propagating by force, is the sentimental pseudo-religion which, in this nineteenth century, has so widely usurped the place of faith.

Amid all the evils which the American war has inflicted  
upon

upon mankind, it will have done some service if it has brought home to men's minds the real character of the freedom of which America is the representative. It is impossible for two things to differ more widely than freedom in the old sense of the word, and the freedom of the democrat. According to the old English notion, that country was the most free where the least constraint was put upon each individual. Whether undue coercion is exercised by many, or by few, or by one, is not a matter of the faintest importance. Imprisonment without trial, a disregard of the laws which secure a fair and sufficient hearing to all accused, an arbitrary power of conscription, a system of passports, an unlimited discretion of declaring martial law, are equally fatal to freedom, whether they proceed from a monarch who owes his throne to hereditary right, or a president who owes it to the suffrages of a majority. The evil lies in the nature of the measures themselves, not in the title of the authority from whom they come. Mr. Bright, in one of his recent speeches, in which he was contrasting America and England, went into extasies over the mode in which the President was appointed, observing, with characteristic loyalty, 'They are ruled by a President chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people.' But this fact, however pleasing to Mr. Bright, is no sort of comfort to those who have lost or may be in danger of losing their freedom at the hands of the said President. Oppression is just as disagreeable, whether it comes from a Star Chamber or a polling-booth. The chief value of representative institutions is that they are believed, if rightly framed, to furnish the best security for personal freedom. But they do not confer any greater right to encroach upon it than is possessed by any other depositary of power. The fact that you possess the thirty-millionth part of a right to elect your own ruler does not give him any right to oppress you, or afford you much consolation when he does so.

But the new school of ultra-Liberals, who urge upon us what they call Reform, and whose political views sympathise closely with those of the Northern politicians, preach a very different doctrine. They look to the origin of the supreme power in the State, and if that satisfies them they care little about the limitations by which it is restricted. Freedom, in their definition, is the supreme, unchecked power of the majority. The doctrine has not been nakedly stated here—it would be too repulsive to the ears of Englishmen who have been brought up to value freedom of a different kind. But in America, the school of politicians with whom our Radicals so closely sympathise do not conceal it. They think it a sufficient reply to all the grievances of the South

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to appeal to the decision of the majority. Again and again in almost every contemporary vindication of the Federal cause, the dogma is broadly laid down that the majority must rule. The grievance of the Confederates, that during a period of half a century the numerical majority of the North has systematically used its power to divert trade and prosperity from the South, to Federal advocates seems to be beside the question. It is sufficient that the majority has spoken; and the majority is the source of all power upon earth. In the same spirit they judge of the flagrant oppression of which President Lincoln has been guilty in the North. The majority by which he has been re-elected has cured, to their minds, any formal errors in his conduct. Arbitrary imprisonments, illegal conscriptions, the suppression of hostile newspapers, when they are the act of a monarch or an aristocracy, are deserving of the deepest condemnation that language can be framed to express; but when they are the act of a majority, they are 'the people's will,' and against the people individuals have no rights. Injury, in short, does not consist in the nature of the act done, or in the sufferings of the victim, but only in the smallness of the number of those by whom it is done. It is the multiplication table which furnishes in the last resort the essential test that distinguishes right from wrong in the government of a nation. If one man imprisons you, that is tyranny; if two men, or a number of men imprison you, that is freedom.

The Confederates are now, in many a widowed home, and many a desolated valley, suffering under the application of this curious gloss upon their own principle that governments derive their rights exclusively from the consent of the governed. If their present gallant resistance should fail, they will suffer more cruelly still. It is a fate which is certain in some form or other to wait upon minorities who weakly trust their lives and properties to the unchecked dominion of the multitude. The time appears to have passed when it was possible to indulge the hope that any share might fall to England in the work of bringing their trials to a close. But for ourselves there is yet time to care. We can avoid falling into the mistake which has been so perilous to them. Renewed efforts have been made during the past autumn, and will probably be made again in the spring, to induce us to travel a stage further upon the road which the United States have travelled before us. The bills to which our consent is invited, if they do not at once place the country under the absolute government of the majority, so enfeeble the Conservative forces of the constitution that it will be hopeless to resist further proposals of change in the same direction. If we resign ourselves to  
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that fate, at least we do it with an ample knowledge of all that it involves. We have seen democracy both in its contemptible and in its terrible aspect, in the weakness of an apathetic security, and in the frenzy of an unbridled passion. In the enjoyment of a prosperity conferred by boundless natural resources, it was incapable of the self-restraint necessary for sustaining an effective system of government. Its insatiable taste for adulation degraded statesmanship into a disreputable craft; and it failed to produce rulers able either to avoid or to foresee the danger upon which its splendid promise has been shattered. When the hour of trial came, its institutions were found to be too feeble to bear the strain, until propped up by the perilous support of a military despotism. Now we see the government of the multitude under its other aspect. It is animated by a passion as thoughtless and unreasonable as its former security. All care for the prosperity which formerly was its first care, all thought of freedom, all scruples of humanity, have been swallowed up in the one longing for a colossal empire. Every right is trodden down, every sentiment of compassion is repressed, in order that this aspiration may be gratified. For this purpose it proclaims, and is straining every nerve to execute, a scheme of slaughter and devastation, upon a scale so gigantic and so ruthless that no civilized government has ever even approached to it before,—a scheme from the mere suggestion of which it is to be hoped that every other civilized government would turn away with disgust. We have a fair picture of democracy under both its conditions before us. We know what is its capacity for good government in repose; we know what is its justice or its humanity, what its regard for the rights or the freedom of a minority, in times of trouble. If with this knowledge in their possession, the classes who govern in this country, and who are in a minority, suffer themselves to be enticed into an advance towards democracy, their recompense will not be slow to reach them, and will be richly merited when it comes.

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THE

## QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Notice des Tableaux exposés dans les Galeries du Musée Impérial du Louvre.* Par Frédéric Villot. 3e partie. Ecoles d'Italie et d'Espagne. 13e édition. Paris.
2. *Histoire du Louvre.* Par le Comte Clarac. 1 vol.
3. *Supplementary Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Occupation of France by the Allied Armies, Surrender of Napoleon, and Restoration of the Bourbons.* Vol. XI.
4. *Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>.* Par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III.

THE chief events of a nation's life are presented to the historian under various forms. It is not only the main stream of public affairs which reflects the character of the age. Every tiny rill and pool equally renders back an image; all alike show that the same tide has swept them, the same storm perturbed them. Each has a particular speech and language, but the story is the same, and may sometimes be deciphered with greater distinctness in the part than in the whole. More particularly do we look for the high-water marks and other signs of the social weather on those luxuries and adornments which cluster round the more exposed portions of the social structure. Obscure things, like lowly people, escape 'those tempests which fly over ditches;' but the annals of a jewel will be found identical with those of an empire.

And especially are these varying watermarks discernible to the philosophic eye along the walls which have witnessed the formation, growth, and fluctuations of great collections of art and virtù, the records of which are among the clearest and most copious commentaries on the pages of general history. How much, for instance, might be read of the closer details of the history of the Italian race, if the rise and fall and fall and rise of the great Medici accumulations could be now clearly traced! How much is told by a glance at the catalogue of the sale of King Charles I.'s collection by the Commonwealth! And above all, for the grandeur and taste that formed—the Terror which devastated—the conquest which enriched—and the retri-



bution which reduced—what may not be gathered by way of comment from the chequered records of the great museums of the Louvre! Historical Paris, however present to the mind's eye, is fast disappearing from the sight. The Tuileries are not what they were. The salons of the Louvre would puzzle those who trod them last in 1814; but a retrospect of their contents, all shifted and changed as they have been, still speaks as clearly as ever to the student of history, equally in what is no longer there as in those portions which have descended safe to the present day through all the foaming cataracts of French history.

Considered geographically, socially, and politically, France as a country, and the French as a race, may be said to have been predestined to the early possession and appreciation of those objects of taste which are among the most defensible idols of human worship. Most royal collections of other countries and later times owe their main formation to the policy which took advantage of the mal-government and degenerate needs of petty Italian princes. Thus, the walls of Charles I.'s palaces were clothed with the dismantlings of those of Mantua, and the Gallery of Dresden filled with the emptying of that of Modena. But the French were in the field before these ups and downs of the picture market began. It is not too much to say that the Court of France were earlier even than any secular power in Italy in patronage of artists and acquisition of works of art. Charles V. of France—reigned 1364-1380—was a collector. He decorated his residences with sculpture and painting long vanished both from sight and record. This was more especially the case with that small château, first a hunting-seat, then a prison, of which nothing more than the name 'le Louvre' remains—the name itself retained from a remote period, and forming one of those links between Past and Present which embrace the utmost possible contrast of ideas; being supposed to descend from (*Silva*) *lupina*, indicative of a neighbourhood curiously at variance with that which surrounds the present noble edifice. Charles V. first used the Louvre as a palace of residence, adding greatly to its extent, and enclosing it within the walls of Paris. He first also associated its name with the conservation of rare and precious works; for there he placed the Royal Library, rich with those galleries on a small scale which adorn the vellum pages of ancient manuscripts. These, too, in great portion followed the tide of particular history, surging backwards and forwards with it across the Channel; for many of these manuscripts were carried off to England in 1429, by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; and many were brought back in 1440 by the Princes of Angoulême, on the termination of their long captivity in England.

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The foundations, however, properly speaking, of the collections 'de la maison du Roi' belong to a later monarch. If the story so pertinaciously repeated of the letter of Francis I. to his mother, after the battle of Pavia, reporting the loss of all, 'fors l'honneur,' has been proved by the evidence of the letter itself to be totally untrue, it is, at all events, clear that he acquired and carried off from his Italian campaigns that respect for art which was an honour to his taste, and a dowry to his country. Nor would it be far-fetched to attribute to the personal impression produced by Leonardo da Vinci upon the young French monarch the germinating idea of what has since expanded into the magnificent museums of the Louvre. There have been as pertinaciously untrue tales told of Francis I. and the painter of the 'Cena,' as of the King's letter to his mother. But there can be no doubt that the enthusiasm for the varied gifts of the great master kindled in the breast of the King, when the two first met at Milan in 1515, was the stepping-stone to his admiration for Italian art. As a sure means of securing their works, he transplanted the painters themselves to his own dominions. Seldom has a monarch been so ungratefully requited. Leonardo did him little more than the compliment of dying in France, rather prematurely, to our present view, distinguished, or excused, by his biographers by the title of Venerable, for he was only sixty-seven years of age; while Andrea del Sarto, having undertaken to purchase antique marbles in Italy on behalf of the King, embezzled the money and returned no more. Other painters of secondary note, such as Primaticcio, and Niccolo dell' Abbate, constituted the so-called School of Fontainebleau. They decorated the walls of that palace with frescoes of great magnificence and extent, the execution of which, continued by their scholars, placed Fontainebleau, in point of adornment, almost on a par with the cotemporary glories of the Vatican, and probably far above the questionable merits of the Palazzo del Té, at Mantua. Benvenuto Cellini added the éclat of his work and exaggerated artistic character to this period, and was one of the few faithful Italians in the King's pay. He decorated the royal banquetting tables with objects precious in workmanship and material. French artists also, responding to the encouragement given by a monarch so enlightened in these respects, added their contributions in sculpture, painting, enamels, porcelain, &c.; so that Fontainebleau obtained the name of 'the little Rome.' Undeterred also by the failure of his first attempt, Francis I. employed agents, honestest than Andrea, to procure examples of antique sculpture—figures and busts—from the then teeming soil of Rome. Or, when the object he coveted, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus, &c.,

was beyond purchase, casts were taken for the King, and the work was executed in bronze under a French sky. Some of these may still be identified in the Tuileries gardens.

Smaller objects too, such as incised gems, medals, and coins, were sought for by this accomplished Prince. His immediate successors, especially Catherine de' Medici, continued these researches, till such became the rage for the acquisition more especially of coins, that a numismatist, travelling in France during the time of Catherine, enumerates no less than two hundred collections, of which hers was the chief, among the princes and nobility.

But above all, Francis I. formed a collection of those enchanting objects which only began to be portable and plentiful at the beginning of the sixteenth century, namely, easel pictures. Many came to him doubtless in an honest way, by direct commission and purchase from the painter. Presents, or bribes, also in this fascinating form, were the order of the day; but more numerous still were the presents, so-called, levied, as Vasari states, upon the fears and necessities of the citizens of Florence, after the siege of that city in 1529. Unfortunately, no catalogue exists of a collection which, fresh as it was from the hands of the greatest painters who ever flourished, must have offered a series such as the world has scarcely seen. It makes us doubt, however, whether pictures ever were seen in the state in which the painter left them; for it is owing to the record of some kind of restoration that we know that the Raphaels, which still constitute the strength of the Louvre, are the legacy of Francis I. As early as 1530, Primaticcio, then engaged on the works at Fontainebleau, where these pictures occupied a particular saloon, is known to have performed some cleaning operation on the four large Raphaels. These were the large Holy Family, with the angel strewing flowers, the St. Michael overcoming Satan, the portrait of Joanna of Arragon, and the St. Margaret and the Dragon; not one of them being then at the most more than thirteen years old. Of these the portrait of Joanna of Arragon was a gift from the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. The manner in which Francis acquired the others is not now traceable; but there is presumptive evidence in the choice of the subjects of two of them—assisted by other testimony—that they were executed by Raphael for him. The St. Michael,\* namely, is believed to have been

\* The further interpretation given to this picture, and repeated in all catalogues,—viz., that it was symbolical of Francis I., as the eldest son of the Church, under the form of the Archangel, overcoming Luther, under the form of Satan,—is another of the many baseless stories which spring from the atmosphere of Courts. Raphael had painted this picture before Luther wrote his theses.  
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painted in allusion to the fact of the King's being Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael, instituted by Louis XI.; the subject of the St. Margaret to have been chosen in allusion to the King's sister, Margaret of Valois. The Holy Family, by Raphael, called '*La Belle Jardinière*,' is also traditionally known to have formed part of Francis I.'s collection, though no mention of it appears in any catalogue till the eighteenth century.

The principal pictures by Leonardo da Vinci still in the Louvre—the small Holy Family, the '*Vierge aux Rochers*,' the *Mona Lisa*, the single figure of the Baptist,—all belong, as might be expected, to this reign. That of the Baptist, now wretchedly disfigured by copper-coloured varnish, has not remained stationary. It took flight in Louis XIII.'s time, was absent about half a century, and returned again to its companions, having been exchanged with Charles I. against a Holbein and a Titian, sold to the French banker Jabach at the sale of the King's pictures, and purchased from him by Louis XIV. Sebastian del Piombo was also finely represented, and more especially Andrea del Sarto, who is reported to have sent the King several pictures from Italy by way of peace-offering for his misdemeanours.

After the reign of Francis I. the collecting of pictures seems to have subsided. Catherine de' Medici and her sons continued the decorations of Fontainebleau. She also greatly enriched the collections of the Crown with coins and medals, and with what the records of the time call '*curiosities*'—a word of magic meaning in the Medici sense. And Charles IX. dedicated anew the Louvre—of the present form of which his mother, strictly speaking, was the founder—to the conservation of precious things, by placing those collections within its walls.

Henry IV. does not, as might be anticipated, figure greatly as a patron of art. He however purchased the pearl of the present antique sculpture, the *Diana Huntress*; and in his reign that statue, and other examples of the antique belonging to the Crown, were gathered together and deposited in the Louvre. It was not till long after his death that his widow, Mary de' Medici, gave Rubens the commission for the twenty-one large pictures which decorated the Palace of the Luxembourg, and now form part of the Louvre gallery.

Louis XIII. greatly enriched the Royal Library, but is not reported to have done anything for art.

But the normal condition of France from the time of Francis I. to the accession of Henry IV., however favourable to various modes of acquisition, and even to the production of things of beauty and value, was not characterised by the tranquillity which  
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insures their safety. The creation and acquisition of such objects depend on the powers and motives of the few: the preservation of them is contingent on the temper of the many. Art, *per se*—whatever enthusiasts may say and philanthropists wish—has no humanising influences. There may be plenty of taste, with a heart of stone. Catherine de' Medici had doubtless exquisite perceptions in the way of art. And if we stand before a few specimens of Henri-Deux china, and think of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, we arrive at conclusions, sad, indeed, but quite compatible with human nature. The little bits of china—the quintessence of taste in that class—were made in her time, and a few of them preserved through it; but the tone she and her sons gave to history disordered all the safeguards of society. In times when human life has no value, all forms of property, including even the most refined, will meet with small respect. Though, therefore, France may be said, even in her most ferocious struggles between Roman Catholic and Huguenot, not to have suffered such wholesale destruction of art as the fanaticism of the Reformation entailed elsewhere; though no one went actually about destroying things of beauty and piety under the pretext of doing God service; yet this awful period of civil war opened a gulf into which much fell, and closed it again upon all record as to how things had been swallowed up. As regards the history of the Crown collections, little better than a *tabula rasa* presents itself for a considerable time. The destruction, by neglect and other unknown causes, of a great portion of the fresco decorations of Fontainebleau, began in that period, especially during the wretched reign of Henry III. The collection of coins and curiosities in the Louvre was dispersed to the winds, and pictures disappeared from the gallery, which have never been heard of since. No record is found of their diminished numbers until 1642, to which year belongs a meagre kind of catalogue—the first formed\*—of the objects remaining in Fontainebleau. From this catalogue, of the objects known to have been there, are missing a famous Sebastian del Piombo—the portrait of Giulia Gonzaga—also a present from Cardinal Giulio de' Medici to Francis I.; the greater number of the works by Andrea del Sarto; and the chief groups of Michael Angelo's destroyed cartoon by a contemporary hand; while the small number of thirty-four, to which the Italian pictures were reduced, leads to the conclusion that of those not actually known but reasonably assumed to have formed part of the gallery, a

\* 'Trésor des Merveilles de Fontainebleau,' par le Père Dan.

large proportion must also have disappeared. With the addition of later French works of mark the number of pictures inherited by Louis XIV. amounted only to about one hundred.

With this monarch a new era of collections began, which may be said to have been again in great measure the offspring of Italian influence; for there can be no doubt that the example of one so devoted to the promotion of art, no less than of literature, as Cardinal Mazarin, operated powerfully on the young Prince. One of the early acts of this pompous reign, attributable jointly to sovereign and minister, was the institution of the French Academy of Arts. All things seemed to conspire together to give this period that dazzling superficial lustre which still, in some degree, disguises its sad and vulgar reality. There were grand victories gained, and grand palaces decorated; so grand, indeed—for Fontainebleau had given way to Versailles—that the battles seem rather to have been fought in compliment to the sumptuous walls and ceilings on which they are recorded than these to have been decorated as a tribute to them. For such habitations the costliest objects were the natural appendages. The precious remnants of Francis I.'s gallery now finally left Fontainebleau and took up their abode at Versailles, where they became the standard for the class of works fit to replenish their ranks.

It now became the royal will and pleasure to distinguish this reign by a gallery in all respects worthy of it, and the minister who had succeeded Mazarin—he who was at once compass, anchor, and ballast of that gallant ship—the hard-working Colbert, undertook to obtain specimens of the masters and schools which were wanting. He was assisted by the director of the new Academy, the painter Lebrun. Opportunities of no common kind soon presented themselves. The sale of Charles I.'s collection had launched upon the world a number of pictures and other valuable objects which were soon absorbed into the generally safe haven of other Royal Galleries. That Louis XIV. was no direct purchaser of the property of his unfortunate relative was only natural. Cardinal Mazarin also seems to have bid for costly furniture rather than for works of art. But a rich banker, of the name of Jabach, already alluded to, resident in Paris, who stands foremost in the chronology of munificent private collectors, became the purchaser of some of the chefs-d'œuvre belonging to the late King. From his hands they passed partly into those of Cardinal Mazarin, and partly, with many others, into Louis XIV.'s collection; and, at the death of the Cardinal, the King became possessed of all the remaining pictures from Charles I.'s gallery which had belonged to Jabach. These in-  
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clude some of the most admired contents of the Louvre at the present day,—the Entombment, and the Supper at Emmaus, by Titian; the Concert by Giorgione; the Sleep of Antiope by Correggio. Many gaps, nevertheless, still remained to be filled up, which Colbert supplied by direct importations from Italy. These, as might be expected, consisted of the masters most in vogue at that time, and for long after. We therefore find that most of the pictures by the Carracci, by Guido, Albano, Guercino, Carlo Maratti, &c., and all the Domenichinos, now in the Louvre, were acquired by Louis XIV.; and it must be owned, that, as compared to others by the same masters, since added, they bear for the greater part the stamp of an excellent selection. The rich collection of works by Paul Veronese is also principally attributable to this monarch, to whom especially is owing the glorious picture of the Supper at Emmaus, with the family of the painter, or patron, and the little girls caressing the dog in the foreground. This picture was hung in the King's own room in the Tuileries, together with one of equal size, representing the family of Darius, by Lebrun. A story is told that the King, wishing to impress the Papal Nuncio, a M. Delfini, with the superiority of French art, took him into this cabinet, where the two pictures hung side by side, and asked him which he preferred. This was a delicate question, with the courtiers extolling the French work to the skies, and Lebrun himself present. But the clever Italian was equal to the situation; he quietly replied, 'The picture by M. Lebrun is very fine, but it has a bad neighbour!' As respects the state of the Paul Veronese, we have little reason to think that the periwigged party gathered together in this room saw it to better advantage than we do now; for a writer of 1752 mentions the strangely-blackened condition of the sky as having existed long before his time.\*

Nor were the great French painters neglected in this research. The grand Poussins belonging to the Duke de Richelieu, with fine specimens of Claude Lorraine, were obtained by the ever-watchful Colbert. Flemish art, too, as far as Vandyck was concerned, was numerous and finely represented. Rubens, the King was rich in by inheritance, though one of the finest and most characteristic works of the master, now in the Louvre, the Village Fête, was the acquisition of this reign. The almost entire absence of Dutch masters—excepting two Teniers of great beauty—would seem to corroborate the foolish story of, 'Otez-moi ces magots,' which, if true, is not surprising in a royal con-

\* *Essai sur la Peinture, la Sculpture, et l'Architecture*, par M. de B., 1752, p. 15.



noisseur who preferred Lebrun to Paul Veronese; but both the absence of Dutch pictures and the speech may be accounted for, perhaps, by Louis XIV.'s known grudge against Holland.

Meanwhile, as is well known, Colbert had much at heart the progress and decoration of the Louvre buildings, and, by way of counter attraction against Versailles, the improvement of the city of Paris, which owes to him the gardens of the Tuileries, and the first planting of the trees in the Champs Elysées. It may, therefore, be conjectured that the temporary removal of the Crown pictures and other royal collections to the Louvre was a kind of peace-offering by the Sovereign to the prudent minister for the enormous sums lavished upon Versailles, a place defined by the French of the day as '*un favori qui n'a pas de mérite.*' At all events they were removed to the Louvre in 1681; for there is a curious account in a monthly journal of the time,\* quoted by M. Villot in the introduction to the catalogue by him at the head of this article, which describes the first visit of Louis XIV. after the placing of the pictures, on the 5th December, 1681. Bating a little in the way of connoisseurship and its phraseology, the language of '*Le Mercure Galant*,' of nearly two centuries ago, is very much the same as that which would be used now-a-days in reporting an Imperial 'Private View' of the Campana collection. And as regards the accommodation of the pictures, the language, more strange to say, is also very much what would be used at this time for the over-crammed English National Gallery. The walls are reported as having been covered up to the cornices. '*On voit d'ailleurs en plusieurs endroits des espèces de volets qui en sont tous couverts des deux côtés.*' Nevertheless seven great galleries in what was called '*le vieux Louvre*,' and four more in the old Hôtel de Grammont, adjoining the Louvre, were thus filled.

The intelligent care and foresight of Colbert extended to other departments of art besides that of pictures. In the anticipation of times, clear to few beside himself, when the rights of a people as well as the fancy of a king would require indulgence, there were no such things as *magots* in the great minister's eyes. The drawings by old masters belonging to the same Banker Jabach were of the same class of excellence as the pictures. These passed chiefly into the royal possession, and were also assigned apartments in the Louvre, where their numbers were soon swelled, after the death of Lebrun in 1690, by the fine collection belonging to that painter, and by many other purchases.

Colbert equally laid the foundation of the unrivalled collec-

\* '*Le Mercure Galant*,' Dec. 1681.

tion of engravings now contained in apartments on the ground-floor of the Louvre. His first purchase was that of the most important private hoard then or perhaps ever known. This had been accumulated by an abbot of St. Amboise, almoner to Mary de' Medici, who, visiting Italy frequently on the Queen's business, seems to have helped himself at will in that land, then overflowing with the milk and honey of art.

Nor was the old French taste for coins and curiosities neglected by Colbert. Many of those 200 collections mentioned by the travelling numismatist a century before, now poured themselves into the royal cabinet. The Duke of Orleans bequeathed his splendid possessions in this line to the king. Churches presented gems long hidden in their treasuries for the royal acceptance, while agents despatched all over France, and even to the East, returned bringing precious spoil.

As to sculpture, we must remember that collections were not obtainable wholesale in this walk of art as in others. But it is evident that no opportunity was overlooked. The Venus of Arles was discovered and transferred to the capital. The two fine statues of Jason and Germanicus were purchased from Rome, and, as with Francis I., casts were taken, of which the old cast of the Farnese Hercules is a specimen, of what could not otherwise be had. But here again the king's native predilection may be traced, and all honour to him, for, next to taste in art, comes sincerity. French sculpture, curiously redolent of the period, was very popular with the King and Court, who, of course, as much preferred it to the antique, as Lebrun to the great Venetian.

Meanwhile, to return to 'Le Mercure Galant,' of the 5th Dec. 1681. However similar to subsequent times the description of the royal visit, yet its motives were curiously unlike what would now be inferred. Now-a-days such an occasion would be simply the inauguration of a great intellectual feast, of which the public would be invited to partake after the royal eyes had been duly satiated. Then-a-days the feast ended with the satiety of the royal eyes alone. Let no one plead that a certain consistency was preserved in such matters, or, in other words, that the modern *partem*, the Public, was not thought of in such pleasures because unfit for them. The amount of collectors at this time in every department of art vouches for a number of amateurs—setting aside artists—of no common cultivation; indeed it is certain that France never possessed names more redolent of taste and knowledge than those which rise up before us during the long reign of Louis XIV.

Little can be gathered from the scanty statistics of the Louvre, doomed then, and for long after, to witness the periodical ebb and  
flow



flow of its glorious contents. But it is certain that, at an unknown time after the king's visit, these walls, which had been covered up to the cornices with the choicest fruits of art, were all stripped bare, and that these pictures, packed again, and loaded on rough carts, took the same toilsome way along the paved roads to Versailles by which they had come. It is to be hoped that they hung as long as Colbert lived—he died two years after, in 1683—and that he was spared witnessing this final sign of the king's distaste for Paris.

At his accession, Louis XIV., as we have stated, found the Crown pictures scarcely more than 100 in number. They amounted to 1500 at his death. It is usual to comment on the reign of his successor, Louis XV., as favourable only to all that is bad and flimsy in art as well as in manners. This, however, is not strictly true. Though the creation of the grand Orleans Gallery belongs in great measure to the preceding reign, yet the times, however depraved and irreverent, which formed the Crozat and other noted collections, cannot be called devoid of powers of appreciation. Louis XV. also added considerably to the Crown possessions. Three hundred pictures, including those from the Carignan Gallery, were the acquisitions of his reign. But while he added on the one hand, he neglected on the other. The neglect had doubtless commenced in the latter years of his great-grandfather, when large armies, scarce victories, irresponsible ministers, and all attendant consequences, depressed the resources of the kingdom, chilled the royal ardour, and—which may serve as an index to the treatment of art—melted down the gold-plate modelled by the hands of Benvenuto Cellini! The state of things begun by the exhausted energy of the 'Grand Monarque' was continued by the utter apathy of his degenerate successor, being further aggravated by the long minority between. It was in this cheerless interregnum that the costly and precious accumulations of Colbert's active intelligence seem to have been, as it were, cut off from the land of the living. Scattered through the interminable and then ill-kept country palaces of the French Crown, exposed to every injury of time, ignorance, and weather, regarded at best in the light of old furniture, and too often in that of old lumber—antique marbles in decaying gardens, Italian panels in deserted rooms—the choicest works and the highest names pleaded in vain for respect and care. No public catalogue told of their existence; the generation that had talked of them had passed away; it was nobody's business to ask for them, and few actually knew where they were. Even the new comers passed into the same void which had swallowed their predecessors. We need not wonder, therefore, that many pictures—for example,



two by Sebastian del Piombo, and one by Pordenone—mentioned in the meagre catalogue of 1641, were subsequently found to have disappeared without leaving a clue to their fate.

But in due time a voice of interrogation was heard 'de profundis.' This was lifted up in the following imaginary dialogue with that great minister, who in this, as in other respects, reaped the too usual reward from thankless princes:—'Vous vous souvenez, sans doute, ô grand ministre, de l'immense et précieuse collection de tableaux que vous engageâtes Louis XIV. de faire enlever à l'Italie et aux pays étrangers, avec des frais considérables, pour meubler dignement ses palais. Vous pensez (eh! qui ne le penserait comme vous!) que ces richesses sont exposées à l'admiration et à la joie des Français de posséder de si rares trésors, ou à la curiosité des étrangers, ou enfin à l'étude et à l'émulation de notre école? Sachez, ô grand Colbert, que ces beaux ouvrages n'ont pas révu la lumière, et qu'ils sont passés, des places honorables qu'ils occupaient dans les cabinets de leurs possesseurs, à une obscure prison de Versailles, où ils périssent depuis plus de cinquante ans.' These words, accompanied by suggestions replete with practical sense, appeared in a pamphlet by a M. de la Font de Saint Yenne, in 1746. By 1750 the first fruits of public opinion in this direction may be said to have been perceptible. In that year, by the king's permission, 110 pictures, selected from different schools—no catalogue of them exists now—were brought from Versailles to the Palace of the Luxembourg, and there, for the first time, and for two days in the week, opened, under certain restrictions, to a limited public. Coincident with this move, great reparations, doubtless very necessary, were undertaken, and the *Charity* by Andrea del Sarto, which had undergone the then strange operation of being transferred from wood to canvas, appeared in its new dress, with its cast-off panels beside it.

The gallery of these 110 pictures remained open for the rest of that ignoble reign. Well would it have been for the monarchy if other rights could have been restored to its subjects as easily as the sight of pictures which had been purchased with the toil and misery of generations of the French people. But the ill-balanced machine of Government was now swinging headlong down that terrific inclined plane which led to the abyss of the Revolution, and greater concessions than the opened doors of picture-galleries, and those from a more innocent monarch, were ineffectual breaks.

It is not usual to consider the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. in connection with the museums of the Louvre. Nevertheless, he has left the mark of his liberality and judgment very prominently upon them. The finest Dutch and Flemish pictures

pictures now there were obtained by him; the glorious Rembrandts, especially, all date from his reign; the first Murillo the same. The fine series by Le Sueur, the life of St. Bruno, were also obtained from the Chartreuse. The cabinets of old drawings and engravings were largely increased from the sale of the unrivalled Mariette collection, that of coins from the Pellerin and D'Ennery collections; the incised gems received valuable additions, and the old cabinet of them was brought from Versailles and placed with the only faithful tenants of the Louvre, viz. the collection of coins, which had maintained their place there, under the long gallery, from the time of Colbert. As to the 110 pictures exhibited twice a week in the Luxembourg Palace, repairs and alterations of the building had interfered with their accommodation, and in 1785 they, with the great series by Rubens, all found their way to what was called 'le dépôt de la Surintendance de Versailles.'

Political events now rushed on with frightful impetus, dragging with them at first the wanton destruction of all objects which bore the impress of ecclesiastical or aristocratic institutions; yet, in the midst of the collapse of the monarchy, the pictures still appear as a sign of the times. It might be partly an impatience to parade the power to dispose of what had hitherto been the closest Crown property, partly a commendable desire to preserve such objects and monuments of art as could still be rescued from the heaving soil of France, which drew attention to the works of peace. At all events, in 1790, a commission, headed by La Rochejacquelein, and formed of *savans* and artists, was appointed by the National Assembly to register and watch over all that was most valuable. In May, 1791, a decree was passed directing that the Louvre should be thenceforth dedicated to the conservation of objects of science and art; and in August, 1791, an additional commission was named by the National Convention to inspect and gather together the treasures of art scattered through 'les maisons royales.' The next allusion to the Crown collections appears in July, 1793, when, by a decree of the National Convention, M. Roland, Minister of the Interior to the Republic, which had now entered its second year, was ordered to convey to the Louvre all the pictures, statues, vases, &c., deposited in the *ci-devant* royal palaces, or in any other public place, excepting those actually in the château and gardens of Versailles, and in the two Trianons, which were reserved by a special clause. Further, he was directed to take measures that the Museum of the Republic should be open to the citizens, in the long gallery of the Louvre, on the 10th August (1793). It is believed that this first exhibition, the foundation, however unsystematic, of the  
present



present order of things, was not actually opened till the November of that year. It was accompanied by a catalogue, bare in detail, but reporting the presence of 537 pictures, and 124 objects of art, including bronzes, busts, marble tables, china, and clocks.

This, then, was the first assertion, in this form, of the same law for Rich and for Poor, the first exhibition for the People; a curious characteristic of that revolution which in its fierce ferment of fine purposes and foul deeds—separated really, yet too often mingled—alternately rushed madly to destroy and toiled earnestly to redress and preserve. Whether this Exhibition was formally opened, how, and by whom, we are not able to report. But as we picture to ourselves the groups of citizens, pig-tailed, or wooden-shoed, mounting the stairs which lead to the familiar long gallery, an involuntary association of ideas carries the mind to certain other Exhibitions, so-called, of the People, which our own happier times and land have witnessed: these last, solely suggested and mainly organised by the best and wisest of modern Princes, and opened and inaugurated by his Sovereign, with himself at her side, and their tender children on their right hand and on their left; that of 1793 decreed by a tribunal unexampled in crime, demanded as a right in the polluted name of Liberty, and gazed on, by some at least, with the zest of revenge; while the Sovereign to whom individually the greater portion of the unwonted show belonged lay headless in his bed of quick-lime, and his miserable widow and their tortured children bided their time in prisons not far removed from the festive scene. New and horrible things were these in the annals of royal experience!

But sanguinary and inhuman as might be the tribunal which legislated on these matters, it cannot be denied that their enactments, however short-lived, showed a liberality which might be beneficially imitated by the French Government of the present day. The annual sum of 100,000 francs, namely—which was then worth nearly double its present value—was decreed to be placed at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior, to purchase pictures or statues, in sales of private collections, which it behoved the Republic not to suffer to leave the kingdom—a decree which probably pointed to the departure of the great Orleans Gallery in the preceding year, and to that of the Calonne and other collections of importance. It is true, these excellent regulations were never carried into execution; the Minister for the Interior himself had died by his own hand, to escape the guillotine, before the Exhibition opened; but the grant serves to show the good and evil which strove together for the same ostensible end.



All the great Italian masters were exhibited on this occasion, with many Flemish and Dutch, and a large proportion of French pictures, including the Ports of France, by Joseph Vernet. It is curious to observe, from the preface of the catalogue, the principle which guided the arrangement. Instead of any classification of schools, 'on a cru devoir les *mélanger*, parceque ce système parait le plus propre à développer le génie des élèves, et à former le goût, d'une manière sure et rapide.' With this aim, therefore, Jan Van Eyck and Luca Fa Presto hung together; Leonardo da Vinci, Ruysdael, and Rubens side by side. Nor were these works seen favourably in other respects, for the long gallery had no skylights then, but was lighted by a row of windows towards the river, while the pictures hung on the opposite wall, and had thus the disadvantage of facing the light. It was not till 1796 that the roofs of this long space were pierced, and the windows partially closed up, when each wall became passably available for another exhibition, which then took place.

Meanwhile, the reader will have observed that the works of art actually stored in the Palace of Versailles, and in the two Trianons, were excluded in the general gathering from the royal residences. This was owing to a cry of consternation raised by the inhabitants of Versailles. Their town, once so flourishing and caressed, had fallen with the monarchy. To rob it of its pictures and other monuments of art was to deprive it of its last attraction in the eyes of the world, and consign it to decay and oblivion. Urgent petitions from the inhabitants to the National Convention to be allowed to retain their now precious possessions had the effect of suspending the decision. This suspension was followed by discussions whether Versailles should be constituted the museum of antique sculpture and of the ancient masters, and the Louvre that of native and modern art, or *vice versâ*—a question eventually decided as we now see.

Meanwhile a Commission had investigated the château and gardens, and reported that such were the riches of Versailles as to render it doubtful whether Paris or Versailles contained the finest national museum. At the same time, this final unlocking of the royal cabinets disclosed the fact of the absence of a large number of pictures, known by Lepicie's catalogue of 1752 to have been at that date in the possession of the Crown.\* In the total

\* 'Kunstwerke und Künstler in Paris,' by Dr. G. F. Waagen. See list at end of vol. We have since learned that a few of the missing pictures are in the magazines of the Louvre, it is believed in a very ruined state. Another, a so-called Raphael, is traced to the Museum at Marseilles. A few more are supposed to lurk in the back apartments of royal palaces or public buildings. The greater number, however, have left no trace of their fate.

absence in the old royal times of anything like responsible management, it has been impossible to account for their disappearance; but it is probable that the French have to thank the storms of the Revolution rather than the carelessness of the Crown for their loss, for it is known that the State, during that terrible winter 1789-90, took so little care of the violated château that most of its gorgeous furniture vanished from the apartments.

We now enter a new epoch in the history of the Louvre, destined for a period to become a temple of the trophies of war, albeit under the form of the richest treasury of the arts of peace. It was at this time that the world witnessed the sight, unexampled in history, of a people corrupt and disorganised at home, and yet victorious in arms abroad. The Revolution had produced one of those men for whom only revolutions clear the way. In no respect can the nature of Buonaparte's mind and acts be more clearly illustrated than by those works of art which he poured in swiftly succeeding consignments into the Louvre. This system of levying pictures, statues, and other objects by means of treaties, so-called, in which the conqueror dictated terms to those incapable of refusing them, was a dishonourable novelty in the annals of modern warfare. Disdaining the usages of Christian nations, and overleaping especially the traditions of French courtesy and chivalry, Buonaparte turned back to the pages of pagan history for a precedent for his measures of spoliation. As ancient Rome had been adorned with the choicest monuments of Greece, so France was now to be enriched with the chefs-d'œuvre of Italy. But if, in the ever theatrical travesty of antique life which was the conqueror's besetting vanity, he successfully imitated the cruelty of the ancients; if, like as with them, no triumph could gratify his pride unless accompanied by the proofs of having robbed the vanquished of their dearest possessions, he had not, at all events, the excuse of the same motives. To them these statues, in marble, bronze, or ivory, these sacred pictures and golden vessels, were more than mere trophies of success; they were the gods of the conquered people, the consecrated implements of worship; in taking which they deprived the foe, and assured to themselves, all that supernatural aid which came and went with the images of the deities. In the dark creed of the pagan these plunderings were suggested by a selfish duty intelligible to the mind. But Buonaparte, all irreligious as he was, pretended to no motives in which a sincere creed, however low, had part. Not having the superstitution of those he affected to imitate, he had more than their barbarity. Nay, he cannot even be compared with the later degenerate Romans, however level with them in lust of gain and indifference



indifference to beauty, for they had their traditionary motives, derived from the very usages of those they plundered. In the words of Pausanias, the Emperor Augustus did to the Greeks only what the Greeks in olden times had done to others\* and to each other; for if Xerxes had robbed the Athenians of their Diana of Brauron, and the Milesians of their Apollo, he could point back to the abstraction, by Diomed, of the Palladium from Troy.

These acquisitions from the conquered nations were no new idea in Buonaparte's mind suggested by the sight of Italian glories. Like the rest of his art of war, they had been conceived and matured beforehand. They were part of the Hannibalian images of what they would find in the enemy's country, which, from the first, he had held out as an incentive to his soldiers. Whilst occupied with his first and minor victories in the Piedmontese territory, there was little to remind him of more than the usual booty of war; but, as soon as he came within sight of the great valley of the Po, he scented the higher class of spoil with which its numerous cities abounded. Sure of further and greater conquests, Buonaparte writes from Tortona to the Directory, May 6th, 1796: 'Il serait utile que vous m'envoyassiez trois ou quatre artistes connus, pour choisir ce qu'il convient de prendre pour envoyer à Paris.'† In four days more the battle of Lodi—May 10th—fulfilled his proudest anticipations, and gave him at once the chefs-d'œuvre of the chief nurseries and schools of art in Upper Italy. Milan was stripped, with its citadel still in the possession of the Austrians. Parma gave up her Correggios; Piacenza and Modena were rated to pay so many pictures each. The Treaty of Bologna (June 23, 1796) next placed the contents of Bologna and Ferrara at his mercy; and that of Tolentino (February, 1797) extorted the treasures of the Eternal City. Rome, the plunderer, was now once again to be plundered in her turn:—

'And that fall'n Empress by the Tiber's side  
Reft of the sole sad relics of her pride.'‡

Well might the chief Plenipotentiary for His Holiness, Cardinal Mattei, the Archbishop of Ferrara, despatch these sad words to the Vatican, after signing the treaty, 'Les conditions sont très dures, et semblables en tous à la capitulation d'une place assiégée.'§ Buonaparte had no bounds to his demands here; he

\* Pausanias, viii. 46.

† 'Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>.' Vol. i., No. 327.

‡ 'Judicium Regale,' by Dean Milman.

§ 'Moniteur,' March 23, 1797.



was insatiable in proportion as he knew the city to be inexhaustible. Ferrara had given him ten pictures, Parma twenty, Modena twenty, Milan twenty-five, Bologna forty. Rome was bitterly complimented by the demand for a hundred objects. When we consider the amount of sculpture alone levied—fifty-three marbles, including many colossal figures and groups, of which the Laocoon was one; marble thrones, busts without end, tripods, altars, reliefs, and every imaginable object of antique beauty, in marble and bronze, of Greek and Egyptian workmanship—when we consider this enormous extent of spoil, with pictures of the largest size besides, and image to ourselves the long file of heavily-laden carts as they slowly left the Vatican and Capitol, we are reminded of that other procession of vehicles, but in an opposite direction, which Livy describes to have lasted three days, when Quintius Flaminius entered Rome, preceded by the bronze and marble gods of Philip of Macedon.\* Perhaps some of the same objects figured in each procession! There is something peculiarly odious in the *sang-froid* with which the author of all this devastation reported what he had done, and intended doing, to his so-called masters, the Directory, at Paris. Writing from Tolentino just before the completion of the treaty, Buonaparte says, ‘La commission des Savans a fait une bonne récolte à Ravenne, Rimini, Pesaro, Ancone, Loretto, et Perugia. Cela sera incessamment expédié à Paris. Cela joint à ce qui sera envoyé de Rome, nous aurons tout ce qu’il y a de beau en Italie.’

It is by no means the terms of treaties which give the real extent of confiscation. It was the rearguard of commissioners, like those whom Cicero called the ‘bloodhounds of Verres,’ who really scoured the country and cleared the ground. It would be impossible to enumerate the variety of objects on which they laid hands. Nothing portable was safe from them. The storied wall was the only form of art that defied them, and that they often ruined. Italian artists, as Forsyth says, should have painted only in fresco, until Italian soldiers had learned to defend what an invader could carry off. It was the business of these commissioners also to repair all oversights by more deliberate sackings, as in the case of Venice, where, in the first instance, twenty of the choicest pictures, and 500 manuscripts, had been demanded. The *savans* soon found out that the General had overreached himself in the matter of the manuscripts, and decided to *exchange* them for the bronze horses, the antique cameos, and various other objects.† In Milan also the first raid—

\* Livy, xxxiv. 52.

† Venetian State Papers, edited by Rawdon Brown. Preface, p. xxvii.

May, 1796—did not include the manuscripts with the hydraulic drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, which Buonaparte had probably never heard of. These were the fruit of a fresh demand. Denon, one of the best judges of art of any time, does not appear to have been in the field until his return from Egypt, in 1799. Of him it is told that he knew more of the value of the works of art than the owners themselves; and that, in obscure places never before visited by him, he showed an infallible nose for the right thing. This may be believed of a man of such singular knowledge and taste, and also of M. Wicar, the other chief inquisitor in this department, but it may be differently accounted for in other cases. For these were the times when, as Rawdon Brown says, 'the scum rose to the top.' Italian ecclesiastics are known to have guided the commissioners to the treasures of their own cathedrals, and the wonderful correctness with which the *savans* gave to each community in succession a minute inventory of the objects they coveted was the result of the same kind of treachery.

Far be it from us to confound the Italian people as a race, even during the long eclipse of their glory, with the traitors of whom no country so governed, politically and religiously, could have produced fewer. But, as respects the Arts, the sympathy for the plundered cannot be commensurate with the detestation for the plunderer. In this form the Italians, and especially the Roman Church, had long been the worst enemy to their own glorious birth-right. As soon as, and sooner than Art ceased to be produced in Italy, the destruction of it began. We cannot pity those who ruthlessly defaced, whitewashed, and otherwise obliterated innumerable works, invaluable alike to lover and historian of Art. One can have no great compassion for men who had none for the objects of beauty in their possession, and who, when they forbore actual violence, permitted the slower damage of neglect. In both these forms the Church of Rome was as effectual a plunderer as Buonaparte himself—with this unfortunate difference, that her plunder could seldom, in any sense, be restored. In some instances this very neglect turned aside the coveting gaze of the Commissioners. Such an instance was the great Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, formerly in the Frari church at Venice. This picture never found its way to the Louvre, being so effectually disguised by smoke and dirt that no one suspected the glories that lay beneath.\* We shall have occasion to speak of the state of the pictures further on.

\* Cicognara and Canova both claimed the merit of discovering this picture. Every portion was alike obscured; but the lower part was so burnt by the altarcandles, especially the seated figure of St. Peter, as to require considerable repainting by the hands of the restorer, Schiavone of Venice.



It would be unjust also to believe that these acts of spoliation passed without protest on the part of the French themselves. There were those among the really enlightened, both in morals and taste, who felt that the supposed advantage of such acquisitions was far outweighed by the retrograde barbarity of the mode in which they were obtained. The benefit to Art even, in the larger sense, was denied. Better, it was urged, apply the power of the Government to preserve the objects of antiquity above ground in the South of France, and to seek for those still below the soil, than impoverish the whole civilised world by stripping Italy and dismembering Rome.\* On the other hand, it is curious now to glance at writings which indignantly assert that the Army of Italy had been too modest in its demands! Suggestions were made of what Rome might still furnish and Paris accommodate. The Monte Cavallo groups were required, it was said, for the Place de la Concorde, and the Column of Trajan for the Place Vendôme! Even the frescoes by Raphael on the walls of the Vatican were pronounced, if so desired by the Republic, to be capable of travelling! Finally, the same writer bethinks himself of a gallery not long departed from the French shores, and points to a capital nearer than Rome for its recovery: 'On ne doit pas regarder comme perdue pour la France cette superbe Galerie d'Orléans, que, malgré le nombre et les richesses de ses trophées, elle pourrait encore regretter. Ne sait-on pas qu'elle est à Londres! Le conquérant de l'Italie voudra sans doute l'y retrouver et la rendre au Musée de la Grande Nation.'†

Buonaparte well knew the people in whose name all this was perpetrated. The Parisians were enchanted with this new military device of picture-lifting, and extolled the inventor of it to the skies. Early in the Revolution the old Academy of Louis XIV. had been dissolved, but a 'Lycée des Arts' occupied its place and held public Séances. In one of these—June, 1796—the following entries were made, in which the forms of argument and the facts of history are equally curious:—

'Éloge du Général Buonaparte, et du prudent usage qu'il fait de la Victoire. Soin qu'il prend pour recueillir tout ce qui peut être utile aux progrès des connoissances. Circonstance mémorable de vingt des plus beaux tableaux mis à la disposition du vainqueur par le Duc de Parme. Époque remarquable de l'hommage solennel rendu au génie de la Grande Nation. "Ainsi," s'écria l'orateur, "ce n'est plus du

\* 'Lettres sur le préjudice qu'occasionneraient aux Arts et à la Science le déplacement des monumens de l'Art de l'Italie, le démembrement de ses Écoles, et la spoliation de ses Collections, Galeries, Musées, &c.' Par A. Q.

† 'Etat des objets d'Art envoyés aux divers Musées Français et conquis par les Armées de la République pendant la Guerre de la Liberté.' Par le Général Pommerai.



sang que le Français demande. Il n'est jaloux que de faire reconnaître ses droits, et respecter son gouvernement. Ce ne sont point les esclaves, ou même les rois, qu'il veut enchaîner au char de la victoire; ce sont les dépouilles glorieuses des arts et de l'industrie, dont il est curieux de décorer ses triomphes.

"C'est à cette passion dévorante des grandes âmes, à l'amour de la gloire, à l'enthousiasme des grands talens que les Grecs durent leurs étonnans succès. C'est ainsi qu'ils vainquirent à Salamine et Marathon; c'est ainsi, c'est animé des mêmes sentimens, que nos phalanges triomphantes s'avancent, escortées du génie des arts, et suivies de la douce paix, de Coni à Milan, et bientôt aux pieds de l'orgueilleuse basilique de St. Pierre." \*

We must now accompany these precious objects to Paris, some of which, those, for example, from Venice and Rome in July, 1799, made a triumphal entry into the elated capital. There is no reason to believe that they suffered in any essential way from the transport. The agents of the Commissioners had been made responsible by a general order from Buonaparte for their safety,† and packing is an art carried to perfection in Italy. Nevertheless most of the great Italian pictures arrived in a state which required immediate attention. It was evident that the temporal power of the Papacy had been little favourable to the welfare of its art-subjects. The Commissioners had already reported—especially from the Roman territory—that such was the dirt, smoke, mould, decay, and every other conceivable form of neglect, of which the chief works had been the victims, that, in a few years more, slow murder in their own land would have protected them from removal to another country. The great Raphael—the Madonna di Foligno—was reduced to a condition justly reported as 'une dégradation,' which rendered it doubtful whether it could be moved at all. Split, wormeaten, immensely warped, and incredibly filthy, with much of the paint fallen off and the rest falling, the surface had to be held together by a coating of paste and gauze before it could be stirred from the place. The description of the minute and gradual process by which, on its arrival in Paris, the sufferer was restored to a comparative state of soundness, chiefly by the efforts of the citizen Haquin, is well known to all connoisseurs; and, whatever the difference of opinion on the always debatable ground of restorations, it is certain that the French exerted the best skill and science of the day, and, in so doing, may be said to have atoned to the world, and more than atoned to the negligent proprietors, by saving the lives of the captives they had carried off. Partly on account of these neces-

\* 'Moniteur,' June 6, 1796.

† 'Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>,' vol. i., No. 455.

sary measures, the first exhibitions opened to the impatient Parisians were but temporary.

The earliest took place in the month of January, 1798, in the Louvre, in the room now called the Tribune, and was opened three days in each *décade*. It consisted of the pictures from Lombardy (including Milan, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona, Modena, Cento, and Bologna). Here the *St. Cecilia* by Raphael, the two great *Correggios*,—the *St. Jerome*, and the '*Madonna della Scodella*,—with all and more than all the pictures which compose the present gallery of Bologna, were first seen in their new sphere. The scene closed on them in July, 1798, and in March, 1799, the curtain rose again. This time the booty from Belgium, Holland, and Germany decked the walls, and the Parisians gazed upon every picture of note that could be gleaned from Flemish churches or levied from Dutch galleries, from the minutely-painted great altarpieces by the Van Eycks, to the famous *Bull* by Paul Potter. Again the scene changed, and in October, 1799, a fresh feast of fat things from Italy was served up for this pampered public. These were instalments from the Venetian and Roman territory. The Ducal Palace of *St. Mark's* had rained down the Paul Veroneses from her ceilings; every '*Scuola*' and church in Venice had contributed Titians and Tintorets, and Raphael's *Transfiguration* headed the glories from Rome. Another stroke of the wand—March, 1800—and the *Madonna della Seggiola*, the *Vision of Ezekiel*, the *Family Concert* by Giorgione, the great *Pietà* by Perugino, and the *Four Philosophers* by Rubens, proclaim that the Pitti had been emptied to make a Parisian holiday. This exhibition hung longer than its predecessors, as well it might; and the French had to wait for fresh excitement till May, 1801, when the great picture of the *Marriage of Cana*, by Paul Veronese, from the refectory of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*; the cartoon of the *School of Athens*, from the Ambrosian Library; with others of the same extraordinary dimensions, were displayed to view in the Tribune. July, 1801, saw a fresh miscellany of all schools, especially Italian, including *Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome*, and *Paris Bordone's Fisherman of St. Mark*; and February, 1802, brought forth the newly-rescued *Madonna di Foligno*.

The catalogues of these various exhibitions are very remarkable works for intelligence and brevity. Earlier catalogues had given diffuse histories of the painters; these, without omitting a brief biography, added a history of the pictures themselves, drawn from the best-known sources, and placed the masters alphabetically. And, while studying the marvellous contents of these small pages, one can somewhat condone the otherwise  
incredible



incredible arrogance of language with which they announce fresh harvests of objects, enough to turn stronger heads than those of the French people of the Revolution and Empire.

Meanwhile the best pictures from the old French Royal collections had been gradually incorporated with the new comers—less strange to them than to any other thing around them—and finally the Gallery stood, *en permanence*, open every Saturday and Sunday, one of the wonders of this world.

To Denon, now General Director of Art Affairs, it owed what appears to have been an excellent arrangement. A body could afford to be exclusive where chefs-d'œuvre formed its rank and file. The comparatively low number of 1174 pictures, of which the permanent Exhibition consisted, showed the selection that had been exercised. By this time what has since been recognised as the arrangement most advantageous to picture and spectator had also been adopted—schools separate, and masters in chronological order.

Here therefore appeared the unexampled sight of twenty-five Raphaels ranged together, the great master complete in every period and walk of his art. Here twenty-three Titians glowed 'in burning row.' Here Rubens revelled in no less than fifty-three pictures, and in almost as many classes of subjects. Vandyke followed his illustrious master with thirty-three works; while thirty-one specimens of Rembrandt's brush shed a golden atmosphere upon the walls.

The later Italians especially were magnificently represented—thirty-six pictures by Annibale Carracci; sixteen by Domenichino; twenty-three by Guido, including the largest altar-pieces by each; and twenty-six by Guercino, were perhaps the most popular part of the wondrous show. And in this, the predilection of the day, we have the key to the omission of certain names, which seems strange when judged by the present standard of taste. That there were many pictures by Perugino—no less than seventeen—was doubtless solely owing to his prestige as the master of Raphael, of whom all raved as a matter of course. But with all the sackings and resackings of Bologna, Venice, and Milan, there was not a single specimen of Francesco Francia, only one of Bellini, and but a feeble example or two of Luini. Though also the otherwise excellent taste and the intelligence of Denon had secured a most valuable selection of what they called 'the primitive schools,' yet these were suffered for the sake of history rather than of art, and, as we shall see, not thought worth the transport back again under either aspect.

As to the sculpture, we have not space even for the same slight summary that we have given of the pictures. Partly  
from



from the pedantic classicality of the time, partly from the traditional taste for sculpture in the French breast, the new-comers in this department were even more fashionable than the Raphaels and Carraccis. There is no doubt that they deserved the highest honours, comprising as they did some of the choicest relics of antiquity which had once more followed the course of conquered art, always from East to West. In November 1799 the public were admitted into the great halls on the ground-floor of the Louvre, where they were received by these ancient and mysterious wanderers, whose very presence on their new and solid pedestals seemed a presage that this strange order of things was to last as long at least as their average periods of rest. Here were the Apollo, the nine Muses, the Discobolus, the dying Gladiator, the old River Gods,—the Nile and the Tiber,—Laocoon and his Sons, and, first perhaps in all eyes, the Venus de' Medici. She especially was considered the trophy most worthy of the conqueror, who had described her to the Directory (July, 1786) as '*la célèbre Venus qui manque à notre museum*,'\* and with whom she is lastingly associated in one form of art. For it is a curious indication of the times, that in Buonaparte's state visit to the Louvre, as First Consul, in 1803, Denon presented him with a medal bearing his profile on one side, and the figure of the Venus de' Medici on the other.

Thus therefore the Louvre stood in her pride, filled as no palace had been filled before, giving to the ancient words of Dryden a prophetic significance he had little dreamt of when, describing the Thunderer's abode, he said—

'This place, as far as earth with Heaven may vie,  
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.' †

It would be difficult now to gauge the amount and nature of the influence upon the French world of such unparalleled opportunities of study. But it may safely be assumed that a gorge of this kind would at any epoch afford less real nourishment and stimulus to taste than more moderate advantages. Certainly the period of the Empire was not one in which the pure enjoyments of high art were relished. The Imperial Family, to say the least, utterly lacked the æsthetic capacity in any form; while their court of vicious parvenus did not even simulate an enthusiasm for things not of their world. When immortal works like those then in the Louvre are the appanage of luxury and pride, they are sure to be left much alone with their glory. As

\* '*Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>*,' vol. i. letter 707. The statue was not carried off till October, 1800.

† First book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

regards the painters, it would be difficult to mention any school in which the old masters are less reflected than in that of David; while any speculation on the then rising generation is answered by the fact that, when English travellers were admitted to the Louvre, in 1814, the French students were found copying the works of David in preference to any other master.\* One advantage traceable to the '*embarras de richesses*' at this time was the formation of provincial museums in different parts of France. The execution of the plan is owing to the all-active mind of Buonaparte; but the plan itself dates from that same National Convention of '93, whose enlightened ideas as regards art we have already mentioned.

All additions in the way of booty may be said to have ceased after the battle of Jena (14th October, 1806). The Russian campaign was intended to have supplied its '*récolte*,' and no time had been lost in securing it; but among the plunder which had crossed the Beresina, and quickly crossed it back again, we may be sure that there was nothing which would have swelled the glories of the Louvre.

The tide which had filled this memorable building had therefore reached its highest point; and it seems strange to us now that it should have been allowed to remain there over the period of the occupation of Paris by the allied armies, and the Restoration of Louis XVIII. in 1814. It may be doubted, however, whether the course which left the ill-gotten contents of these galleries in French possession for one year longer was the result of generosity. Considered in that light, it was at the expense of others; and, judged by the results, never was generosity more ill bestowed. It may be more readily believed that in the pressure of more important affairs it was an oversight, and, being such, was one not easily to be repaired. It must be remembered that Russia and England, the two most powerful parties treating, had nothing to lose or gain in this matter—that Austria, as the hard stepmother of a large portion of Italy, had no natural jealousy for its glories—that the Vatican had no representative to urge its claims. The truth is, whatever the motive, the subject of the contents of the Museum was not alluded to in the Treaty of Paris, March, 1814. The Duke of Wellington subsequently repudiated the idea that this silence in any way secured the works of art to the French nation; but it is not surprising that they readily interpreted it as a surrender '*in perpetuo*.' In this light Louis XVIII. himself regarded it—or rather, in his difficult position between his obligations to the Allies and policy

\* '*Visit to Paris*,' by John Scott, p. 270.



to the French people, affected to regard it. His speech at the opening of the Corps Législatif, June 4th, 1814, must be considered rather as a stroke of diplomacy than the result of conviction. His words were these:—‘*La gloire des armes Françaises n’a reçu aucun attente. Les monumens de leur valeur subsistent, et les chefs-d’œuvre des arts nous appartiennent désormais par des droits plus stables et plus sacrés que ceux de la victoire.*’

We need not grudge to the French the enjoyment of these treasures for the brief eleven months of Louis XVIII.’s first reign. During that time they were turned to more account for the benefit of the world than in all the previous years. Many motives brought the intelligent of all nations to Paris in 1814, but none was stronger than that of inspecting the wonders of the Louvre. Most of those who have since acquired reputation as connoisseurs—Passavant, Waagen (then a soldier in a Prussian regiment occupying Paris), Sir Charles Eastlake—profited by that opportunity. Haydon—whose description of the Louvre is one of the most stirring parts of his admirably written French Journal—and Wilkie were there. All these gazed on those walls with special feelings and purposes; such as Sir Walter Scott (he was there in 1815) regarded them with the more general impressions of the philosopher and student of mankind.

But whatever the omissions or ambiguity of the Treaty of 1814, that of 1815, drawn up under similar circumstances, at the gates of Paris, rendered it so much waste paper. At this second capitulation of the capital, the generals, while promising the safety of all public works and buildings, expressly refused to sanction any clause assuring to the French nation the possession of the contents of the Louvre. The British Government and people, as we shall see, would never have permitted the further detention of this stolen property; and, being personally disinterested in the matter, were best fitted to adjudicate upon it. It would have been better had they been allowed to do so; but it is not without significance for history that the first steps taken, and of a violent kind, were the unauthorised acts of the Prussians. They, whose rights were comparatively *nil* in this respect, were by far the most impatient to enforce them. The private and confidential letters, now first published in the Supplementary Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, reveal a state of things with regard to the Prussian army in Paris which is curiously identical with the world’s late experience of their mode of procedure in a conquered country. The leading principle of the Prussian government, and of the generals who acted under its orders, was retaliation. Blucher, even while at St. Cloud, appropriated



priated not only a Rembrandt, which might have been Prussian property (now in the Berlin Museum), but also other pictures which could not by any possibility have belonged to that State. These were portraits of the Buonaparte family by Gérard, David, Lefèvre, and others, to which he had not the smallest right, and which could have no value in his eyes (for he kept them as his private property), except that given by the vulgarest revenge.\* It is no wonder, then, that on arriving in Paris, and without waiting for co-operation or concurrence of the Allies, he immediately assaulted the Louvre. Walter Scott describes him as marching up and down the gallery, claiming this and that, and silencing the pleadings of the dismayed officials in favour of some picture which had never breathed the balmy air of Berlin or Potsdam, with a thundering 'halt's Maul.'

No cry of protest or lament was raised by the Parisians on this occasion, and for two reasons. They knew that nothing was to be expected from the courtesy of the Prussian leader, and that what he had taken would not be much missed. After this there was a short lull in the affairs of the Louvre. In the tremendous exigencies and difficult navigation of this crisis of European affairs, pictures and statues found their natural level, and formed no immediate part of the deliberations of the Allies. During this short interregnum the Parisians behaved much as all witty and mortified people would do under the circumstances. A little indulgence of spite and ridicule was a great solace to wounded pride. Seeing no further immediate proceedings in the removal of pictures, they affected to believe that none were contemplated; and moreover that the forbearance of the Allies in 1814 had been simply the result of their ignorance in art matters. Denon is said to have illustrated this by quoting the fable of the cock, who, scratching on the dunghill, despised the diamond while he eagerly picked up the barleycorn. They indulged their clever malice in this way for a few short weeks with impunity. But the value of the diamond, or rather the rights of those to whom it belonged, which was the real point, had not been disregarded. The doom of the collections was, from the first, sealed in the counsels of the British Government. The entire history of this transaction is now traceable in the last published volume of the '*Supplementary Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.*' We give the more important communications bearing on it.

The first allusion appears in a letter from the Earl of Liverpool to Viscount Castlereagh, then British Ambassador at Paris, dated

\* These pictures, all life-sized, including one of Queen Hortense holding the present Emperor by the hand, have been lately the subject of a trial in Berlin between Blücher's direct and collateral heirs.

July 15, 1815. In this the Premier states that he has been 'particularly directed' by the Prince Regent to call Lord Castlereagh's attention

'to the collections of statues and pictures of which the French plundered Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries. Whatever it may be fitting to do with them, whether to restore them to the countries from which they have been taken, or to divide them amongst the Allies—the allied armies having the same title to them by conquest as that by which the French authorities acquired them—it is most desirable, in point of policy, to remove them if possible from France, as whilst in that country they must necessarily have the effect of keeping up the remembrance of their former conquests, and of cherishing the military spirit and vanity of the nation. I recommend this matter to your serious and early attention. You will let me know at a proper time what appear to be the sentiments of the Allied Sovereigns with regard to it.'—Vol. xi. p. 34.

Lord Castlereagh's answer shows how little prepared the Duke of Wellington then was to push matters so far with Louis XVIII. It also gives a hint of the difficulty often experienced from the character of the Emperor of Russia. If the Prussians were embarrassing to the Duke in one way, the Emperor of Russia was equally difficult to deal with in the opposite direction—and that to a degree which Lord Castlereagh does not hesitate, in a letter hitherto private, to designate as resulting from a state of mind 'not completely sound.' He writes thus:—

'DEAR LIVERPOOL,

'Paris, 24th July, 1815.

'I send you such intelligence as has accumulated in the last two or three days. I have nothing to complain of, on the contrary, much to acknowledge, in the spirit of conciliation hitherto shown by the Emperor of Russia; but I think you must not expect him to go all your lengths, especially on the subject of the gallery and the statues. Indeed, I doubt the latter proposition being relished even by the Austrians, and I doubt still more the possibility of the King's holding his ground in France, if, after holding himself out to the nation as a means of appeasing the Allies, they disavow him so far. The Duke of Wellington, I know, doubts very strongly the prudence of this measure.'—Vol. xi. p. 54.

Meanwhile Lord Liverpool did not let this subject drop. A quotation from another letter to Lord Castlereagh, of the 18th August, shows the broad and sound policy on which he based the principle of the restoration of the collections, and at the same time the distance which still existed in his mind between the principle and its possible application:—

'I must again call your attention to the question of the statues and pictures which have been withdrawn from other countries. I do not feel



feel so strongly on this point as many others. I am of opinion that it is very desirable, on principle, that they should be all restored to the States to which they originally belonged; but I am aware that this cannot be effected, especially after the inconsiderate arrangements of last year, without some prejudice to the King of France and his government.

'If, therefore, we are to call upon the King of France to make other sacrifices for the more important object of the security of Europe, I can understand the repugnance which may naturally exist to pressing him too far on a point of this nature. But if we are to acknowledge the integrity of the French territory in all respects, and to satisfy ourselves with the temporary occupation of the fortresses, I am sure it will be felt that he ought to give up the plunder of the French Revolution. If he stands upon the principle of old France, it ought not to be old France with the revolutionary plunder.'—Vol. xi. p. 131.

The next letter from Lord Castlereagh is very important, as showing what led to the final measure, and the change that his own opinion was consequently undergoing. It is obvious that if the Pope could have sold the marbles from the Vatican as easily as his successor has done the Campana museum, England might have become possessed of the Apollo. We trace the wisdom of the statesman in dissuading the Prince Regent from purchasing even what might have been sold at that time:—

'MY DEAR LORD,

'Paris, 11th Sept. 1815.

'In addition to what I have stated in my despatch and note on the subject of the works in the Louvre, I think it right to mention that Mr. Hamilton, who is intimate with Canova, the celebrated artist, expressly sent here by the Pope with a letter to the King, to reclaim what was taken from Rome, distinctly ascertained from him that the Pope, if successful, neither would, nor could as Pope, sell any of the chefs-d'œuvre that belonged to the See, and in which he has, in fact, only a life interest.

'The French, when they plundered the Vatican, ignorantly brought away some works of little or no value. These, Canova has authority either to cede to the King, or sell, to facilitate the return of the more valuable objects; but it is quite clear that no sum of money could secure for the Prince Regent any of the distinguished works from His Holiness's collection. The other claimants would be less likely to sell. In taking, therefore, the disinterested line, we have in truth made no real sacrifice, whilst we shall escape odium and misrepresentation; and if, through the weight of the Prince Regent's interference, the Pope should ultimately recover his property, His Royal Highness would probably feel it more consistent with his munificence to give this old man a small sum out of the French contribution, to enable him to carry home his Gallery, than to see him exposed to the reproach of selling the refuse without any strict right to do so, in order to replace what is really valuable in the Vatican.

'I cannot



‘I cannot yet judge what turn this business will take. Russia wishes for a composition between the King and the claimants, but, as you will see by Count Nesselrode’s note, will not insist upon it, but will rather insist, as far as a protest goes, against any force being used. This is a little too late, after having patiently witnessed their particular allies the Prussians remove by force not only all the works of art taken away from the Prussian dominions, but those plundered from Cologne and other towns on the left bank of the Rhine—possessions which have since been acquired by Prussia. The Prussians have also assisted the Grand Dukes of Hesse, Mecklenburg, and others of the minor Powers in the North of Germany, to recover in like manner what belonged to them.

‘This proceeding of the Prussians makes it almost indispensable for the King of the Netherlands to replace in the churches of Belgium the pictures of which they were despoiled. His Majesty, I believe, feels this so strongly, that he would rather sacrifice his own family collection, now in the Louvre, than fail in this act of political duty towards his new subjects, who, devoted to their religion, would receive such a mark of favour from their Protestant Sovereign with sentiments of peculiar gratitude. I do not see, therefore, the possibility of the Duke of Wellington, as the military Commander of the troops of the King of the Netherlands, doing otherwise than giving his aid to remove, by force if necessary, these objects; and it becomes Great Britain not less to see the same measures of justice distributed to her immediate ally as that which has been obtained by the adjacent States.

‘The protection of the Pope and of the other Italian Princes more immediately belongs to the Emperor of Austria; and although his Imperial Majesty is alive to the subject, I think he will be very reluctant to use force; and yet, without force, I do not believe the thing can be done, as the King, whatever he may feel of remorse as to the mode in which these works came into his possession, will be very reluctant, by any act of cession, or even of composition, on his part, to take upon himself any of the responsibility of their removal from Paris.

‘Believe me to be, my dear Lord, very sincerely yours,

‘CASTLEREEGH.’

—Vol. xi. p. 153.

Lord Liverpool answers on the 15th September:—

‘I entirely approve of your memorandum on the question of the restoration by France of the works of art which have been plundered from other countries. I think all the principles you have adopted are sound and correct; and I have no doubt that, if this paper shall become public, it will meet with universal approbation.’

¶ We now come to the letter of the man whose straightforward sense and honesty determined the question. We give it entire, in that unstudied plainness which took no thought of style, and which supplies the best materials for the judgment of posterity.

‘*To* VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, K.G.

‘Paris, 23rd Sept. 1815.

‘There has been a good deal of discussion here lately respecting the measures which I have been under the necessity of adopting in order to get for the King of the Netherlands his pictures, &c., from the museums; and, lest these reports should reach the Prince Regent, I wish to trouble you, for His Royal Highness's information, with the following statement of what has passed.

‘Shortly after the arrival of the Sovereigns at Paris, the Minister of the King of the Netherlands claimed the pictures, &c., belonging to his sovereign equally with those of other Powers; and, as far as I could learn, never could get any satisfactory reply from the French Government. After several conversations with me, he addressed your Lordship in an official note, which was laid before the Ministers of the Allied Sovereigns assembled in Conference; and the subject was taken into consideration repeatedly, with a view to discover a mode of doing justice to the claimants of the specimens of the arts in the museums, without hurting the feelings of the King of France. In the mean time the Prussians had obtained from His Majesty not only all the really Prussian pictures, but those belonging to the Prussian territories on the left of the Rhine, and the pictures, &c., belonging to all the allies of His Prussian Majesty; and the subject pressed for an early decision; and your Lordship wrote your note of the 11th instant, in which it was fully discussed.

‘The Minister of the King of the Netherlands, still having no satisfactory answer from the French Government, appealed to me, as the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the King of the Netherlands, to know whether I had any objection to employ His Majesty's troops to obtain possession of what was his undoubted property. I referred this application again to the Ministers of the Allied Courts, and, no objection having been stated, I considered it my duty to take the necessary measures to obtain what was his right.

‘I accordingly spoke to the Prince de Talleyrand upon the subject, explained to him what had passed in Conference, and the grounds I had for thinking that the King of the Netherlands had a right to the pictures; and begged him to state the case to the King, and to ask His Majesty to do me the favour to point out the mode of effecting the object of the King of the Netherlands, which should be least offensive to His Majesty.

‘The Prince de Talleyrand promised me an answer on the following evening; which not having received, I called upon him at night, and had another discussion with him upon the subject, in which he informed me that the King could give no orders upon it; that I might act as I thought proper; and that I might communicate with M. Denon.

‘I sent my aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Fremantle, to M. Denon, in the morning, who informed him that he had no orders to give any pictures out of the gallery, and that he could give none without the use of force.

‘I then sent Colonel Fremantle to the Prince de Talleyrand to  
inform



inform him of this answer, and to acquaint him that the troops would go the next morning at 12 o'clock to take possession of the King of the Netherlands' pictures; and to point out that, if any disturbance resulted from this measure, the King's Ministers, and not I, were responsible. Colonel Fremantle likewise informed M. Denon that the same measure would be adopted.

'It was not necessary, however, to send the troops, as a Prussian guard had always remained in possession of the gallery, and the pictures were taken, without the necessity of calling for those of the army under my command, excepting as a working party to assist in taking them down and packing them.

'It has been stated that, in being the instrument of removing the pictures belonging to the King of the Netherlands from the Gallery of the Tuileries, I had been guilty of a breach of a treaty which I had myself made; and, as there is no mention of the museums in the treaty of the 25th March, and it now appears that the treaty meant is the military Convention of Paris, it is necessary to show how that Convention affects the Museum.

'It is not now necessary to discuss the question whether the Allies were, or not, at war with France. There is no doubt whatever that their armies entered Paris under a military Convention, concluded with an officer of the Government, the Prefect of the department of the Seine, and an officer of the army, being a representative of each of the authorities existing at Paris at the moment, and authorised by those authorities to treat and conclude for them.

'The article of the Convention, which it is supposed has been broken, is the eleventh, which relates to public property. I positively deny that this article referred at all to the museums, or galleries of pictures.

'The French commissioners, in the original project, proposed an article to provide for the security of this description of property. Prince Blücher would not consent to it, as he said there were pictures in the gallery which had been taken from Prussia, and which His Majesty Louis XVIII. had promised to restore, but which had never been restored. I stated this circumstance to the French commissioners, and they then offered to adopt the article with an exception of the Prussian pictures. To this offer I answered that I stood there as the ally of all the nations in Europe, and anything that was granted to Prussia, I must claim for other nations. I added that I had no instructions regarding the Museum, nor any grounds on which to form a judgment how the Sovereigns would act; that they certainly would insist upon the King's performing his engagements; and that I recommended that the article should be omitted altogether, and that the question should be reserved for the decision of the Sovereigns when they should arrive.

'Thus the question regarding the Museum stands under the treaties. The Convention of Paris is silent upon it, and there was a communication upon the subject which reserved the decision for the Sovereigns.

\* Supposing



'Supposing the silence of the Treaty of Paris of May, 1814, regarding the Museum, gave the French Government an undisputed claim to its contents upon all future occasions, it will not be denied that this claim was shaken by this transaction.

'Those who acted for the French Government, at the time, considered that the successful army had a right to, and would, touch the contents of the Museum, and they made an attempt to save them by an article in the military Convention. This article was rejected, and the claim of the Allies to their pictures was broadly advanced by the negotiators on their part; and this was stated as the ground for rejecting the article. Not only, then, the military Convention did not in itself guarantee the possession, but the transaction above recited tended to weaken the claim to the possession by the French Government, which is founded upon the silence of the Treaty of Paris of May, 1814.

'The Allies then, having the contents of the Museum justly in their power, could not do otherwise than restore them to the countries from which, contrary to the practice of civilised warfare, they had been torn during the disastrous period of the French Revolution and the tyranny of Buonaparte.

'The conduct of the Allies regarding the Museum, at the period of the Treaty of Paris, might be fairly attributed to their desire to conciliate the French army, and to consolidate the reconciliation with Europe, which the army at that period manifested a disposition to effect.

'But the circumstances are now entirely different. The army disappointed the reasonable expectation of the world, and seized the earliest opportunity of rebelling against their Sovereign, and of giving their services to the common enemy of mankind, with a view to the revival of the disastrous period which had passed, and of the scenes of plunder which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of.

'This army having been defeated by the armies of Europe, they have been disbanded by the united counsel of the Sovereigns, and no reason can exist why the Powers of Europe should do injustice to their own subjects with a view to conciliate them again. Neither has it ever appeared to me to be necessary that the Allied Sovereigns should omit this opportunity to do justice and to gratify their own subjects, in order to gratify the people of France.

'The feeling of the people of France upon this subject must be one of national vanity only. It must be a desire to retain these specimens of the arts, not because Paris is the fittest depository for them, as, upon that subject, artists, connoisseurs, and all who have written upon it, agree that the whole ought to be removed to their ancient seat, but because they were obtained by military concessions, of which they are the trophies.

'The same feelings which induce the people of France to wish to retain the pictures and statues of other nations would naturally induce other nations to wish, now that success is on their side, that the pro-

perty should be returned to their rightful owners; and the Allied Sovereigns must feel a desire to gratify them.

'It is, besides, on many accounts, desirable, as well for their own happiness as for that of the world, that the people of France, if they do not already feel that Europe is too strong for them, should be made sensible of it; and that, whatever may be the extent, at any time, of their momentary and partial success against any one, or any number of individual powers in Europe, the day of retribution must come.

'Not only, then, would it, in my opinion, be unjust in the Sovereigns to gratify the people of France on this subject, at the expense of their own people, but the sacrifice they would make would be impolitic, as it would deprive them of the opportunity of giving the people of France a great moral lesson.'\*

This remarkable letter was endorsed by the approval of the British Government, as will be seen in a quotation from a letter of September 29th to Lord Castlereagh from Lord Liverpool, whose judgment throughout had been as steady as it was sound:—

'We have been most truly gratified with reading the Duke of Wellington's letter to you on the subject of removing the pictures, &c., from the Museum. It is a most satisfactory statement throughout, and will, I trust, sooner or later, meet the public eye.

'I shall be most happy to hear that the statues and pictures belonging to the Vatican are packed up. It is become now of the utmost importance that our principle should be carried through consistently. We cannot irritate the French more by completing our work than we have by beginning it; and, as I have stated to you in a former letter, there is more safety, in my judgment, in a general removal of the whole plunder than in one which is only partial.'

Again, he adds later, to the Duke himself, October 2nd:—

'I had the greatest satisfaction in reading your letter to Lord Castlereagh, on the measures which had been adopted with respect to the pictures and statues in the Museum at Paris. The case is complete; and I trust your letter will sooner or later meet the public eye.'—  
—Vol. xi. p. 182.

That wish has now been realised; and no one either in France or elsewhere is justified in asserting that the Louvre was dismembered in defiance of treaties. A poet, like Casimir Delavigne, may be pardoned the lines on the '*Dévastation du Musée et des Monumens*,' which appeared in his '*Masséniennes*,' especially as they are of very indifferent merit; but one who assumes to be an historian like Lamartine knows better than to continue this language.

\* Selections from the '*Despatches*,' &c., of the Duke of Wellington. New edition. London, 1851, p. 897.



Some pardonable petulance was shown at the time, as described by Lord Castlereagh, who writes thus on the 21st Sept. :—

‘The spoliation of the Louvre is begun. The King of the Netherlands is hard at work; Austria begins immediately; and I believe the three Powers—that is, Austria, Prussia, and Great Britain—if called upon by the Pope’s Commissioner, Canova, will unite to enable him to remove his master’s property. The Emperor of Russia will not, I hope, take any further part in opposition to the sentiments of his allies. The French, of all parties, are very sore, and they were foolish enough, at Madame de Duras’, the other night, to resent it to the Duke of Wellington in the most pointed manner; but we are going straight forward.’—Vol. xi. p. 167.

We pass over now the painful time when ‘working parties’ relieved each other in the strange duties, the sounds of which reverberated through those proud halls; when long spaces of dirty blue wall daily increased in size; when travellers, hastening over, chiefly from England, arrived only in time to see the ‘Transfiguration’ in the act of being lowered; when pictures which, for the first time since leaving the same studio, had hung side by side, now parted to meet no more; when, in the words of the author of ‘Paris Revisited,’ the Louvre took the melancholy, confused, desolate air of a large auction-room after a day’s sale; and yet when a Frenchman, even in the midst of his sorrow, had his pithy joke, saying, as he pointed to the empty frames strewn the floors, ‘Nous ne leur aurions pas laissés même les cadres.’

Various reasons have been alleged for the retention of the great ‘Marriage of Cana,’ by Paul Veronese, in the Tribune, and principally that it was impossible to detach it from the walls, and that it was too vast and too dilapidated to bear a second journey. The last was doubtless the truer cause. The really disgraceful part of the transaction was that the Austrians readily accepted a picture by Lebrun, in return for one of the most important examples, in every sense, of the Venetian school. No one will grudge the French this victory over the stolid Viennese envoy; but when the Venetians reckon up their insults and injuries from their German rulers, this pretended exchange may well take a place among them.

It has been stated that the lists of objects to be reclaimed were, especially on the part of the Italians, made out with so little attention that a considerable number of valuable items were omitted. This was, to a certain extent, true; but there was method in the omissions, and small blame to the French for profiting by them. All the so-called ‘primitive schools,’ then deemed barbarous, but including many pictures now recognised as some of the choicest



ornaments of the Louvre, were, from contempt, or grudging of expense of transport, left behind. Such works as the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' by Fra Angelico; the 'Madonna della Vittoria' and the 'Crucifixion,' by Mantegna; the 'Visitation,' by Ghirlandajo; the 'Virgin and Saints,' by Fra Filippo Lippi; and all the pictures by Perugino, were abandoned by their ungrateful owners to the *ci-devant* conquerors without even the grace of a gift. Not that the French of the day were particularly grateful. That they knew little of the value of these precious objects is proved by the readiness with which they had presented many of this class to the provincial museums. This is why we see the fine works by Mantegna at Tours, and why specimens of Perugino—some of them of the finest quality—may be found in such places as Caen, Toulouse, Nancy, Marseilles, Lyons, and other country collections. Once there they were doubly forgotten.

The removal of the sculpture began later, and occupied a longer time. With the love for sculpture, real and artificial, traditional in the Gallic race, and revived by David's pictures and the '*coiffure à l'antique*,' the French took this part of their loss more to heart than that of the pictures. Walter Scott says that as the time approached for the dethroning of such statues as the Venus, the Apollo, the Discobolus, &c., from their pedestals, the people talked to them, knelt to them, wept to them, and bade them adieu, as if they were, indeed, restored to the rank of idols.

It would be interesting, if we had space, to follow the exiles to their homes again. Suffice it to say that in most places they were received with fêtes; and, especially in Antwerp and Bologna, were publicly exhibited to a generation who had grown up without them. Bologna forbore to return them to the treacherous keeping of the Church, and the gallery there owes its formation to that time.

As for the deserted walls of the Louvre, no nation was better able than the French worthily to cover them again. Pictures of interest, which had retired before the late noble guests, were restored to their places. The royal palaces rendered up a still further supply of forgotten treasures. The series by Rubens, originally from the Luxembourg, with the Le Sueurs, the Vernets, and a number of excellent French pictures which had belonged to ancient Paris churches, helped to fill up gaps; and, with the glories of '*l'ancienne collection*,' no less than 1113 pictures were soon displayed on the walls. To these Louis XVIII. added by purchase 111 works; Charles X. twenty-four more; and Louis Philippe, while creating the gorgeous galleries '*à toutes les gloires*'

gloires de la France,' at Versailles, at an expense little short of half a million, from his own purse, contributed thirty-three pictures to the Louvre.

Meanwhile it is difficult now to realise the fact that, with all the real accommodation of this enormous palace, and the boasted better management of the French in such matters, the exhibition of modern painters annually hid the old masters from sight, and inflicted upon them grievous injuries, down to so late a date as 1849. It would seem, indeed, as if republics were more enlightened in their estimate of such treasures than other forms of government, for, with the new powers of 1848, a greatly improved arrangement of the gallery took place. The first edition of the admirable catalogue by M. Villot, from the thirteenth edition of which we have borrowed so largely, was given to the public; and, above all, the periodical eclipse of the old constellations by the grosser bodies of modern creation was entirely abolished.

Here our task must cease. The present Administration has been alternately stingy and extravagant. A Murillo has been purchased at the price of a gallery; and an indifferent gallery as regards pictures—the Campana—has swallowed up the average art resources of a long reign. To the last also we find the history of the collections running parallel with that of the country in general. In 1848 they became again the property of the people; now, following the course of events, they have been claimed as the appanage of the Crown. But if a despotic sovereign has made the price and the choice of works of art subservient to his own policy, he has given them, in the completion of the building of the Louvre, a framework which is the admiration of the world. As far, however, as regards the accommodation of pictures, it is by no means so perfect as could be wished. Let us hope that in this respect the English nation may yet boast a better Louvre of their own.

ART. II.—1. *Caractères et Portraits Littéraires du XVI<sup>e</sup>. Siècle.*

Par M. Léon Feugère. Second Edition. 2 tomes. Paris, 1864.

2. *Histoire du Livre en France.* Par Edmond Werdet. 3<sup>e</sup> partie, tome 1<sup>er</sup>. *Les Estienne et leurs Devanciers depuis 1470.* Paris, 1864.

**H**ENRI ESTIENNE, on his death in 1598, found no one in the circle of his family or friends to record his personal adventures, or to enumerate, in even the barest memoir, his learned labours. Not till near a century afterwards did the literary



literary history of the sixteenth century become the object of curiosity; and this not in France itself. Catholic France, divided between dreams of military glory without and theological dispute within, had no leisure for its own history. The taste and temper of the age of Louis XIV. were as alien from those of France of the sixteenth century as if they had belonged to two different peoples and countries. The memory of its great Protestant worthies was left to be cultivated by the refugees in England, Prussia, or the Low Countries. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes exiled not only the best living heads and hands of France, but all the associations and traditions of the sixteenth century with them.

The Stephenses (*Fr. Estienne*) found their first biographer in Theodore Janssen ab Almeloveen. The Latin dissertation '*De Vitis Stephanorum*' of this laborious Dutch compiler was published at Amsterdam in 1683. Almeloveen had no traditional materials or family papers, and worked merely from printed sources. But it so happens that in the case of Henri Estienne these printed memoranda are more than usually abundant. During threescore and two years of restless, nay, feverish activity, Henri's press had never ceased to issue a stream of publications classical or fugitive, all superintended by himself, many his own composition. Few of these want a Preface, Dedication, Preliminary Epistle, or Monition of the publisher, in which the feelings of the hour, his own affairs, his reasons for writing, or what had hindered him from writing, are poured forth with a garrulous egotism which is anything but eloquent or refined. But what these confidences want in taste they offer in genuineness. And being but occasional outbursts, they offer glimpses of a personal history which they do not reveal. They are the very material which at once attract and baffle a biographer.

After an interval of twenty-five years the same mine was worked with more perseverance and on a more extensive scale by Michel Maittaire, a French Protestant refugee, naturalised in England, whose original name had been Mettayer. But though Maittaire had himself suffered for religion, he knew scarcely anything of the religious antecedents of the Protestant Church. It is enough to mention two facts:—1. Maittaire brought out an edition of the '*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*' as the serious productions of their imputed authors; and 2. In his *Lives of the Stephenses* he supposes Henri's books with 'the olive' to have been printed at Paris,—a blunder almost incredible in a bibliographer, though Maittaire has been followed in it by the compilers of the last-printed Bodleian Catalogue.

*Passing over Mr. Gresswell's 'Parisian Greek Press,' which*

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is only an abstract of Maittaire, we come to the first work which the French dedicated to this truly national subject. The '*Annales de l'Imprimerie des Estienne*,' in its second and improved edition, (Paris, 1843), if not exactly a model of bibliophilic accuracy, is yet, perhaps, one of the best specimens of this kind of industry which France has to show. But there was wanting a review of the higher learning in France during the sixteenth century: a field entirely forsaken by the French critics, who have been so profuse in disserting upon the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

With this view the Académie Française proposed for the year 1854, as one of their prize subjects a '*Life of Henri Estienne*.' The production of M. Feugère, which is now reprinted by him in the collected volumes of his Essays which we have placed at the head of this paper, was thought deserving of the prize. As such, it is necessarily a neat piece of composition. And this is all that can be said of it. M. Feugère is indebted, almost wholly, to Rénouard's '*Annales*' for his facts. He omits many, tells the rest more diffusely, and interweaves the ordinary reflections of a man of sense and some reading, but of no special intimacy with the period. We shall show below, in one signal instance, that he has not even looked beyond the title-page of some books of which he yet offers a detailed criticism. But M. Feugère's most decisive disqualification for historiographer of the Estienne is his imperfect knowledge of Greek. When M. Rénouard tells us that '*Jos. Scaliger ne voyoit pas sans dépit la supériorité de Henri Etienne*,' we smile at the sincerity with which the estimable printer utters this absurdity. When M. Feugère, however, in an essay which has received the high sanction of the Académie Française, is equally unable to discriminate between white and black in classical philology, we are forcibly reminded of the absence of the highest element of cultivation from the education of the leading nation of Europe. If the French Academy regard the production of a good French exercise as the object of their annual competition, they are right in conferring the crown on such essays as this of M. Feugère. As tending to maintain historical criticism in France at its present superficial level, it can but be matter of regret that the Academy should sanction with its approbation so feeble and secondhand a reproduction.

If the decision be a bad one, the thesis was an excellent one to set. A brief outline of the fortunes of the Press of the Stephensens may serve to show what vital points of the national life are involved in the subject proposed by the Academy. 'In narrating  
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the lives of the Estienne,' says M. Feugère, 'biography rises to the elevation of history.'

The family of the Estienne is found settled at Paris in 1502 in the person of Henri I. of that name, the founder of this dynasty of letters. He carried on the business of a printer and bookseller with great success and credit for twenty years. He published on his own account 118 different works, nearly all theological, liturgical, or scholastic; hardly anything relating to the new studies, to which the impulse was scarcely yet given in France. Henri left his foreman Simon de Colines the guardian of his children and his executor. Simon, whose surname does not denote nobility, but only that his native place was the little village of Colinée, in Brittany, married the widow 'afin de s'éviter l'embarras d'une liquidation' ('Bulletin du Bouquiniste,' No. 69). The peaceful and prosperous diligence of these twenty years, in which the foundations of the family renown were laid and its character acquired, stand in strong contrast to the adventurous and troubled lives of the son and the grandson, in which so much glory was gained and so much misery endured.

Robert I., eldest son of Henri I., is found in possession of the paternal establishment in 1526. It was in the quarter of the University, in the street St. Jean de Beauvais. The door was marked by the ensign which the father had adopted, and which the son and grandson made famous—an olive-tree, with spreading boughs. The same tree, with the motto 'Noli altum sapere sed time' (Rom. xi. 20), was taken by Robert for his printer's mark. Not only the custom of the trade, but the law with its terrible penalties, required every printer to affix his mark to every publication. As late as 1650 the olive-tree was still over the door of the same house, though now passed into different hands. So at Bologna the Aldine anchor was still to be seen upon the house of Antonio Manutio as late as the beginning of the present century, when it was bought as a relic by an Englishman. Robert I. married a daughter of Josse Bade. Bade, the friend of Erasmus, better known in literary history as Badius Ascensius (*i. e.* of Asch, a village in Flanders), was himself a learned printer, and his three daughters married printers. Perrette—that was the name of the daughter who fell to the share of Robert Estienne—was a woman of sense, and who had enjoyed that masculine education which the Reformation introduced for women, and which it was the first care of the Catholic reaction to crush. Nothing more is known of Perrette than the following casual notice, written  
by



by her son many years after her death. Addressing his own son Paul in 1585, Henri says :—

‘And as I am on the topic of speaking Latin, I will add another notable reminiscence of my father’s family, by the which thou mayst understand the facilities I enjoyed as a boy for acquiring that tongue. There was a time when thy grandfather Robert entertained in his own household ten men employed by him as correctors on his press, or in other parts of his business. These ten persons, all of them men of education; some of them were of considerable learning; as they were of different nations, so they were of different languages. This necessitated them to employ Latin as the common medium of communication, not at table only, but about the house, so that the very maid-servants came to understand what was said, and even to speak it a little. As for your grandmother Perrette, except one made use of some very unusual word, she understood what was said in Latin with the same ease as if it had been French. As to myself and my brother Robert, we were allowed at home to use no other language whenever we had to address my father, or one of his ten journeymen.’—*Dedication to ‘Aulus Gellius,’* 1585.

This is a glimpse, and the only one we can catch, of the interior of Robert’s household. Of the amount of his professional labour, only a study of the bibliographical lists can convey an idea. From 1526 to 1559, when he died, a space of thirty-three years, not a year elapses in which he does not turn out several volumes, some of them *chefs-d’œuvre* of art, all of them far surpassing anything that had been before seen in France. Sometimes it is a pocket Greek Testament in mignon letters, yet as clear as the largest pica; sometimes a Bible in 3 massive folios, with notes and various readings; sometimes an ‘editio princeps’ of a Greek classic, or an entirely new Latin Lexicon. With respect to most of these publications, it must be remembered that the modest notice on the title, ‘Parisiis, Robertus Stephanus,’ conceals, instead of proclaims, the part that ought to be credited to himself. He was at once printer, corrector, publisher, author. Indeed, these functions were at that time neither separate nor separable. Take, for example, his great Latin Dictionary. In its origin this was nothing but a reprint of ‘Calepinus,’ the ‘Ainsworth’ of schoolboys in the first half of the sixteenth century. ‘Calepin’ had long been common property, and in 1531 Robert designed a reprint of it in the way of trade—school-books being then, as now, one of the most lucrative employments of booksellers’ capital. In refitting it for press, however, Robert made so many improvements and additions, that he felt himself warranted in suppressing the name of brother Ambrogio of Calepio, and substituting his own. Instead of publisher of a  
reprint



reprint of Calepinus, he became editor of an improved and revised edition. In the final stage, the edition of 1543, in 3 vols. folio, the '*Latinae Linguae Thesaurus*' has become an entirely new work, of which Robert Stephens has the full right to consider himself author. The merits of this *Thesaurus* must not be judged by its present value in the market—the best edition, that of Basle, 1740, has been bought in our time for ten shillings—but by the fact that for more than two centuries it satisfied the demands of learners, if not of scholars. Twenty years after this edition (1559) '*Stephens' Latin Thesaurus*' became '*Gesner's Thesaurus*,' by the same process by which Robert Stephens had first occupied and then 'annexed' Calepinus. Finally, Gesner's book in its turn became, through a new transmigration and by the labours of Forcellini (Padua, 1771), that comprehensive dictionary which still holds its own against its more modern rivals, under the title of '*Facciolati's Lexicon*.' It may be observed that the stages of transition from publisher of Calepin to author of a new *Thesaurus* are marked by Robert himself. He calls the edition of 1543 in the title-page 'ed. 2<sup>a</sup>.' This led the accurate Hallam to say ('*Lit. of Europe*,' i. 306), that the *Thesaurus* was 'first published in 1535.' Really, the edition of 1543 is only the full-grown form of the original *Dictionarium* of 1531. It is true that Robert had assistance in this huge labour of compilation, and it is characteristic of him that he is scrupulous in acknowledging how much he owes to this coadjutor, Thierry of Beauvais. Of himself he modestly says, '*Ingenue fateor nihil hic inesse de meo, præter laborem et diligentiam.*'

The *Thesaurus* would have been a good life's work for most men. In the total of Robert Stephens' labours it was but a single item. The whole number of publications, great and small, which have been traced to his press is 527. Many of these, certainly, are pamphlets, school-books, or occasional verses of a few lines. On the other hand, many are in massive folios, and more than one volume; many, besides the *Thesaurus*, works of immense labour, *e. g.* Greek texts, collated by himself. School-books largely occupied the presses of every printer, and were too profitable in their quick and certain sale to be neglected by the most ambitious publisher. As showing the learned direction taken by education in France at that time, we may give the following numbers of classical grammars printed by Robert. These are: three editions of Priscian; fourteen of Donat; ten of Colet, with Rabirius' additions; about twenty of Despautière's various introductions; thirteen of Pelisson; twelve of Melancthon, and as many of Linacre. These are Grammars from one  
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press only. Add all the other numerous elementary books, and those of all the printers of Paris and Lyons, and we may form some notion of what must have been the whole annual consumption of Latin and Greek in the schools. At what period, we may ask, did these classical schools disappear from the soil of France? And to what is it owing that a people, who seized upon Greek with so much avidity in the second century of its importation into the West, so entirely threw it up in the next age?

Besides his school editions—Horaces and Virgils innumerable; of Terence he gave fourteen editions—Robert Stephens brought out a few of the higher authors. These, though brilliant in execution, are not many in number, at least if compared with the fertility of the Aldine press. This marks the fact that the enthusiasm for the new learning had begun in France, but that a generation had not yet grown up capable of absorbing whole editions of Greek authors which were not used at school. Yet Robert gave seven first editions of Greek. These are:—1. Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History; 2. Evangelic Preparation; 3. Dionysius of Halicarnassus; 4. Justin Martyr; 5. Dion Cassius; 6. Appian; 7. Alexander of Tralles. It was not till 1544, and therefore at an advanced period of his printer's career, that Robert turned his attention to Greek. Though a few unimportant Greek books had previously appeared from other French presses, the Paris Greek Press may be said to date its commencement from the Eusebius of 1544. What is extraordinary about this début is, that as a typographical achievement these volumes have never been surpassed by any Greek which has appeared in France since.

To understand the direction given to the press in France at this period, we must remember that two principal influences operated upon it simultaneously, but not in the same way. These two influences were the demand of the public, and the patronage of the Court. The patronage of the sovereign was exerted, and successfully exerted, to develop the material beauty and splendour of books. Grolier was encouraged to bind, and Robert Stephens to print. A magnificent Greek type was cast at the cost of the royal treasury. When a sumptuary law prohibited gilding in houses and furniture, bookbinding was, by a special clause, exempted from its operation. All that promoted that exterior *luxe* which the French *Librairie* has always courted, the expanse of margin, the thick-wove paper, and the brilliant type—that was the idea which the master of Rosso and Cellini formed of his patronate of letters. His often-quoted saying to Benvenuto  
Cellini,



Cellini, 'Je t'étoufferais dans l'or,' expresses the materialist direction of the taste of Francis I. And so in books: the magnificence of the Revival has left its mark behind it in the Greek editions which issued from the press of Robert Stephens, 'printer to the King.' On the other hand, the spirit of curiosity which had arisen among the public made far other demands upon the press. It wanted to learn. It desired books, not to place in a cabinet, but to read, in order to know. First and foremost, to know the truth in the matter of religion: next, to know the cause and remedies of the evils, moral and material, by which the people felt themselves crushed; how to struggle with nature—to wrest from her more comforts, more enjoyment. But the press as the medium of knowledge—as an arena for debating spiritual and social problems—was not the press which the government of Francis I. would encourage. This is the explanation of the apparent inconsistency in the public acts of that monarch, which has caused him to be represented in such different lights. While Francis I. is invoked by some historians as the Father of Letters, the Mæcenas of the Arts, by others his memory is branded as that of a bigot and persecutor, whose jealous despotism would not tolerate the least dissent, the most gentle criticism, of the acts of his ministers. The truth is, that Francis I. was both these at once. He was the munificent patron of art and artists—a patron also of letters and learned men. This flattered that enormous appetite for personal glory which possessed Francis I., like a true Frenchman. He was also the author of a series of edicts, each rising above its predecessor in the comprehensiveness of its clauses and the rigour of its penalties, for restraining the freedom of the press—the *liberté d'imprimer*. Emulous of the credit which the Italian princes had acquired by their patronage of Art, Francis I. imitated the splendours of Florence at Fontainebleau and the Louvre. He would have his own printer, a *Typographus Regius*, and his own type, which should give editions that should eclipse anything that had been done in Italy. But the propagation of opinion, the formation of a body of knowledge, an independent bar of judgment which might call before it State and Church—this was subversive of all known principles of Government. A strong ruler such as Francis I. would annihilate the art of printing sooner than allow it to become a vehicle of opinion. Hence the senseless ferocity of the edict of 13th January, 1534, by which the Protector of Letters forbids any printer from printing anything whatever without the royal licence, under pain of death. True the Parlement of Paris had the courage to refuse its sanction to this blind decree. But the consequence of its resistance was only that,



that, as no law on the press existed, the Government and its agents were enabled to deal as they liked with every unhappy publisher who incurred their displeasure.

Had Robert Stephens' inclination led him to enrich himself by school-books, or to ruin himself by magnificent classics, he might have pursued either path in peace. But though he prospered, lucre was never an object with him, as his contemporaries unanimously testify. His zeal for religious truth, as he believed it, was with him a motive paramount to every other. There can be no doubt that he had early imbibed in secret the new sentiments in the matter of religion. We are not to suppose that he was a concealed Lutheran. For a long time it was not clear that the new opinions were to lead to a schism. It was a sentiment diffused through society, a desire from within the Church of a reform of doctrine and discipline. Robert Stephens, while he neglected no precaution which prudence dictated, devoted all the resources of his art to further this movement. This he could best do by the reproduction of the Scriptures in every variety of form. His steady persistency in this path of self-sacrifice could not be overcome by twenty-five years of persecution, and he finally relinquished a thriving establishment and left his home to begin the world again in a foreign soil, and in declining years, sooner than forfeit the liberty of his press in this respect.

The feeling with which the Catholic clergy view the circulation of the Scriptures among the uneducated in their mother-tongue at the present day is sufficiently understood by Protestants. We have, therefore, no difficulty in conceiving the vehement opposition with which the practice was denounced by the Church in the sixteenth century. Had Robert Stephens printed cheap *French* Bibles, his persecution by the clergy would have required no explanation. But as he confined himself to the Hebrew and Greek originals, and to Latin versions, it is natural to ask, Why was it that he became so obnoxious to the theologians that they should have striven with all their might for many years to crush him?

Immediately upon the invention of printing, the reproduction of Greek Classics became one of the first occupations of the Press. From the space which Theology occupied in the attention of the educated world, it might have been thought that the Fathers, and especially the New Testament, would have been among the first and most frequently repeated products of the new art. We find that this was not the case. The Hebrew original of the Old Testament was brought out in type both earlier and oftener than the Greek of the New. But this was not for the service of Catholic, or even of Christian, readers. It

was for the account of the Jews—a numerous, wealthy, and educated body in all parts of Europe, who constituted by themselves a body of readers and purchasers. Similarly the clergy and the religious houses created a demand for the Latin Vulgate, copies of which were accordingly multiplied by the press without stint. But the Humanists and the party of progress, who were the patrons of Greek books, showed, at first, no interest in the Greek Testament. They sought out most diligently poets, orators, historians, and even philosophers, but made no inquiry after MSS. of the Greek Testament. The whole Greek Bible, not the LXX Version of the Old Testament only, but the original text of the New Testament, was regarded as the Bible of the schismatical Eastern Church. The Bible of the Jews was in Hebrew, of the Greeks in Greek; the Latin Bible was the Scripture of the orthodox Catholic Church. The Vulgate, having for its author St. Jerome, and for its sanction the usage of the Catholic Church, was clothed with a majesty and authority which could not be transferred to the Greek Text, till now unheard of in the West. The difference, however, between an original and a translation, was an idea which, when once presented to the world, required only time to establish itself. At first the Greek took its place by the side of the Latin. In the ‘Complutensian Polyglot’ the Vulgate is placed between the Hebrew on one side, and the LXX Version on the other. This the orthodox editors, apologising for its introduction at all, compare to the crucifixion of Christ between two thieves. At length Erasmus, in whom the Humanist and Reformer were pretty equally mixed, perceived what a powerful weapon the Greek original might be made. Erasmus’s Greek Testament, the ‘*Editio Princeps*,’ appeared in 1516, and before his death, in 1536, it had gone through five editions. The only other edition of the Greek Testament at that date was that contained in the ‘Polyglott’ printed at Alcalá in Spain. As this was only one tome of a voluminous Bible, and as the whole impression was limited to six hundred copies, this edition could never be anything more than a curiosity in the libraries of rich religious houses. The ‘Complutensian Polyglott’ had been the scheme of a Spanish Prelate. Erasmus had got the sanction of a Pope for his work. But the Prelate was Ximenes, a man of genius, and the Pope was Leo X. Twenty years made a great difference. The Catholic reaction began to set in, not only against Luther, but against learning. The party of orthodoxy took their stand upon the Vulgate translation. The Catholic world refused to open its ears to the truth that a translation is a translation, and must needs be controlled by the original. They were jealous of

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new translations, jealous of corrections of the text of the Vulgate, jealous of the production of the Greek original. Where they had the power, as in Italy, they prevented by force these things being done. Where, as in France, they had not yet the power, they endeavoured by outcry and intrigue to enlist power on their side.

We cannot detail all the prosecution of the Bible of 1545, or narrate that second crusade which was raised against the Greek Testament of 1549, or those which each successive edition called forth;—all of them fragments of the larger history of Learning in France, during the period of its fatal struggle with the University of Paris, the stronghold of scholasticism, and of the old method of education. To the private fortunes of Robert Stephens the persecution proved disastrous. The issue of all his suits was favourable to him; they always ended in his obtaining licence to sell his Bibles and Testaments. But the long-protracted delays destroyed his profits on them, and the costs of attendance at Court must have eaten up what other more harmless publications brought in. An indemnity of 1500 crowns, which was awarded him, Robert refused to accept; and, indeed, the Crown had not power to enforce payment by the University. He essayed one more effort, the supreme and matchless effort of his art. This was the folio Greek Testament of 1550, in point of beauty of execution still the most perfect edition which the press has ever issued. It appeared in a different light to the Sorbonne. The book had neither notes nor summaries, and, beyond the bare text, nothing but the usual patristic introduction to each book, parallel passages, and for the first time the various readings of fifteen MSS. in the margin. This was the signal for renewed persecution. He now made up his mind to provide for the safety of his fortune, and it may be his life, by removal.

By the beginning of 1551 he was at Geneva, and had a press at work. It was a retirement, not a flight. Yet retirement had to be compassed with secrecy and caution. He had begun some time before, by sending off his eight children—not to Geneva—but to various places, under pretext of placing them at school, or in business. The more transportable part of his machinery and stock was quietly removed to Geneva; and he took his own departure from Paris, as if to attend the Lyons fair. He was no sooner settled at Geneva, than he made open profession of the reformed religion. The property remaining in Paris was immediately placed, as he must have foreseen, in sequestration, in conformity with the edict of Chateaubriand. The same interest at Court, which had hitherto protected Robert, was now successfully exerted in favour of his children. His brother Charles, a physician,



sician, obtained the removal of the sequestration in favour of his nephews, who, by a merciful fiction, were represented as minors, and therefore as having committed the double offence of emigration and apostacy under constraint, 'par pure innocence, obéissance, et crainte filiale.' The deed of discharge represents the eldest, Henri, as only twenty, whereas he was in fact twenty-four; and Robert, the second son, as only eighteen, though he was really twenty-one. As young Robert very shortly forsook his father and the reformed faith, returning to Paris and to the Catholic Church, this gave a plausible colour to these representations. From this time forward there were two Stephanian presses, one in Paris in the old house in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais, the other at Geneva. There was no hostility, not even rivalry between them. There is evidence of the friendly association of the two establishments as early as 1554.

Robert Estienne had withdrawn from Paris with the view of being more free in the exercise of his art. 'If I must print nothing but under censure of the Sorbonne,' he says, 'I must have abandoned letters, and confined myself to the Summa of Mandreston, the Logic of Enzinas, the Morals of Angest, the Physics of Majoris.' But once in Geneva he found it necessary to abandon letters for other reasons. Greek was not heretical, but it was not encouraged. It was necessary here to consult the immediate public, and the call of the public was for theological books. Accordingly, Calvin's 'Catechism' and 'Institutes' were among his earliest issues. The reformed congregations did not want learned books, and, as they were miserably poor, they did not want handsome books. He aired his famous Greek types in the Greek Testament of 1551, but though the types are the same, the paper and ink betray their Swiss origin, and the volume is evidently adapted to a cheaper market. This edition, however, notwithstanding its inferior appearance, deserves notice as being the first in which the division of verses now in universal use was introduced.

Of the two-fold division of our Bibles, that into chapters had a different origin and a different object from that into verses. The former arose in the liturgical use of the Scriptures in the Synagogue and in the Church, and long preceded the invention of printing. The latter—that into verses—was an arrangement for convenience of reference, and its application to the New Testament was posterior to printed Bibles. In early-printed classical books, the folio page is not unfrequently marked down the margin by the first letters of the alphabet, at equal intervals. Even yet, references to Plato are usually made in this form (*De Rep.* 610. d.), the figures indicating the pages of Henry Stephens's edition

edition of 1578. The same system was applied to the Latin Bible for the first time in an edition of 1479. It is attributed—on doubtful authority—to Meinhard, a German monk. In 1491, Froben, the Basle printer, extended it to both Testaments. The wide circulation of Froben's books gave it general currency, and for half a century all Bibles followed his model, not only in the Vulgate, but also in translations. The necessity of a smaller subdivision, for exactitude of citation, was more and more felt. The transition, a very simple one, from long to shortened sections, numbered in figures instead of noted by letters, was first made by Robert Stephens in his Greek Testament of 1551, and extended to the Old Testament in his Latin Bible of 1556-7. From that time forward all the Protestant printers adopted his division, and since the recension of the Vulgate under Clement VIII., in 1592, the numbered verses of Stephens have established themselves in the Roman Bibles. We have the fact, on the authority of his son, that this operation was the occupation of a tedious journey on horseback from Paris to Lyons. It is not stated what journey. But from the first appearance of the verses being in 1551, we may with great probability conjecture that it was during that last journey when Robert was quitting France for ever. The term 'verse,' which has passed into almost every modern language, was not introduced by Robert, who preferred to call them 'sectiunculæ,' small sections, being the Latin equivalent of the Greek *τμήματα*.

The Testament of 1550 is an object of our interest on another account, besides its typographical *lux*. For this reason we may revert to it for a moment. We have already seen at how late a period of the classical revival it was that the Greek Testament first received the attention of scholars. The task of forming a correct text was scarcely entered upon before it was relinquished. Erasmus's text (1516) was the first. That of Robert Stephens's 4th edition (1550) remained with a few unimportant variations the sole and exclusive text in possession of all the printing-presses of Europe down to 1831. The causes of this singular exemption which has deprived the text of the Sacred Canon of those advantages, which every other classical writing has been free to enjoy, must be sought in the inner history of theological opinion in modern Europe. The Elzevir Testament of 1633 already styled Stephens's text, 'the received text;' 'textum habes nunc ab omnibus receptum.' This technical term of criticism—'textus receptus'—is now applied to a text which really fluctuates between the Elzevirian text of 1633 and the Stephanic text of 1550. But as the variations are neither many nor important, it is substantially true that our Greek Testament is what Robert Stephens



made it. And as the authorised English Version was made from the same text, the New Testament, as we in England read it, alike in our churches as in our chapels, is what the edition of 1550 left it.

Had Robert Stephens formed his text according to the best principles of criticism of his age, his work must still have been to do over again now. But he was very far from achieving even this. His proceeding was simply to reprint Erasmus's 5th edition (1535), introducing into the text such readings of the Complutensian editors as he thought good for the context. The remaining most important varieties of the Spanish Bible, and of fifteen MSS. which were collated by his son Henri, he placed in the margin. Destitute as Stephens necessarily was of any true standard of critical value, to follow Erasmus was perhaps the best course he could have adopted. The collations he has given have no value for us, partly as we cannot identify all the MSS. he used, partly as those we can identify are not cited so that we can rely upon them. Neither had they any value for his own age and country. In a critical point of view it is impossible to deny Mr. Tregelles' assertion that they seem rather an ornamental appendage to the page, than to be there for any purpose. Nor need we wonder that Stephens in the sixteenth century did not know how to use his collations, when we see the misconceptions which are circulated in our own time as to the nature of various readings. Mr. Bagster, *c. g.*, advertises a New Testament 'with copious various readings from the principal authorities!' and it has been thought worth while at Cambridge, though not by the University, to reproduce the Stephanian text of 1550, which has gone through two editions. But though Stephens's garnished margin may be to the critic a vain display of printer's erudition, it was not without its influence on the progress of Biblical knowledge. There stood the collations, a silent memorial to the scholar or the theologian, as he turned over the pages of his Testament, that the text of the sacred volume was still to make, and thus they may have been the seed from which Mill's great enterprise sprung. They were themselves no step in the right direction, but they intimated the direction in which a step had to be made. If a pedantic affectation of erudition had inspired Robert Stephens to adorn his page with cabalistic signs, he paid for a piece of ostentation the heavy penalty of exile. He died at Geneva in 1559, adding another to the long list of illustrious and useful citizens whom France, ungrateful as Athens, fanatical as Jerusalem, has offered as victims to Catholic bigotry.

The life of the printer, a life practical, industrious, real, if ever life was, has however collected its legend in passing down the  
current



current of biography. Nay, as in the case of other saints, the legend is more widely known than the facts. Such is the fiction, that he hung out his proofs at his street-door, offering a reward to any passer-by who could detect an error of the press. This apocryphal anecdote has even found its way into history. It may be found in other Histories of France besides that of Michelet (tome vii. 208), who is but too careless as to his authorities. Such, again, is that honorific legend, belonging to the same class as Titian's brush, which represents Francis I. as coming to pay Robert Stephens a visit in his printing-office, and being told to wait till the printer had finished a sheet he was busy correcting. This latter anecdote cannot be traced higher than Daniel Heinsius more than fifty years after Robert's death. Incorporated in all the 'Lives,' it is now consecrated by art, forming the subject of one of the vignettes which illustrate Didot's edition of Stephens's Thesaurus.

No topic has been the object of more industrious research than the 'Annals of Typography.' English and German, French and Dutch, antiquaries have vied with each other in their devotion to clear up the obscurity which hangs over the cradle and youth of the Art of Printing. A mere catalogue of the books which have been written on the subject forms a volume of itself. But a history of *Greek* typography is still a desideratum. Of such a memoir, the history of Francis I.'s types would form the most considerable chapter. The general reader, may, perhaps, be satisfied with the following very brief outline of the subject.

The earliest printed books differ in nothing from the MSS. of the same date, except in the fact that in the latter the letters are formed with a pen; in the former they are impressed from a stamp. The outline of the letter employed by the first generation of printers is therefore a fac-simile of those employed by the contemporary generation of scribes. Just so, the earliest wood-engraving closely copies the style of illumination which was then fashionable. The printer took up and continued the business of the transcriber. The press in each country—Holland or Germany—reproduced exactly the script-hand of each country, Holland or Germany. A striking instance is afforded by the earliest Italian press. The 'Lactantius,' of 1465, the first (or second) book printed in Italy, was printed by two of Fust's German workmen. Accordingly its types, though distinctly not German, exhibit more or less the German or Gothic forms. Within a very few years, however, the correct and classic eye of the Italian discarded the barbarous flourishes of the Gothic letter. As early as 1470 Jenson engraved at Venice a letter which,  
z 2 with

with trifling modifications is that to this day in general use by the printing-presses of Western Europe, and known as Roman. It has been said, and often repeated, that this Roman letter was an eclectic letter, invented by the Venetian designers, after a comparison of many alphabets. We are satisfied that this is an error. The Roman type of Jenson was simply an engraved copy of the Italian script-hand of the period. It was not in the power of the early printer to introduce a new letter. The printer was a competitor in the market with the transcriber. He was under a necessity of producing the same article as the rival whom he was seeking to undersell. The commission he gave his engraver was therefore to furnish him with a type closely conformed to the hand in established use by the copyist. Otherwise the public could not have read his books with sufficient ease. The Italian transcriber of the fifteenth century has thus had the unexpected honour of fixing the letter-forms of France, Spain, Holland, England, and through them of a large part of the world.

Turning from the Roman to the Greek letter we find the same law in operation under the different conditions of a different language. Greek came to the West as a foreign tongue, written in a foreign character. That character was not, for it could not be, modified by the local forms of the country which received it. The emigrant Greeks brought with them to Florence or Milan the hand of their own country. In transcribing a classic for an Italian patron in Italy they used the same character they had been employing in Constantinople or Crete. Of Greek scribes there were two kinds, the tachygraph (*ταχυγράφος*), and the calligraph (*καλλιγράφος*). The English reader who may look for these two words in his 'Liddell and Scott' will find that the first means 'a fast writer,' and the second, 'a beautiful writer.' But the words, familiar words to the writers of the Eastern Empire, are not used by them in this sense. The *ταχυγράφοι* were the ordinary scribes, whether they wrote slow or fast = Lat. 'Notarius.' The transcriber of books, whether he wrote well or ill, was called *καλλιγράφος*, and is familiar to us in the West as the 'scriptor librarius' of Horace (*Ars Poet.* 354). We should have hardly thought the meaning of these terms worth illustration, but that we observe that a recent and able English editor of Plato has fallen into error about them (*Plato, Theætet.*, Oxford ed., 1861, pref. p. vii.). The transcribers formed a distinct and numerous profession. The Greek literati who escaped from the falling East found no better means of procuring a livelihood in the West than by taking to the business of transcriber, a trade which some of them had already followed at home. Besides the fugitives, other Greeks were attracted to Italy by the better market



market which the rising taste for Greek classics opened to them in the West. Our manuscript collections are still filled with the products of Greek penmanship of the fifteenth century.

The press did not attempt to compete with the *Greek* penman till 1488, the year which brought forth the Florentine Homer. As the engravers had turned out a small quantity of Greek type as early as 1465—the citations in the Subiaco Lactantius—the delay may be probably attributed to the difficulty of producing a Greek letter which should satisfy the eye of connoisseurs trained to the graceful variety which rival calligraphs knew how to impart to their letter. And this is undoubtedly the explanation of another fact, viz., that the trade of the copyist of Greek MSS., instead of sinking at once before the printer, held its ground for nearly a century. Some of the most elegant Greek books we possess in MS. were executed as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. The truth was that the engraver could not compete with the Eastern calligraph in that beauty of form which the amateur of Greek books had been taught to exact. The wide public demand for Latin books made cheapness of production the first condition. Here, consequently, the printer distanced the copyist. The Greek market was a much more restricted one. In it the public were supplied with *cheap* Greek books by the Aldine and other presses. But for copies *de luxe*, such as Kings and collectors loved,—‘chartæ regiæ, novi libri,’—copyist and miniator still continued in request. Aldus never learned—indeed he did not attempt—competition here. Uniformity, regularity, evenness of line, were from the first the aim of the printer. Variation of curve, diversified combination of letters, infinite flexibility within a constant type, so as to please without puzzling the eye, remained to the last the arts of the calligraph.

Angelo Vergecio was the last of the professional calligraphs. The Press, which was yearly perfecting itself as a mechanical art, made, under the superintendence of Robert Estienne, an attempt to reproduce the graces of the pen. Vergecio designed, and Garamond, the first French engraver of the day, executed, the sets in various sizes known ever afterwards as the ‘Royal Greeks.’ With these types were produced the Greek books of Robert I., of his son Henri II., and of other of the Estienne, beginning with the Eusebius of 1544. They were liberally communicated to other publishers, and were used not only at Paris by Morell and Turnebus, but also at Heidelberg and Basle. Even those printers who did not obtain founts directly from these famous moulds, gradually conformed the design of their letters to their model. It requires a very experienced eye to pronounce if a book

has



has been printed with these types, or with a new type designed from them. Thus Vergecio and Robert Stephens had the honour of fixing the forms which the Greek Press all over Europe followed for more than two centuries. It is only within the last hundred years, that, as beauty has gradually given place to mechanical perfection, a new type has been introduced into our Greek presses, which is as remote from the Hellenic form of letter as our barbarous enunciation is from the true sound of the language.

Robert Estienne left his Genevan establishment to his eldest son Henri. Henri II. (Henricus Stephanus Secundus) was the eldest of nine children whom Robert had by his first wife Perrette Bade. At the time of his father's expatriation he was twenty-two. For, though the point is not quite free from doubt, we incline with MM. Rénouard and Haag (*La France Protestante*, tome 5, p. 15) to date Henri's birth in 1528, rather than in 1532, for which M. Magnin, who is followed by M. Feugère, contends. Henri had begun his education by finding Latin his mother-tongue. His school-days had fallen in the first intoxication of the Humanistic studies in France, when all the world seemed engaged in learning or in teaching Greek. While quite a child he had acted the 'Medea' of Euripides in the original. The rhythm seized upon his imagination, and he was caught more than once declaiming his part in his sleep. He thus exemplified the system he afterwards ('*Dialogus de Græcæ Linguae Studiis*, 1587) strongly urged, viz., that in learning a dead language practice should precede grammar. La Gaucherie is said to have followed this method with his pupil Henry IV. of France. At eleven our Henri began to attend the lessons of the Professors Royal and others at the Collège de France,—Danés, Toussain, Turnebus,—Greek scholars of a stamp such as have never taught in Paris from that time to this. Danés, the pupil of Budæus and the master of Auratus, pleased with the zeal and progress of the young Henri, even gave him private assistance. This was a special privilege, and Henri Estienne was proud in after years to boast that he had enjoyed it. Great men repeatedly solicited the same favour for their children; but Danés (Danæus) said that the son of so intimate and dear a friend as Robert Estienne was an exception to his rule, and should be the only one. At seventeen he was initiated into the work of his life, having assisted in correcting the Dionysius of Halicarnassus which Robert brought out in 1547, an *ED. PRINCEPS*, and a splendid volume. From that moment he devoted himself as a labour of love, not of profit, to the reproduction of the works of the ancients,—a task to which he remained constant to the last, a period of fifty years.

Dionysius

Dionysius finished, Henri immediately (spring of 1547) left home on a lengthened tour. He was absent more than two years, but his journey had business, not pleasure, for its object. Ancient learning was but a foreign importation, not yet naturalised in France, and Italy had not yet ceased to be its home. Greek books, Greek presses, Greek scholars,—he who wanted to see these could see them still in perfection only in Italy. The Church, it is true, was already awakened from her torpor and was fast on the way to crush learning, but the process was not accomplished yet. Henri made the scholar's pilgrimage—Genoa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Padua. His father's fame and connection opened to him the friendship and literary aid of all the Italian humanists,—Muretus, Sigonius, Victorius, Lambinus, Castelvetro, Annibal Caro. At Venice he spent several months. He seems to have been regularly employed in the office of Paulus Manutius. In 1549 he returned to Paris with the MSS. and collations which he had amassed in every library. He assisted at the birth of the small Greek Testament of 1549, and left home for another tour. This time he turned his steps to the north, and visited Flanders, Brabant, and England. In England it was known from Petrarch's report in 1418 that no inedited new Classics were to be hoped for. But there were to be found there not a few men enthusiastic for the new learning, and especially ardent in the pursuit of that which represented it—Greek. Cambridge was the home of these men, and Cheke, now become this very year, 1549, Provost of King's, the centre round which they moved. We have no record of Henri's having visited Cambridge, and only know that he was presented to the King, Edward VI. He returned by Flanders and Brabant. Greek was read both at Louvain and Cologne; but Ascham, who heard lectures at both these places in 1550, reports to Cheke that they were not equal to those of Car, the Regius Professor at Cambridge. Henri got, however, books at Louvain,—a Greek Anthology and Anacreon, both till then unknown. He spent some months in the country, long enough to acquire Spanish, and returned home to find his father on the point of taking his final leave of Paris.

Having settled his father in Geneva, Henri set out on a second journey to Italy, searched more libraries, and collected more MSS. His principal find, this time, was ten new books of Diodorus. It was on this journey that he rendered an especial service to the French ambassador at Venice. In the performance of his commission, whatever it was—it appears to have been of a delicate and dangerous nature—he had nearly got into trouble at Naples, but extricated himself by the readiness with which he spoke the

Neapolitan



Neapolitan *patois*. In 1555 we find him back at Geneva and marrying.

In 1559 Robert Estienne died. By his will his Genevan establishment passed to his son Henri. Two conditions were annexed to the bequest. The presses were not to be removed from Geneva; Henri was not to relapse to Catholicism. In either of these cases the property was to be forfeited to some charitable institution. The establishment at Paris, which Robert had lost under the edict of Chateaubriand, had already passed to the younger sons, Robert and Charles, who had returned to the Catholic Church.

Henri was thus fixed, whether he wished it or not, at Geneva. For operations on the scale which he contemplated in imagination Geneva was, in some respects, not unfavourably circumstanced. It was the capital of Protestantism, so that the words '*Coloniæ Allobrogum*' on a title-page were in themselves a recommendation of a book to the whole Calvinistic world; from Aberdeen to Montpellier. Supported by the sympathies of a religious party, it enjoyed at the same time the benefit of political neutrality. The Estienne were able to obtain for their books copyright protection on the one side from the King of France for France; on the other from the Emperor for the Empire. On the other hand, the disadvantages of the locality for a learned press were not a few. It was too distant from its market. For France, the long land-carriage gave the publishers of Lyons and Paris a considerable advantage in competition with Geneva. But the French demand for learned books was now diminishing every year, as the violence of the Catholic reaction more and more developed itself in that country. The German demand, on the contrary, was on the rise, with a vast future before it. But on this side Basle and Heidelberg outflanked him with greater capital and a phalanx of scholars in their correcting-rooms against Estienne's single arm. Once we hear of the whole consignment to the Frankfort Fair—then the bookseller's emporium, as Leipsic now—being swamped on its way near Soleure. To its natural remoteness, which it could not help, the little republic added gratuitous impediment to a printer's trade by its censorship. But this is a point on which a word of explanation is necessary.

It is constantly repeated by the biographers that the Estienne, in flying from Paris to Geneva, only exchanged one set of persecutors for another—the Sorbonne for the Consistory. The truth of this assertion is seeming rather than real. In Paris the danger arose from the savage edict of Chateaubriand, denouncing confiscation and death to any printer of heretical writings. The flight



flight was a flight for life, purchased by the sacrifice of half Robert's hardly-earned fortune. In Geneva the Consistory was meddlesome and inquisitorial, but not bloodthirsty. The principle of surveillance over the Press adopted by the authorities at Geneva was common to all Governments at the time; their humane and lenient enforcement of it peculiar to themselves. Henri was repeatedly being cited before the Council, reprimanded, ordered to print cancels, excommunicated. Once he was sentenced to a fine; but the fine was only twenty-five crowns, which on his petition were reduced to ten, and three weeks allowed for payment. The interference was vexatious, but not ruinous. Further, it does not appear that in any one instance the censures on Henri had mere theological orthodoxy for their object. He is generally cited for non-compliance with the regulation prohibiting a printer from printing anything which has not first been submitted to the Consistory and received their imprimatur. This was a police regulation, not peculiar to Geneva. The reformed Synods had borrowed it from the Catholics, only substituting the Consistory for the Faculty, the Chancellerie, the Parliament, or some civil authority. If Henri Estienne disregarded this regulation, it was in a spirit of bravado and contempt for the lenity or the weakness of the little State,—a contempt which he was at no pains to disguise when brought up for hearing. On one of these occasions (in 1580) the Register has recorded the insolence with which the great printer, who could boast the patronage and protection of Henri III., braved the petty officials who dared to hamper the operations of a press on which the eyes of Europe were fixed. He showed himself, says the record, *'du tout enflé et présomptueux,'* telling the pastors that it was plain that to please them a man must be a bit of a hypocrite. No magistracy could pass such an insult unnoticed, and the offender was committed for contempt. But the mediation of the French ambassador was graciously accepted, and Estienne was enlarged after a short confinement. On two other occasions on which Henri was subject to the indignity of a summons before the Consistory, the offence was one against public morals. The *'Traité préparatif à l'Apologie pour Herodote,'* a rambling farrago, poured out by him in 1566 during the printing of his Herodotus, was the first of these. This book is probably the best specimen we have of the loose table-talk of the day, collected by a man who spent much of his time upon the road. It was the most popular of all Henri's books, passing through thirteen editions in his lifetime. Before two generations had gone by, its trivial and vulgar commerce had sunk it out of sight. Much of the seasoning of its anecdote was of that gross

cast.

cast which might have passed unchallenged in Paris, but which was particularly odious to the discipline established at Geneva. Henri knew perfectly well that this was so. In issuing the book he was defying authority on the very point on which it was most susceptible. He brought disgrace on the city, it was said; he was known everywhere as the Pantagruel of Geneva. Calvin's abhorrence of Rabelais is well known.

Persecution, then, Estienne had not to suffer at the hands of his adopted country. If he had to endure much vexatious interference it was the ordinary treatment of commerce by power, and greatly aggravated by his own lawless and contumacious demeanour. In our own country's history we are sufficiently familiar with the meddlesome and inquisitorial spirit of a Calvinistic presbytery, when it undertakes to regulate morals. We have, therefore, no difficulty in understanding how irritating these perpetual checks were to an ill-regulated temper like that of Henri Estienne; how he chafed against the clause in his father's will which chained his press to Geneva; how readily he seized any excuse for escaping to Paris. In this way it was that he contracted in the latter part of his life those habits of roaming about Europe, purposeless and reckless, of which his family and friends made such heavy complaints. We have in Henri Estienne two characters to combine into one picture; characters which have appeared utterly irreconcilable to the biographers who have not noticed that they belong to two separate parts of his life. We have Henry Stephens, the compiler of the Greek Thesaurus, the corrector and editor of seventy-four Greek editions, fifty-eight Latin, three Hebrew, and writer of some thirty original pieces (Latin translations not included); and we have another Henry Stephens, as he appears in Casaubon's letters, never at home, wandering about Europe, no one knew whither, leaving his books locked up, his presses deserted, and his business ruined.

The man who achieved so vast an amount of work could not have been *always* the vagrant which he is ordinarily represented. We would draw the line between the two contrasted portions of his life about the year 1578, when he first took himself off to Paris upon a squabble with the Council. In the thirty years of his career which preceded this fatal break his journeys were frequent, but they were journeys of business. Even his two first tours to Italy and England were a portion of his apprenticeship, and had his profession for their object. His journey to Vienna, in 1574, the only other distant journey undertaken during this first period, was entirely a journey of business, and very unwelcome to him. It is not till after 1578 that his absences become prolonged, irregular, and mischievous to the interests of his press. It is  
to



to the last twenty years of his life that the regrets or reproaches of his friends are alone applicable. But by 1579 he had already done thirty years of labour, labour which might well have filled the lives of three ordinary workers. A mere enumeration of the publications which issued from his press conveys no measure of the amount of this work. He was not a publisher in our sense, but himself supplied the greater part of the material for his own press. If he printed a Greek author, he corrected the text himself; edited it himself; revised when he did not make the Latin version, and often added notes and appendices. His series of editions was accompanied by a bye-play of brochures, grammatical or critical, written in the intervals of press-labour. The year 1566 is pointed to by M. Rénouard as the most prolific in Henri's career. M. Rénouard, himself a practical printer, knew what a compositor's room could do. In the two years, 1566-7 taken together, Estienne put out,—1. A Greek Anthology, in seven books; 550 small folio pages of Greek type. 2. A Corpus of sixteen Greek poets who wrote in heroic hexameters; 1300 pages of Greek, in large folio. 3. A second edition of his Pindar, with revised Latin translation, 570 pages of small 16mo. Greek. 4. Herodotus, with Valla's translation, revised by H. S.; 750 folio pages. 5. A new edition of the Greek Testament, with the Vulgate, and Beza's version in parallel columns. 6. The medical writers, Hippocrates and Galen excepted, in Latin versions; 3500 folio pages. 7. The works of the Greek Sophists; 88 4to. pages. 8. Eight selected tragedies of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. 9. A Sophocles, though it does not appear in M. Rénouard's list, and we have never seen it. (See *App. to Anth. Græc.*) In all these he not only corrected the press, but corrected the text: the reader will please to observe the distinction between these two functions. His textual labours may not have a high critical value; but the attention demanded by this revision of some 4000 pages of Greek text is a drain upon the energies to which few men are equal. Yet during this very time he was writing his 'Defence of Herodotus,' a volume of 600 closely printed pages; not, indeed, a laboured production, but certainly original, and full of matter. Little wonder that such intemperate excesses of work should leave him from time to time in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. These fits of melancholy, which he called his 'complaint,' and of which he has left a particular description, were in fact nothing but the depression consequent upon over-strain of mind, a disease familiar to our times of over-refinement, though deemed strange then. Estienne complains that he could find no account of such a malady in the books of medicine. The nervous organisation from which he  
extracted



exacted so much must have been naturally delicate ; for he was subject besides to neuralgia in one side of the head : 'hemis-  
cranium' was the term for it then, from which is derived the  
French 'migraine;' Eng. 'megrim.' Body and mind seemed  
on these occasions paralysed. He could think of nothing ; least  
of all of his ordinary occupations ; could not bear to enter his  
library, or to see the backs of his books. The crisis generally  
came in about a fortnight. He often brought himself back to  
his habits through the medium of some light employment, such  
as designing a Greek alphabet for initial capitals.

Such prodigious efforts of feverish activity, checked by pauses  
of entire prostration, drew on by the remedial instincts of nature  
a craving for change of place and scene. His restless spirit  
fretted against the walls of its narrow prison. Goaded into  
petulance by the indiscreet surveillance of pious ministers, who  
cared nothing for Greek books, he found solace or forgetfulness  
in constant motion. Travelling, undertaken at first from curi-  
osity and the love of books, grew into a habit, and at last into a  
necessity of life. The mere locomotion suited and soothed the  
cerebral irritability. The author of 'Marmion' has told us of  
the exciting gallops which accompanied the composition of that  
poem. And Montaigne has recorded that he wrote best when  
walking about, and that his ideas seemed to stagnate when he sat  
down. Estienne grew into spending more and more of his time  
on horseback, exchanging it for the tow-barge in his frequent  
visits to Frankfort. These long days on the road or the river he  
beguiled by versification,—'stephanising' Melissus called it. To  
this habit we owe the quantity of Latin verse—hexameter, ele-  
giac, hendecasyllabic, the metre various, but the matter always  
rapid and pointless—which is scattered everywhere over his own  
and his friends' books. Of one Greek epigram he had made  
300 different Latin versions ; and his friend Paul Biene (Melissus),  
whose own verses fill a volume of 900 pages, wrote him a com-  
plimentary poem on the feat. He draws a picture of himself  
perched up on his travelling-saddle, tablets and pencil in one  
hand, and bridle in the other ; the bridle dropt altogether from  
time to time while he jots down what 'his Muse just dictated to  
him.' Having taste in horse-flesh, he preferred his own animal  
to post-hacks, even where these were to be had, which was not  
everywhere before Sully's reform of the posting system. The  
conflicting claims of his 'Muse' and a fiery Turk which he had  
bought at the Frankfort fair had once liked to have proved fatal  
to him. The horse ran away with him ; a turnpike-bar which  
he encountered in full career was smashed, but horse and rider  
miraculously escaped unhurt. Perhaps we have to thank the  
road

road for a good deal more than we often think of the ocean of mediocre Latin verse which the sixteenth century bequeathed to us. At least we know that others besides Henri Estienne had recourse to the same diversion; *e.g.* Lewis Bryskitt, who accompanied Sir Philip Sidney into Italy, tells us of him, that

‘Through pleasant woods and many an unknown way  
He with him went; and with him he did scale  
The craggy rocks of th’ Alps and Appenine,  
Still with the Muses sporting.’

We observe, by the way, that complaints of the badness of the inns, which make so large an item in the modern tourist’s note-book, are no part of Henri Estienne’s grievances. We recollect only one, a complaint of German cookery, for always overdoing the meat; and of German stoves for overheating the bed-rooms. Mr. Mayhew may lecture in vain. The faults are at least 300 years old.

After thirty years of such labour, who could have blamed him had he concluded that it was time for him to begin to live? But he did not renounce work. These later years, though they did not produce any of the grander efforts of his earlier time, such as the ‘*Thesaurus*’ or the ‘*Plato*,’ yielded a considerable crop of aftermath, reimpresions of his earlier editions, but revised, retouched, and augmented. These later additions are not always improvements, some cases excepted, where Casaubon’s hand is plainly visible. And it may be that the general execution of his later books for beauty and correctness is below that of the earlier. If it be so, the falling off is to be accounted for by poverty; and the poverty was not the result of gadding about and neglect of business.

The truth is that Henri Estienne had ruined himself *before* his fits of absence began. And he had ruined himself, not by neglecting his business, but, on the contrary, by over-publishing. Robert had died in good, if not affluent circumstances; and Henri had inherited the bulk of his father’s fortune, as well as the business which had created it. But already, in 1570, we find him reduced to indigence. An entry in the register of Geneva has been lately disinterred by M. Gaultier (‘*Études sur la Typographie Gènevoise*,’ p. 66), from which we learn how reduced the great printer had become at that date. He was cited before the Council on an accusation of ‘hard-heartedness’ towards his brother Robert, who had recently died, also in want. Henri’s defence is thus recorded. He said—

‘that he had been no less sick than his brother. That, this notwithstanding, he had aided him to the extent of his power; that he had

*sent*



sent him capons, young chicken, and other delicacies. That something had indeed been said about his making an advance to his brother; but that that was out of his power, as he himself was then getting on upon discounted bills, and had not even victuals but what he bought from one meal to another.'

This was before the 'Thesaurus.' Its publication (1572) and that of 'Plato' (1578) gave the finishing stroke to his fortunes. He never recovered these efforts. In 1581 we find him unable to pay a fine of ten crowns without being allowed a respite of three weeks in which to raise it. The dowry of his daughter Florence, married in 1580 to Casaubon, was unpaid at the time of the father's death, in 1598. And the residuary estate left after payment of debts was so insignificant that Casaubon grudged a journey from Montpellier to Geneva for the purpose of realising it.

In this embarrassment of his affairs we find a principal and substantial cause of Henri's long absences. The journeys were not the cause of the embarrassment. After about 1578 it may be true that a very little vexation from the authorities was enough to close his establishment, and to send him off on his travels. But it was not only that by absenting himself he fled from inquisitions into his 'hard-heartedness,' or from the oppressive presence of warehouses glutted with unsaleable quires; his visits to Court, whether of King, Emperor, or Duke, had a practical and legitimate object. Patronage was, in fact, the only resource of a publisher of high-class books.

The conditions of the book-trade in the sixteenth century were in this respect identical with those that now exist. It was quite possible then as now for a publisher or printer—for the trades were not distinct—to make a competency by his business. Witness the Chouets, who in this disastrous period, and in the same city, Geneva, grew rich by bookselling; but it was by carefully eschewing classics, Greek books especially—by abhorring white paper, brilliant type, and *luxe* of any description. To use thin yellow paper of Swiss manufacture, worn-out type, smudgy ink, to dispense with correction of the text as a superfluity—but, above all, to confine themselves to issuing popular books in large impressions; such was the way to make publishing pay.

Neither Henri's ambition nor his genius were mercantile. His passion was to edit classics. The experience of the printing-press, only half a century old, warned him in vain that such an ambition led to commercial failure. Sweyenheim and Pannartz had ruined themselves by Greek. The Manutii had been only saved from bankruptcy by the intervention of Paul IV. The  
market



market for learned books was limited in point of numbers, and still more limited in respect of means. The scholars were few, and they were poor. Public libraries did not exist. A book, no matter what its size, must be sold for a small sum, if it was to be sold at all; its price could not be calculated upon its cost of production: hence the publisher lost most on the heaviest work in the largest number of volumes. Plantin, of Antwerp, was almost brought to ruin by his Polyglott. Dibdin, however, is wrong ('Bibl. Decam.,' ii. 158) in saying that he died poor. Plantin retrieved himself by meaner publications, and died opulent. Henri Estienne probably reasoned that the great spread of learning had enlarged the demand for classical books, and that a remunerative sale could now be counted on. The outburst of enthusiasm for Greek studies—the 'ivresse de la Renaissance'—which overspread France in his youth deceived him in this respect. He could not foresee the Catholic reaction which blighted the fair promise of learning in France, crushed it out in Italy, and was by slow and sure steps proceeding to seal up the Empire against it. His publishing time had indeed fallen on evil days. He did something to meet the necessity of the times. He uses Swiss unbleached paper instead of French, and works his types down too close to the bone. He lays himself out for a wider circle of readers by introducing the Latin translation into the page along with the Greek. He embarked many years of labour and heavy capital in a Greek dictionary, guided by the well-established experience, that a dictionary is sure to pay if it is good enough to supersede its predecessors. It turned out indeed that this very speculation, the 'Thesaurus,' was of all his efforts that which hurt him the most. But this was entirely owing to an error of judgment in the execution—Henri's besetting fault; he knew not when to stop. He had no method. He had so much to say, and must blurt it all out then and there. The more he could put into his 'Thesaurus,' the more perfect he thought he was making it. The way to surpass previous lexicons was to contain more than they. His matter thus accumulated far beyond any power he possessed of methodising it. He forgot, or did not know, what experience has taught us, that it is an indispensable condition of a lexicon that it should be in one volume. His 'Thesaurus,' with all its unquestionable merits, was wrecked upon this rock: it was in five volumes. Estienne himself laid the blame of his disappointment to Scapula's plagiarism—'Quidam ἐπιτέμνων me capulo tenuis abdidit ensem.' But it was not by plagiarism that Scapula got possession of the market, but by the clear instinct that discerned the imperative condition of manageable bulk. The 'Thesaurus' was brought

out

out in 1572; Scapula did not appear till 1579. For seven years Estienne had the field to himself. The 'Thesaurus' did not go off even when it had no competitor.

So suicidal a system as that of producing books which could only be sold at a price below the cost of production, could never have been entered upon had it not been alimanted by the resources of patronage. The Greek press had never been made self-supporting. The printer received back his outlay, not from the sale of the book, but in the shape of gratuities from princes and wealthy nobles, in return for presentation copies before publication. What he got from the public by sale helped him out, but was not his main reliance. Henri had been promised, and had perhaps received for a short time, a regular salary from the Fugger of Augsburg, in order to enable him to execute his designs in Greek printing. The sole acknowledgment on his part was, that he described himself on the title-page of his books, 'Fuggerorum Typographus.' For a dedication a handsome present was expected; less for a mere presentation copy. In the 'Thesaurus' the net is cast both high and wide. It is dedicated to the Emperor Maximilian, Charles IX. of France, Elizabeth of England, Frederic Count Palatine, Augustus Elector of Saxony, John George Elector of Brandenburg—a judicious mixture of Catholic and Protestant. And as if an emperor, a king, a queen, and three electors were not enough, the Universities of their respective countries are associated with the names of these sovereign princes. With the name of Elizabeth are coupled both the English Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. There was not seldom difficulty about the payment of the cash; ready money was of all commodities the hardest to come by in those times; to a prince or an emperor even harder than to other men. A munificent sovereign like Maximilian II. would promise much, and intend it; but it took a long time to realise value.

In this circumstance we find the reason of much of that absenting himself from home, which was so grievously complained of by Henri Estienne's family. His journey to Vienna, in 1574, was undertaken solely with the object of getting in dues of this description. These consisted partly in the long-expected gratification due from the Emperor on account of the Dedication of the 'Thesaurus'—partly arrears of the Fugger annuity, which had been long withheld by a crazy representative of that opulent family. When, in 1576, the death of Maximilian, and the accession of a bigoted and priest-ridden Emperor, closed that court against learning, Estienne turned his eyes towards France. A petty squabble with the Council of Geneva, in 1578, furnished him with a pretext for a visit to Paris. From this time for several



several years his life was that of a hanger-on of the court of Henri III.—‘*vita semi-aulica*,’ he says. Henri III., weak and narrow-minded, was not destitute of a taste for letters. It is the unexceptionable testimony of d’Aubigné which thus characterises him: ‘Prince d’agréable conversation avec les siens, amateur des lettres.’ The same annalist has preserved one of his literary judgments, which evidences a taste independent of, and superior to, that of the court by which he was surrounded. Some of the courtiers present were condemning the verses produced at the court of Navarre as not sufficiently ‘*coulants*.’ ‘For my part,’ said the King, ‘I am weary of verses which say nothing in a great many words. Now, these you blame are full of thoughts, images, and emblems, like the classics. I like my wine to have a body.’ Estienne had not been long in Paris when he was sent for by the King. The conversation turned upon the French language. Next to Greek, this was Estienne’s favourite theme. Fresh from the publication of his ‘*Dialogues*’ on the corruption of French by Italian modes, he harangued fluently on this abuse, and maintained the superiority of French to every modern tongue. The King requested him to write down his thoughts at more length. Estienne would have excused himself on the ground of not having his notes, or any books, at hand. ‘Trust to your excellent memory,’ was the Royal answer. He sat down to the task, and the ‘*Précidence du Langage François*,’ thrown off in little more than a fortnight, was the result. It was beautifully printed by Mamert Patisson, who had married the widow of Robert II., and succeeded to his business. It was presented by the author, in proper form, to the King, who expressed his satisfaction. For some months liberal promises were made, but they remained promises; yet Henri III.—it is again d’Aubigné who testifies to it—was ‘*liberal au-delà tous les rois*.’ At last, August 12, when Estienne was on the point of leaving France in despair, came actually a patent conferring a life-pension of three hundred livres annually upon Estienne, ‘in consideration of services rendered by himself and ancestors to the Crown of France.’ Nor was this all. The pension was only to be the retaining fee: the ‘*Précidence*’ was to be separately paid by a *douceur* of a thousand crowns. Munificence truly royal! and fully bearing out d’Aubigné’s character of the monarch. A thousand crowns was a sum which Estienne had probably not handled for many a year. He hastened to the Exchequer to cash his draft. The cashier offered him six hundred down, on receiving his receipt in full. Henri indignantly refused. ‘Very well,’ was the contemptuous reply; ‘vous reviendrez à l’offre et ne la retrouverez pas.’ He did think better of it, and the



cashier was as good as his word. By the advice of those who understood better than himself what royal finance was, Henri offered to take the six hundred, and got—nothing! M. Rénouard suggests that the cashier found means, notwithstanding, to make the whole sum figure in his accounts. Considering the profound corruption of the French administration before Sully, we cannot say that the suggestion is an improbable one; and Pierre Mollan—that was his name—even in that time, was noted as ‘grand larron.’ We do not know that the pension had a similar fate. But we may infer it with probability from a letter of Melissus, of some years later date. Melissus, writing in 1587, to Estienne, then at Geneva, to congratulate him on the resolution he had taken to set his presses to regular work again, expresses the wish, ‘that his better genius had guided him back to Geneva sooner, instead of leaving him to be deluded by the empty promises of the Court of France.’ (*Inani Aulæ Gallicæ pollicitatione deceptum.*) Such language would hardly have been addressed to him had he been in receipt of a pension from Henri III.

The picture now becomes one of yearly increasing gloom. We do not propose to dwell on it. A temper growing more misanthropical, an understanding becoming more infirm yet as uncontrollably restless as ever, and dilapidated fortunes which he sought to retrieve by mendicancy not by industry—this is the sad colour in which Henri’s declining years are presented to us by his own friends. In 1581 he lost his second wife Barbe, to whom he appears to have been tenderly attached. ‘All Geneva,’ he writes to a friend, ‘mourns with me the loss of my most dear wife. In her, her noble birth was but an incentive to noble thoughts and ways.’ Some years afterwards he married a third time at the age of fifty-eight; but he never seems to have taken root again in home or in Geneva. He seems to have become unequal to any new undertaking. His presses languished, or produced only reimpressions. The hopes he held out to his friends of reawakened activity about 1587 proved abortive. An earthquake threw down his country house at Grière outside the walls of Geneva. We catch a glimpse of him in a letter of Hotman’s opening a grave at the end of his garden to bury a daughter, his niece, and her mother, three corpses, during the dreadful plague which visited Geneva in 1587. His absences from home became more prolonged and his wanderings more purposeless. His egotism grew upon him with fearful rapidity; he became churlish to his family, and alienated his friends. Casaubon was now, since 1586, established at Geneva as his son-in-law. Estienne had been averse to the match, but had yielded to Casaubon’s submissive patience and persistence. The father’s  
opposition

opposition was not so unreasonable, as the young lady was only nineteen when she was married. Florence Estienne brought Casaubon no dower; at least it was never paid, and could not be in the state to which the father's affairs had come. The son-in-law did not even get, what he perhaps would have valued more, access to the library. This contained untold treasures of Greek; for besides his own collections, Henri got from his friends everything he could hear of, with the promise to edit it. He really meant this when that promised day should come on which his press was to begin to work again. It never *did* come, and it was in vain that the owners petitioned for their MSS. back again. Ritterhusius had lent him his notes on 'Oppian.' Unable to get any reply from Estienne himself, he had recourse to Casaubon, urging vehemently their restitution, as they were of great importance to him. Casaubon and Madame Estienne, after consulting together, agreed in the extremity of the case to run the risk of breaking open the prohibited chamber. The 'Oppian' was found. This was absolutely the only occasion on which Casaubon ever saw the inside of the library; for in 1598 he tells Scaliger that he had never inspected Estienne's books, not only not since his death, but never at all. When it came to him to open it as one of the heirs-at-law, he found it in a sad state of disorder, and decay from long neglect, but affording still astonishing evidence of industry and learning in memoranda, papers, and notes, for editing.

We are unable to trace Estienne's later wanderings. Even his family often did not know where he was. He continued to pour forth diatribes; but they were below the level even of the feeblest of his former effusions. He had lost himself completely. He had taken up a craze upon the danger to Europe from the advance of the Turks. Danger truly enough there was; but it was a pitiable spectacle that of Henry Stephens leaving his own affairs in confusion, or worse, and going all the way to Ratisbon to hand in a memorial to the Diet against the Turks. From this time everything he touched ran into this key. He published a pamphlet professing to review Lipsius' Latin style. 'It ought,' said Scaliger, 'to have been entitled *De Latinitate Lipsii contra Turcas*.'

He was often in actual need. One of the latest notices of him we find is almost a begging letter addressed to the Bishop of Würzburg. As this letter is unknown to all the biographers, though it has been in print since 1831, we will give an extract from it:—

'I know not how it came to pass, Right Reverend Prince, that I was  
2 A 2 not



not able to come near you, nor so much as to pay my respects to you during the Diet at Ratisbon. And again, on my way back to Frankfort, I remained a whole day at Würzburg, not without prejudice to my affairs, with the sole object of seeing you. But in vain. At Ratisbon I called almost each day of my stay without being admitted to see you once, while to all the other Princes there I was admitted at once. I could not but remember our pleasant intercourse during my former visit to the same city. Unable to wait upon you in person with my present offering, I send a special messenger with it, though little able to afford the expense. May he be the bearer back again of tidings of your welfare, and also of some benefit, so I venture to hope, for the humble individual who now addresses you . . . . For in addition to the two orations I send herewith, I am meditating a further address on the subject of the crusade against the Turk. But I am compelled to implore your aid to enable me to bring it out. Long travel, and a long detention in this city, have entirely exhausted my ready money. I have the less misgiving as to meeting with refusal at your hands because I know you have at heart the cause in which I write, and have been told that you entertain a kindly feeling towards myself.—*H. Stephens to Bishop of Würzburg, dated Frankfort, Jan. 17, 1595.*

Julius, Bishop of Würzburg and Duke of East Franconia, was one of the leaders of the Church reaction in Germany. He boasted that he had converted 100,000 souls during his episcopate; and he might have added to the boast that no means had been left untried to effect these conversions. He affected the reputation of a patron of letters—that is, of Jesuit letters. He is habitually addressed by his protégés in the style of servile humility dear to the ears of small German potentates and Mæcenases. For Estienne in his old age to be a suitor, and an unsuccessful one, at the doors of such a man, was indeed a bitter humiliation.

This dreary last act of his life was closed by an unbefriended death. He was seized by his last malady at Lyons, while on one of his excursions. He had been paying a visit to Casaubon, not long removed to Montpellier, and was so far on his return. That he died in the public hospital, and in a state of mental alienation, are statements which have become, by the constant repetition of the biographers, part of the tradition of literature. It is quite time that the tradition should be revised. For the latter statement there is, happily, no foundation whatever; it arose entirely from misunderstanding the words of *Tollius*, '*Opibus atque ipso etiam ingenio destitutus . . . vitæ in nosocomio finem fecit*' ('*App. ad Valerian.*' p. 76). *Tollius* meant to express that Estienne had before his death ceased to be his better self—was no longer the man he was. He meant, in short, what Casaubon himself had



had often enough said long before Estienne's death. *e. g.* in 1596 Casaubon thus writes to a friend: 'That Rhodoman has been wronged by our good old man, I was grieved to hear. But so it is; if any one ever was a living illustration of the Greek proverb, *δὲς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες*, it is he. I would rather say and think this than anything more harsh.' Indeed Tollius not only meant the same thing that Casaubon means, but, it appears to us, had no other authority for his statement than what he had gathered from Casaubon's letters. The same Tollius, and in the same passage, is the earliest authority for the death in the hospital. Tollius, a Dutch professor, writing nearly seventy years after Estienne's death, knew nothing of its circumstances but what he had read in books. In what book he had found this circumstance of the hospital we confess we have not been able to make out; but he did *not* find it in the notices of Estienne's death which occur in Casaubon's or Scaliger's letters. Yet his death at Lyons is repeatedly mentioned in these letters, in the monody written by his son Paul, and in De Thou's 'History.' In none of these is a hint given of the misery of his death having been aggravated by its occurring in a public hospital. The only other apparently independent authority which has been produced is that of Colonia, in his 'Histoire Littéraire de Lyon,' ii. 608. We say *apparently* independent; for we are not quite sure that that Father is not giving us Tollius amplified with that latitude of invention which local history at that period allowed itself. We cannot, anyhow, allow great authority to an historian who sums up Estienne's life in these facts: that 'he was driven from France for heresy, wandered a long time in Germany, was brought back by love of his country, and settled at Lyons, where he became a compositor in a printing-office, and even a printer himself.' From Casaubon's silence merely it cannot be concluded that the hospital is a tragic fiction; for, as M. Rénouard reminds us, it was nothing but the usual practice of travellers at that time, when they found themselves seriously ill, to cause themselves to be removed to the public hospital, where they could have nursing and attendance. It would be no evidence of destitution.

He was interred in the common cemetery near the Hôtel Dieu. A detachment of the burgher guard was obliged to turn out to protect the interment from the violence of the Catholic mob of Lyons, barbarised by the efforts of the religious confraternities. He was pursued beyond the grave by the especial hatred of the Catholic world. Of this a remarkable example has been perpetuated. It is not uncommon to find copies of the *Thesaurus* in our libraries, in which the name 'Henricus Stephanus' has been carefully obliterated from the title-page and preface. A

copy of the 'Pindar' has been found in Spain, in the cover of which are written these words: 'H. Stephanus, autor damnatus, opus tamen hoc permissum.' And M. Rénouard had a copy of the 'De Latinitate, &c.,' in which the author's name was erased wherever it occurred. In a copy of the Thesaurus in our possession, not only is the author's name pasted over, but where the name of Queen Elizabeth occurs in the dedication, it has been altered with a pen into 'Belsabeth.'

With all his many and yearly increasing faults, Henri Estienne was no sooner dead than it appeared his friends both valued and loved him. He died in the end of January, 1598, not the beginning of March, as De Thou, followed by all the biographers, says. The news reached Casaubon at Montpellier February 2.

Scaliger's few words of regret deserve the more prominence because no one was so keenly alive as the great critic to the presumptuous incapacity with which Estienne tampered with his Greek texts. He writes thus in May:—

'His death is a great loss to Greek letters. You may say he might have done much more for them, if he had remained true to them, or true to himself. Indeed, I could not but regret his conduct while living, nor can I help regretting his loss now he is gone. I grieve that he did not produce what he might have produced; I grieve again that I have lost a friend.'—*Scaliger to Casaubon, May 16, 1598.*

The books which Henry Stephens has left behind him to perpetuate his name may be arranged in three classes:—1. His editions of the Classics. 2. His own writings on the Greek and Latin languages. 3. His writings on the French language. A detailed discussion of his merits as a philologist we can hardly undertake in these pages. We shall be content to indicate their character in a few general terms.

We must observe that the reader will in vain consult the biographers for any such appreciation of Henry Stephens's philological performances. The vague expressions of admiration of his 'learning' and his 'science,' which the literary handbooks annex to his name, stand in unexplained contiguity to Scaliger's sentence of condemnation, 'H. S. omnes quotquot edidit libros, etiam meos, corruptit.' The fact is that Henry Stephens had that intimate familiarity with Greek idiom which can only be got by the incessant and exclusive occupation of the thoughts, early-begun, long-continued, with the forms, sounds, and habits of the language. Greek was to him not a foreign tongue, he had appropriated it. He thought in it and could speak it, he said, and had done so upon one occasion at Venice, with Michel Sophianos. This was his one and only acquirement in philology. Of the philosophy of speech, of its growth  
and



and etymology, he was as ignorant as he was destitute of poetical taste, and literary tact. Yet so perfect is his command, and so sure his feeling for the mechanism of a Greek construction, that those who use his books always find their admiration of this rare gift growing upon them, and come at last to understand how scholars like Schafer, Kuster, and Porson, speak of Henry Stephens with the deepest respect as 'Vir summus.' It is only in time, and by the use of his editions, that this respect is acquired. When he treats a question of criticism he is another man; garrulous, irrelevant, anile, almost without exception. No one can help wishing that he had had the sense to take De Thou's advice 'to leave off writing and to stick to his editing.' Unfortunately he took the very opposite course. He almost ceased to print Greek, and poured forth a stream of diatribes, each more impotent and futile than that which had preceded it.

Henry Stephens as a Greek scholar has hitherto met at the hands of his own countrymen with nothing but neglect—a neglect which the Academy Prize Essay will but perpetuate. As a French critic, however, he still holds a place even in popular Manuals of the history of their literature. The French have ever felt a lively interest in everything that concerns the growth of their own language. It is the province of philology which administers most directly to the national vanity. It is the only approach to what we call 'scholarship,' which has received assiduous cultivation in France. From Du Bellay, whose '*Illustration de la Langue Française*' was published in 1549, downwards, their own speech has been a first object of solicitude on the part of those, who, from time to time, have taken the lead in the world of French letters. It would be impertinent in a foreigner to interpose his own opinion in a question of language. According to the best French authorities, the condition of the French tongue in the reign of Henri III. was something of the following.

The Revival, introducing itself into France thirty years earlier, had excited the spontaneous action of the French mind, and presented to it a whole world of new objects and new forms. Both these presentations created an urgent necessity for expression. Latin, the language of the Church, of diplomacy, and of the professions, was there ready to hand. Accordingly it was in Latin that the new ideas and emotions first strove to vent themselves. But along with the new thoughts, the classical models had also inspired a new taste—the taste for beauty of form. Accordingly the Latin of the Church was transformed into new shapes, and invested with new colours, in order to satisfy this double instinct, and the labour of educated men was to express modern thoughts

with



with Augustan elegance of Latinity. Such an attitude of mind, however, was too unnatural and strained to be long maintained. Written literature, it was soon found, could not afford to be separated from the spoken language of business and of gaiety. The loss of pith and vitality was ill-concealed under the hollow shell of sonorous elegance. Ciceronianism became ridiculous or childish. But it was more easy for the wits to explode Latinity, than to substitute a better vehicle for the new thoughts which crowded in on society. Not that there was, or could be, any doubt that the substitute must be found in the vernacular. The problem was to make the vernacular equal to the task which was devolved upon it. French in the reign of Henri III. was still an unformed tongue. Its grammatical forms, its accent, and its construction, were all undetermined and fluctuating. More than this, it had no associations above the level of ordinary life, and therefore when applied to serious themes it degraded whatever it touched. All who had wanted to use it for such themes felt the necessity of raising the power and compass of the instrument. It was that moment when thought had got ahead of language. The sudden introduction of a complete system of general truths, and of the ripe moral wisdom of the ancient world through the classical revival, had filled the French mind to overflowing. The language as it stood was incapable of furnishing a proper vent for the accumulation of knowledge with which it had become suddenly charged. How was speech to enlarge its boundaries so as to be made more nearly commensurate with the apprehended truths? Two different attempts for the purpose, originating in two very different quarters, were made at the same time.

1. The courtiers, deriving their inspiration from Italy, and especially from Florence, sought to Italianise French. They were guided not by theory, but by fashion. But it was fashion prompted by an instinct—an instinct of good society, turning spontaneously to a more polished instrument of intercourse. France was at this moment receptive of polish, and Italy was at hand to give it. The wave of Italian imitation even reached English shores, as the poetry of Wyatt, Lord Surrey, and others shows. But it was feeble compared with the flood-tide which swept over France in the reigns of Henri II. and Henri III. Of the invasion of the French language by the Italian stranger, the most remarkable monument remaining is Henri Estienne's '*Dialogues du Nouveau François Italianisé*, 1578.' The extent to which Italianisation had proceeded at Court is vouched by all the *Memoirs* of the time. We should indeed be wrong if we were to take quite literally all the examples which Estienne's satire pretends to give. We are not to suppose that the Court of Henri III. talked

talked like the 'Philautone' in the 'Dialogues,' any more than we suppose the Court of Elizabeth talked like 'Holofernes' in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' Extravagances like 'strade' for 'street;' 'past,' for 'dinner;' 'spaceger,' for 'to walk;' 'garbe,' for 'genteel appearance;' 'gaffe' for 'awkward;' may have been a passing fashion, or a jest, but cannot give the measure of the extent to which Italian words had actually taken root in the Court jargon. Still less can we agree with M. Feugère that it was owing to Estienne's satire that such an invasion of Italian words was repelled. There is no evidence that the *Dialogues* were widely read. The book never came to a second edition. The reasoning does not appear to us, at this day, very effective. The satire remains to us as a curiosity; a landmark of an important stage in the history of the French language, and an evidence of Estienne's clear-sightedness in the analogies of language. Yet he allowed himself to be pushed by his theme into an exaggerated purism. He pronounced sentence of exclusion against a number of words which usage has retained. 'Secrétaire d'état,' 'négo-ciateur,' 'nonce,' 'salve' (of artillery), 'fantassin,' 'escadron,' 'drapeau,' 'creature' (of a great man), are among the Italian importations of this period which the current of the language has brought down with it from the sixteenth century; individual adventurers who have made good their footing on the territory, while the main body of the invading army was successfully repulsed.

2. That enlargement of the powers of the language which polite conversation sought by an infusion from a living, was attempted by the learned to be obtained from a dead, tongue. The passionate fervour with which the French mind embraced the classical writers when their treasures were first opened to it very soon created the desire to imitate them. French was not only to be modelled upon Greek, but to be largely enriched by direct grafting of Greek words. The school of Ronsard and the Pleiad, the learned poets in the reign of Henri III., gave a transient popularity to this forced system. They were the last who had the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. No school of French writers since then has been in possession of the great tradition of classical antiquity. The exaggerated Grecism of the Pleiad, perhaps, inspired French literature with that aversion for Greek which has ever since marked it; that disgust at 'pedantry,' which prevents French writing from ever rising above the level of good drawing-room conversation. The 'French muse of Ronsard,' says Boileau, 'spoke Greek and Latin.' Yet Ronsard thought himself too scrupulous, and regrets that he did not borrow in a more wholesale manner:—



'Ah ! que je suis marri que la muse française  
 Ne peut dire ces mots comme fait la grégoise !  
 Ocymore, dyspotme, oligochronien ;  
 Certes ! je les dirois du sang valérien !'

Henri Estienne denounced in emphatic terms the mistake of the Italianisers, and sided, though with great moderation, with the learned party. Of his trilogy of treatises on this subject the 'Conformité du Langage Français avec le Grec,' 1565, is an attempt to show that French idiom bears a closer parallel to Greek than to Latin. From this the conclusion is drawn that as Greek is the most perfect of known tongues, French, which has so great affinity with it, must take rank above all other languages. The 'Dialogues,' 1578, of which we have already spoken, are directed against the Italian innovators. Lastly, the 'Précellence du Langage Français,' 1579, is intended to show the intrinsic merits of French. French is quite equal, from its own resources solely, to holding the highest place among the modern dialects of Europe. The form of the tract is a comparison of French and Italian. He will confine himself to refuting the claim of Italian to be the first of languages. For if he succeeds in showing that French is more excellent than Italian, *à fortiori* it is so than Spanish. 'Si vinco vincentem te, multo magis vincam te.' He apologises, as usual, for the brevity and imperfection of his pleading on the ground of haste. He undertook at the King's request to write it in fifteen days, and without his notes, which he had not brought with him. Consequently he has only been able to produce a 'coup d'essai,' a prelude to a work, not a work. His title-page bears 'Projet du Livre intitulé,' &c. There are men in France who might plead the same cause better than himself. But he does not consider himself the most incompetent. The courtiers affected, indeed, to say that Greek was his province, not French. Well, he could talk Greek, and had done it before now. But for all that he could talk French too. They said he travelled so much abroad that the purity of his French was corrupted. Had not the same reproach been cast upon Xenophon, the purest of Attic writers? These journeys were never for any long period. They even help him. As Plutarch says that painters judge their own works better if they put them aside for a time, so by his occasional absences he has become aware of many an intruding neologism which escapes the notice of those who live always at home. The comparison of Italian with French is conducted upon three points: 1. *Gravité*, by which he means dignity, or weight. 2. Grace. 3. Copiousness. The last head occupies the larger, and to us more interesting portion of the volume.



volume. It was the point on which the classically-educated Frenchman of that time, felt more solicitude than on any other. The attempts to translate—and translation was one of the chief occupations of the educated—the juxtaposition of French and Greek, seems to have forced upon them the sense of the comparative *poverty* of the modern idiom more keenly than any other of its deficiencies. The progress of the language was the ambition of every writer; and progress was identified with a material increase of the vocabulary. Henri Estienne echoes both these sentiments. But he will not admit that poverty is inherent in the language. French is rich enough, if we know how to use its resources. He does not encourage the project of a Greek loan. He directs us rather to the wealth of words which lurk in the technical vocabulary of the arts, the terms of chase [and falconry; in games, such as mall, more played in France than elsewhere. Old saws and proverbs embalm many valuable words which might be revived. The old romances, of which Henri was a diligent reader, are a real mine of old language. And, lastly, there are the provincial dialects, which must never be permitted to usurp the place of the French, but from which it may borrow much with advantage. The true French is the speech of that district which is still called by the country-people ‘la France;’ the district between St. Denis and Argenteuil, in which Paris is situated. Readers of Montaigne will recognise the very suggestions made a few years afterwards in the ‘Essais’ (iii. 5): ‘Et que le Gascon y arrive, si le François n’y peut aller.’

We have dwelt the longer on this tract of Henri Estienne because this ambition to *enrich* the French language is the great characteristic of this period of French literature. It is a characteristic which it owes to the first contact of the French genius with the treasures of antiquity, the first intoxication of the Revival, when the matured thoughts of Greek and Roman sages were wrested from the doctors and the scholars, and given to the men and women of the world. This was the element which the French understanding with its practical spirit and its clear good sense absorbed from the classics. No country has done less for the mere cultivation of Greek philology. No nation appropriated with more avidity all that part of ancient experience which was applicable to the immediate purposes of life. The Plutarch of Amyot was the companion of Henri IV. Our readers will recal the note, fresh as a Channel breeze, addressed by Henri to the Queen from ship-board off Calais:—

‘Vive Dieu! vous ne m’auriez sceu rien mander qui me fust plus agréable que la nouvelle du plaisir de lecture qui vous a prins; Plutarque

tarque me soubserit toujours d'une fresche nouveauté; l'aymer c'est m'aymer, car il a esté longtemps l'instituteur de mon bas aage; ma bonne mère, à laquelle je doibs tout, me mit ce livre entre les mains, encore que je ne fusse à peine plus un enfant de mamelle.'

After appropriation came the necessity of expressing these ideas in their own language. Hence the impatience under its contracted limits, and the desire to expand these limits by a material addition to the stock of usable words. This phase of effort in French literature was a transient one. It did not outlast the sixteenth century. It passed away with the assimilating effort, with the occupation of translation. When French ceased to be continually paralleled with Greek its barrenness ceased to be painfully felt. The occupation of enriching the language with new terms gave way in the next century to the opposite one of selecting and rejecting. This has remained ever since the governing aim of French literary skill. To repel foreign elements, to weed, to exclude, to eliminate, such is the constant tendency of their taste in language. In this way it is, by reversing the procedure of the great writers of the sixteenth century, that French has been modelled and chiselled to that academical finish which is the pride of her approved writers. It has gained neatness, point, and precision at the expense of compass, sweep, and breadth of genius. Notwithstanding the different principles from which they proceed, from that of universal comprehension and that of fastidious exclusiveness, Henri Estienne in the sixteenth, and the academicians of the nineteenth century, are agreed on one point, viz., the pre-eminence of French over every other modern idiom. Estienne, in 1579, predicts that the speech of his country will be the organ of European civilisation with the same assurance with which M. Nisard announces it to us as an accomplished fact, that French is 'la langue de l'esprit moderne; langue maternelle pour nous; langue adoptive pour quiconque dans les lettres, les sciences, l'art du gouvernement, dont les travaux de l'esprit ou de la politique a laissé ou laissera un nom durable.'—*Lit. Franç.* i. 458.

We should have to rank Henri Estienne among political writers, and in the very highest rank of such writers, could we attribute to him the anonymous 'Discours merveilleux de la Vie de Catherine de Médicis.' That all the biographers should follow each other in doing so will surprise no one who has observed how in literary history a conjecture passes into a certainty by repetition. We might, however, justly have expected that a monograph *couronné* by the Academy would have devoted special attention to this point; for doubts had been thrown out in one



or two quarters as to the Stephanian authorship of this remarkable pamphlet. M. Feugère alludes to the suspicions that had been expressed, but only alludes to them. He simply sets them aside, and goes on to give an outline of the 'Discours,' with remarks, and even a quotation, the whole filling together more than six octavo pages, assuming it as the production of Henri Estienne. It is, therefore, quite impossible that M. Feugère can have given even a single perusal to the volume of which he speaks so glibly, and so prettily. Yet it consists in the edition now before us (s.l. 1575) of only 95 pages in 12mo. It is, besides, by no means an uncommon book, having been, as it well deserved to be, repeatedly reprinted in France, and translated into the language of every country. To any one possessing even that modicum of acquaintance with H. Estienne's books and personal history which our prize essayist does possess, a single perusal is sufficient. The case is not even one of doubt. Henri Estienne neither did write nor could have written the 'Discours Merveilleux.' The pamphlet is not, as M. Feugère thinks, a general philippic against the Queen Mother. It is a very special pleading, emerging at a particular moment, and directed to a particular object. It is directed against the unauthorised assumption of the Regency by Catherine during the interim between the death of Charles IX. and the return of his brother and successor, Henri III., from Poland. We are able, from internal evidence, to assign certainly, not only the year but the month of its composition. It was written in the early part of July, 1574. It is addressed to the burghers of Paris by a person on the spot, who possessed a minute and personal acquaintance with the situation of parties at the moment, not to say with every intrigue and turn of affairs since the accession of Charles IX. Now, in 1574, Henri Estienne had been absent not only from Paris but from France for many years. On the 16th May in that year he was still at Geneva. Later in the summer he set off on his first journey to Vienna, intent on quite other business than the imprisonment of the Duke of Alençon and the conspiracy (so called) of Lamole and Coconas. Henri Estienne did not visit Paris till November, 1578, or become intimate at Court till the spring of 1579. He never at any time had the minute knowledge of contemporary persons and politics which is possessed by the author of the 'Discours Merveilleux.' The 'Discours' has not the low *ver-deur* of style of the 'Apologie pour Herodote,' with which M. Feugère absurdly compares it. It is, notwithstanding its invective, a state paper, lofty in tone, masterly in manner. It is written from a constitutional point of view, and by one well read in  
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the constitutional history of his own country. In short, it is written in the interest of the Duke of Alençon, and of that part of the *noblesse* which formed the nucleus of the party of the *Politiques*. Again, so far from displaying the passion of a Calvinist sectary, which M. Feugère attributes to it, it is difficult to make out to which religion the writer belongs, so careful is he to avoid every allusion to the subject. It is, in short, more preposterous to attribute the 'Discours Merveilleux' to Henri Estienne than to ascribe to him the 'Moyen de Parvenir,' as it is said that Charles Nodier did.

Finally, there is, though it is not mentioned by any of Henri's biographers, an explicit disclaimer of the authorship by himself. That it should have escaped notice is surprising, as it occurs in the very one of Henri's books which is most read by the French—a book which is written not in Latin but in French; and the passage in question occurs within the first few pages of the Preface. Henri is giving the reasons why he declines to follow out the comparison instituted in his tract between the Italians and French into other points than that of language. One reason is that it would be scurrilous to do so:—

'Ma plume n'a point accoustumé de se mettre à telles matières qui font tomber en des invectives (encore qu'aucuns m'ayent presté cette charité de me vouloir faire auteur d'une plus dangereuse, moy pouvant prouver mon alibi de cent lieues long).—*Précélence du Langage François. Pref.*

M. Feugère has actually edited a reprint of this tract, and yet in his *Life of Henri Estienne* has made no use of this curious personal allusion. The allusion to the 'Discours Merveilleux' is unmistakable, and it proves two things. First, that the false ascription of the 'Discours' to Estienne was made at the time, and was not an after invention of bibliographers. Secondly, that already in 1579 the authorship had been not only denied, but disproved by Henri. He had evidently succeeded in removing all suspicions from himself; otherwise he could not have been received at Court with so much favour as the suspected author of so telling an attack upon the policy of the Queen Mother. Who then was the author of the 'Discours Merveilleux' is a problem which we must leave to native critics, and to the next French biographer of the Estienne.

- ART. III.—1. *The Caxtons: a Family Picture.* 1855.  
 2. *My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life.* 1862.  
 3. 'What will he do with it?' 1864.  
 4. *Poems.* By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. A new edition, revised. London, 1865.

THERE must be some deep and solid root to the persistent faith with which in his recent volume of collected poems Sir E. Bulwer Lytton cleaves to the conviction that an after-age will appreciate his genius better than the present, and sings his 'non omnis moriar' with such manful tenacity. Self-reliance, accompanied by learning, knowledge of the world, and singular industry, is not likely to be other than well-grounded; and in this case the firmness of the roots has been tested by efforts, neither few nor feeble, to shake them.

Certainly few men of equal mark have, in achieving a high position in literature, encountered a larger amount of adverse criticism, or had less reason to thank the literary censorship for an unqualified passport to public favour than Sir Bulwer Lytton. Not, indeed, that this has hurt him much; for, of a truth, the public has been the very reverse of exacting, and has shown an unwonted constancy to a favourite of very considerable standing in her good graces. Yet, whether we regard the reception of his novels, or of his poetical works, it must be admitted that it is only from the uncritical majority of his countrymen that he has received anything approaching to unanimous applause. But

'The Achæans got to Troy, there's no denying:

All things are done, as they did that,—by trying.'

Chapman's '*Theocritus*,' Idyll vii.

and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has striven for literary eminence with such unabated endeavour, that it was not in the nature of things that he should greatly fail of his object. A generation has passed away since he first entered the arena of literature. The titles of his earliest novels, 'Pelham,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'Eugene Aram,' start up as dreams of a remote past, so much has the century moved on, so busy and real does life seem on this side of the bridge which connects our own day with the already shadowy period of thirty years ago. If any one, however, will glance over the lists of publications in the interval, he will find scarce one year unmarked by a fresh appeal to the suffrages of his book-reading countrymen on the part of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. From the time of his leaving Cambridge until now it would seem as if he had been filling and emptying, and again refilling with various knowledge the peculiarly receptive

storehouses



storehouses of his memory, and continually putting some fresh surprise upon the reading public by the wonderful fertility and versatility of his genius. Add to this that the Novelist, Poet, Dramatist, Essay-writer whom we are contemplating is not a mere man of letters, incapable of playing any part upon a larger stage, but on the contrary one who has earned a place among the foremost of the literary statesmen, of whom this age has been prolific; so that it can hardly be doubted that the subject of our present remarks, when regarded with candour and without prejudice, is entitled to a high rank among the greater and finer intellects of his day, and may reasonably urge pretensions to a prominent niche in the temple of literary fame, pretensions, as it seems to us, which it is easier to sneer down than to invalidate.

Not, indeed, that we are prepared to do battle for the entire and voluminous total of Sir Bulwer Lytton's literary progeny from 1828 until now. That the whole family bears tokens of its common parentage in talent variously developed, and marked in many instances by the eccentricity of genius, it needs but a reminiscence of 'Ernest Maltravers,' 'Zanoni,' 'Night and Morning,' and 'Lucretia,' to convince us. That, in his young blood, the author of 'Pelham' was little disposed to be trammelled by any stereotyped rules of his art is easy to be conceived; nor is it improbable that the whole army of criticism was only too ready to set the battle in array against so daring and ambitious an invader. In the pages of the 'Quarterly Review'\* we trace the dissent of a master-mind from certain innovations introduced by Mr. Bulwer, which, to be sure, have been since so often repeated by other writers, that they may now claim a kind of prescriptive right, and even antiquity of precedent. But the point at issue (the admissibility or inadmissibility into a novel of persons or incidents nowise bearing on the development of the fable) was, if we are not mistaken, at a later period pleasantly settled between the author and the reviewer; nor is there any reason to suppose that the 'illustris anima' of a giant among critics would shrink from the approach of a great kindred spirit, if at some, we trust, far distant date a meeting between Mr. Lockhart and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton should chance upon the Elysian shore. Originality usually disdains a trodden path; and the genius of the author of 'Pelham' would seem to have been at pains to find an entirely fresh track for every one of his earlier novels. No wonder, then, if there rose up at all points critics to discuss the wisdom or judgment of each novel excursion. But with the

\* 'Quarterly Review,' No. xcvi., Dec, 1832, 'Zohrab the Hostage,' pp. 393-6.



earlier works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton it is not our purpose to deal in these pages. Such as they have seemed to the critical and the uncritical, such we are content that they should continue to seem: works confessedly teeming with beauties of style, fancy, and conception, yet works not proof against exception, nor unprovocative of that hostility which is sure to rise in conflict against the free lance of brilliant but immature genius. Our present task is the just estimation of the Bulwer Lytton of later years; the ripe and good scholar, who, in *'The Caxtons,'* has reproduced old humour without its grossness; who has preached in *'My Novel'* a more practical sermon than half the divines that in our day fail to make up for their lack of the deep learning of Taylor, Beveridge, and Barrow, by any compensating knowledge of mankind; and who in *'What will he do with it?'* has evinced a genuine and unfeigned interest in young ambitions and aspirations, meet for one, who, taking rank among elders, feels the sympathy of every great mind for the young, and ardent, and enthusiastic.

In the Caxtonian series of novels, and those other emanations of this author's prolific brain, which we take to be akin to them, his poem of *'St. Stephen's,'* his *'Caxtoniana,'* and the collection of poems which he has gathered up and retouched, that they may represent him, as he would wish, to posterity, there is a predominating character of genial, mellow wisdom, and, better still, a pervading spirit of kindness and gentle judgment. Indeed, in the *'Collected Poems'* we seem to learn as much of the veteran author's mature standard from his omissions, as from what appears in the volume. The unnoticed absence of the *'New Timon'* is as symptomatic of his intelligent grasp of the true key to the hearts of his countrymen as his open repudiation of his unfortunate *'Siamese Twins.'*\* And though we share with Sir Edward a strong faith in the claims of his *'King Arthur'* to that wider and deeper appreciation to which its remarkable beauties, its scattered pearls of poesy, its graceful episodes, and abundant learning undoubtedly entitle it, yet it were idle to feign blindness to the fact that what most damages its pretensions to the dignity of an epic, and remits it to the category of the *'New Timon'* and *'Siamese Twins,'* is its covert hits at contemporary or recent statesmen and public characters, its satiric portraits telling their own tale with bitter precision, and its importation of ephemeral matters of modern diplomacy and finesse into the serener regions of ancient and classical romance. This it is that deprives *'King Arthur'* of undivided favour, whilst it is the exercise of sym-

\* See *'Collected Poems,'* p. 172, note.

pathies more entirely kind, the embodiment of the Roman Dramatist's sentiment,—

'Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto,'

stamped upon all the latest works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, whether in prose or poetry, that constitutes his best claim to lasting remembrance, and to a fame superior to change or fluctuation.

It may not be out of place to run over the chief features of those charming novels, which begin with 'Pisistratus Caxton' and end with 'What will he do with it?' in order to ascertain, as we conceive it possible to do, the claims of each to the same favourable regard which is due to the main object of our present criticism, Sir Edward Lytton's 'Collected Poems.' In each and all may be discerned the same 'fruits of golden contemplation, the harvest-flower of life,' of which the author calls song 'the twin,' the same well-husbanded wisdom of books, liberally yet withal discreetly sown. In each and all one notes an unforced tenderness, and a ripe charity, sitting gracefully upon a writer whom the world recollects erewhile as not unskilled in pointing the shaft of satire. Rich store of various learning, and a deep sympathy with our common humanity, are a very serviceable 'viaticum' for him who would essay the path to literary fame; but it is far commoner to find these outfits apart than together. Their rare combination should be a sure earnest of success, and as such we are disposed to hail it in the case of Sir Bulwer Lytton, who seems to us to have found his account in the afternoon of life in cherishing and giving scope to those very feelings and promptings, of which his earlier manhood thought scornfully or slightly.

Let us glance, then (it were a bad compliment to author and reader alike if we were to admit the need of more than a glance), at that delightful family-picture 'The Caxtons.' Was there ever a reader that did not warm towards that often misjudged species, the scholar and bookworm, after making the acquaintance of dear, simple, unworldly, and yet truly wise, Austin Caxton? Who would not have deemed it a privilege to subscribe for a copy of his 'Opus Magnum,' 'the history of human error,' and yet who ever doubts that he will make a grand mistake, and, guileless innocent that he is, burn his fingers grievously in his negotiations for printing and publishing it? The 'mitis sapientia,' which suggests as a consolation for the interruption of his studies caused by the birth of his 'Neogilos,' 'It might have been worse; Leda had twins,' grows upon our respect and admiration as we proceed further in this 'vraisemblable' history. What healing virtues lay in that 'saffron-bag,' as all, for whom he prescribed it, came, in their turn, to know! What wisdom in his  
likening



likening of 'parties to butter-pats!' What resources in the head and heart that could always minister the soundest counsel to others, nor ever failed their owner, save when self-interest was concerned! It is conceivable, indeed, that objectors may be found to the multifarious learning displayed in Austin Caxton. Why, it may be urged, is a syllabus of his life-work thrust upon the indifferent reader, unless to show the learning of the artist, who must know that he is painting a character utterly beyond the grasp of the unlearned? To what other end are the quotations put in his mouth from 'a whole pack of sages, from Plato and Zeno, to Reid and Abraham Tucker?' We reply, that while they illustrate the character of a veritable '*helluo librorum*,' and set him lifelike before us, they subserve also the purpose of proving the adaptability of deductions from profound human learning to the common needs of work-a-day life. It is this book-learned Austin, as our author shrewdly makes it appear, who is able to put the finishing touch to the erring Vivian's repentance; it is he who has to superintend the successful, if late, application of the 'saffron-bag' to the disappointed ambition of Trevanion. To be sure, all characters in novels are wont to be a trifle exaggerated; and Austin Caxton is not altogether an exception from the general rule. But is this scholar of a later day a whit in excess of Sir Walter Scott's Baron of Bradwardine; or, for the matter of that, are Trevanion and Sedley Beaudesert characters one tittle more improbable than Fergus or Flora MacIvor? A sweet companion portrait to that of Austin Caxton is his helpmate, a gentle, trusting, admiring, scholar's wife; a motherly home-keeping woman, who herself practises and carefully hands on to the niece, whom she designs for her darling Pisistratus, 'the last finish of meek every-day charities, the mild household virtues, the soft word that turneth away wrath—the angelic pity for man's rougher faults—the patience that bideth its time, and exacting no "rights of woman," subjugates us, delighted, to the invisible thrall' (p. 373). Equally good in its way is the minute delineation of gallant Roland Caxton, in his heroic bearing of his great sorrow; his patient seeking for the lost; his veneration for the principle of honour; his chivalrous courtesy to woman, and his Quixotic watch over every item of the De Caxton pedigree. It is no little enhancement to the beauty and truthfulness of this character that the veteran's sword and *Bible* are represented as equally well worn, and kept equally ready at hand for needful service. And it is, indeed, a noteworthy feature that neither here, nor anywhere in Sir Bulwer Lytton's later works, is the subject of religion treated otherwise than with the most scrupulous reverence and abundant



honour. The interest of 'The Caxtons' naturally centres in the hope of the house, Pisistratus, whose fortunes, various and eventful, settle down into a happy marriage with his cousin Blanche, a far better wife for him, we may be sure, than his whilom day-dream, that somewhat fickle and helpless specimen of womanhood, Fanny Trevanion. In his character there is a notable absence of exaggeration. Its tone is healthy and unselfish. He is a just medium between the scholar and the practical man. A hero of a novel is, by prescription, a faultless work of creation, but our author has shown his sense and tact in making Austin Caxton's 'Anachronism' of like flesh and blood with other well-nurtured English lads; not a Lewis Arundel, or a Charles O'Malley, but a youth of good pluck and spirits, with thought and feeling for his fellow-creatures. The whole Caxton family is cleverly sketched in the old Cumberland woman's description of them, 'Wi' heads kindly stup'd to the least, and lifted manfu' oop to the heighest, that ye all war' sin ye cam from the ark.'

Of the minor actors in this domestic drama commend us to Uncle Jack, a sketch which it would be injustice to call a caricature, and the key to the whole understanding of which is given us by Pisistratus in his boyish observation, 'that if ever you gave him half-a-crown, he was sure to turn it into a halfpenny; he was only unsuccessful in turning my halfpennies into halfcrowns.' From the day Pisistratus first meets him at his father's, on return from school, until we see him in the Bush, and are made privy to his irresolution between justice and speculation, the character of this adventurer of the Skimpole school is excellently sustained. Nor is the discerning apothecary, Mr. Squills, to be dismissed without a word of praise, who 'found Mr. Caxton a better book in himself than all he had in his library;' and who had a famous retort for that worthy when he twitted him with 'saying much the same thing as Anaxagoras had said before him, about hands.' 'I can't help that,' answered Mr. Squills; 'one couldn't open one's lips, if one were bound to say what nobody else said.' This, by the way, might serve for a tolerable answer to the charge against Sir Edward B. Lytton of having plagiarised from Sterne. There is nothing new under the sun. One clergyman, for example, goes direct to St. Chrysostom for materials for his sermon; another takes his ideas from Jeremy Taylor, who drew copiously from that rich stream of golden words. The more we know and read, the less we believe in the existence of absolute originality. But does the charge against our author need an answer? Is it not enough to admit that advantage has been taken of an eminent model, and to plead that while all its good points have been laid under contribution, all that disfigured

'Tristram

'Tristram Shandy' have been avoided, the result being a pure English novel, which a man may see without disquietude in the hands of his wife or his daughter. Is it no merit to have fined down the grosser traits of the Shandean character, and to have reproduced the conceptions of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, Mr. Shandy and Dr. Slop, without the accompaniment of asterisks or inuendoes? Without anywise undervaluing one of the most extraordinary efforts of brilliant genius, we may safely affirm that Sterne has himself limited the enjoyment of his lively wit and inimitable humour by a coarseness which disqualifies his works for the lower shelves of a library. 'The Caxtons,' on the other hand, lacking, we must admit, the prime merit of originality, may be perused and enjoyed by either sex and by every age, age and sex alike being all the better for such perusal and enjoyment. It is, in a word, a work rich in learning, rich in the fruits of experience and contemplation; rich, above all, in the genuine essence of human kindness. We forget, as we read it, the unloving, worldly creed, that error is irreclaimable, and reformation a fallacy.

In 'My Novel' the reader is launched upon a wider sea, to which 'The Caxtons' was, as it were, a quiet inland lake. Instead of a minute picture of one home circle, our interest is bespoken now for at least half a dozen hearths; each representing a different phase of English society, each surrounded by figures sketched with consummate insight into the motives which influence the good, the bad, and that unsettled class which oscillates between the two. Doubtless, in 'My Novel,' the dark side of human life is more exposed to view than in 'The Caxtons,' yet even here the bright and good side largely predominates; and the retribution which is made to overtake the worthless, is tempered by a scrupulous fear of seeming to anticipate the final award. Peschiera, Randal, and the Baron Levy, rascals of various degrees, meet each with that modicum of punishment and degradation which consists with poetical justice, while vengeance is left to whom vengeance belongeth. The finely-drawn character of Audley Egerton points its own moral. The one deceit, at first almost unavoidable, that necessitates a life of suppression, and gnaws the heart with its pent-up secret until he who seems to the world the brilliant and successful statesman, is, by his single false step, stripped of home, and friends, and peace, and life's enjoyment, becomes the key to the whole plot, and opens it so gradually, that our interest is on tiptoe from first to last. And if there is some slight exaggeration in the elaborate scheme which the undeceived Harley l'Estrange concocts



cocks as a punishment for his friend's treachery, if one somewhat doubts the probability of so tender and impulsive a nature hugging so bitter a project for so long a space as the Lansmere canvass and election, still due amends are made by the author's description of the return of love and charity to Harley's breast, and of the mode in which he 'overcomes evil with good,' by introducing Audley to his son. Yet it is not so much the plot of 'My Novel' (though that is worthy of one whose dramas are said to be better adapted for representation than those of contemporary playwrights) which entitles it to highest commendation, so much as the happy and careful delineation of its almost inexhaustible list of characters. Each type finds a patron with the particular class of readers to whose special experience of life it comes home with most force; but there is not a single type, we suspect, with which no reader is familiar. Squire Hazledean, for example, is the beau ideal of an 'old squire;' and his 'Harry' not only the very model of the help meet for him, but also in her relations with the parish of Hazledean the picture of a kindhearted 'squiress' of the last generation. The rector, Parson Dale, with much book-learning, but more observation of men and life, the thorough gentleman, yet simple and homely parish priest, is a type of a race which runs great risk of dying out in actual life, if the cry of 'spiritual destitution' leads our bishops to supplement the ranks of the clergy by the introduction of illiterate 'literate.' Many a Hazledean of this day has lost its Parson Dale, to find his pulpit and parsonage filled by a burly Boanerges, innocent of all refinement, puffed up by his little knowledge, and unpalatable alike to the squire and to the poor of his parish. Yet Parson Dale was no milk-and-water divine. 'He had a great notion of the sacred privilege of a minister of the Gospel—to advise, to deter, to exhort, to reprove. And it was for the evening service that he prepared those sermons which may be called sermons "that preach at you." He preferred the evening for that salutary discipline, not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his own innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before; that you arrive more insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. There was a genial kindness in Parson Dale's way of preaching at you. It was done in so imperceptible, fatherly a manner that you never felt offended. He did it, too, with so much art that nobody but your own guilty self knew that you were the sinner he was exhorting. Yet he did not spare rich nor poor: he preached at the squire, and that great fat farmer, Mr.



Mr. Bullock, the churchwarden, as boldly as at Hodge, the ploughman, and Scrub, the hedger.\* As for Dr. Riccabocca, with his kind heart always contravening his Machiavellian principles, with his Italian proverbs, and his study of Buffon, he deserves to be painted in the garden of the Casino by some Leslie (not, of course, Randal). We are not sure to which of his Mentors, the Italian doctor with his morals, or the Hazledean parson with his religion, the hero, Leonard Fairfield, owed his clear limitations of the axiom that 'knowledge is power,' and his antidote to the seditious stuffing of the tinker's bag. Who has not met a Richard Avenel, even if we cannot all imagine the fête at which Mrs. Fairfield so inopportunately complicates matters by claiming relationship with him? The central interest, however, is in Leonard, the ingenuous, struggling, poet-student, who woos literature, until, to quote the Laureate, he—

\* On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light hath won  
His path upward and prevailed.'

And that which heightens this interest, as we follow the novelist in his delineation of this character, is the reflection that he, a scholar, a poet, and a striver after fame, has himself gone through, not indeed the vexations of narrow means and lack of name, but at any rate the freaks and fickleness of criticism, the lottery of success, the hope deferred, and the hundred hindrances that stand between the laurel and him who would grasp it. And literature owes its thanks to Sir Edward B. Lytton for adding to his evidently sympathetic portraiture of his poet-hero Leonard, the discriminative sketches of two other types of men of letters, Henry Norreys and John Burley; and for drawing a clear line between knowledge acquired and kept by discipline of natural powers and steady application, and that knowledge which poor Burley wielded to so little purpose—'the knowledge that smells of the brandy-bottle.' The author's sympathy with the young and enthusiastic—especially if they happen to be wooers of any of the Muses—has, in truth, the power of keeping our interest in Leonard's career from that tendency to flag which a story with no other fault but its length is apt to provoke. One of the prettiest scenes in young Leonard's history is that in which the self-reliant but inexperienced lad chivalrously takes upon himself, as he is working his way up to London with the scantiest resources, the charge of fatherless and guardianless Helen Digby. What a pretty picture do they form as they sit together by the waters of

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\* 'My Novel,' vol. i. p. 86.

the Brent! Listen to the little girl's sadder experience, contrasting with Leonard's youthful sanguineness.

'And so this London is really very vast?—very?' he repeated inquisitively. 'Very!' answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. 'See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong;' and she added, after a pause—'very cruel.'

'Cruel! ah, it *has* been so to you; but *now!* now I will take care of you!' he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness.\*

This is surely a bit of a charming prose idyll.

The heroines of 'My Novel' (for there are two—Violante, whose mission is to *ennoble*, while that of Helen is to *console* the object of her love), are a decided improvement upon the sketchy Blanche and rather insipid Fanny of 'The Caxtons.' Helen may here and there seem tame, but that is not out of keeping with a character subdued by early trials and repression; and if Violante is a trifle too fiery and haughty of spirit, it must be remembered that she is a princess, though she knows it not, and inherits the temperament of her warmer clime. The inferior characters—*e. g.* Sprott, Stirn, John Avenel, the True-blue voter and his Puritan wife—are excellently drawn, and very true to nature and experience. We may add to the other recommendations of 'My Novel' this further one, that its author does precisely the right thing as regards the difficult question of introducing old favourites out of former novels. Had some of our novelists produced 'The Caxtons,' they would have been made to figure again and again in an unlimited series of continuation-novels. We never turn over a page of a new novel by one of our pleasantest novel-writers but we dread to stumble upon our old friends the Duke of Omnium, Lady Dumbello, Archdeacon Grantley, or Mr. Palliser. Now, into the plot or action of 'My Novel,' Sir Edward will not allow the Caxton family to enter: howbeit, in the initial chapters of almost every book their family conclave sits as a committee of taste, and, by interpreting obscurities, or helping us to appreciate the *dramatis personæ*, to some extent serves the purpose of the Greek chorus. Before passing on from the contemplation of 'My Novel,' we must add to our high estimate of the learning, observation, and kindly views of life which are developed in this work equally with 'The Caxtons,' the further remark, that had it been the anonymous

\* 'My Novel,' vol. i. p. 271.



production of one whose style was unfamiliar, we should have been still convinced, from abundant internal evidence, that its writer was one who had heretofore ventured—and ventured nobly—upon the field of poetry as well as of prose.

And traces, we think, of the same poet's hand and heart are distinguishable in the third Novel of the Caxtonian series, 'What will he do with it?' No one less gifted with the power of throwing himself at will into all the joyous feelings of youth and of life in its heyday could have carried on through four octavo volumes the reader's interest in the loves of Lionel and Sophy: nor would it have been possible, save for a shrewd yet kindly observer of human nature, to have made the morbid eccentricity of Guy Darrell endurable for so long a space. To own the truth, though no novelist repeats himself less than the subject of our remarks, a novel in four volumes is a dangerous experiment upon the patience of a reading public; and it requires consummate skill, liveliness, and variety of interest to chain the attention beyond the statutable limits of time-honoured prescription. The plot of 'What will he do with it?' is wonderfully skilful. The scenes are crowded, but not over-crowded, with actors. The author so contrives that his *dramatis personæ* never hustle one another: their entrances and exits are regulated with the utmost regard to the dramatic interest, and the exigencies of due variety. One character indeed in 'What will he do with it?' is pre-eminently 'sui generis,' and worthy of a very high rank among creations of fiction—that of poor old Waife. It would be safe to attribute poetic genius to the portrayer of so finely-conceived a character, combining as it does a womanly tenderness and capacity of self-devotion with a man-of-the-world's shrewd insight into life and manners, and a vagabond's ready wit and resource for all emergencies. The old man, who becomes convict, actor, basket-maker, vagabond, by turns, and all to shield from disgrace an unredeemed, irreclaimable scamp of a son, and whose life and wits are devoted to the nurture of the supposed daughter of this scoundrel with a cheerfulness which the reader feels cannot coexist with real guilt, is surely a portrait worthy of as high a position as any in the Caxtonian gallery, and fit to rank even 'primus inter pares' with Austin Caxton and Riccabocca. What a true touch of nature is that which makes this banned outcast from society as young and buoyant of spirit at times as if trouble had never darkened his doors, nor weighed down that strong frame which still keeps the old man from failing utterly until his name is cleared and his innocence vindicated. It is only *deserved* shame that can, or ought to, permanently depress. As in 'My Novel,' so here the repulsive characters have some sparks of  
human

human feeling left in them. The shameless villain, Jasper Loseley, is represented as having some prickings of conscience when he is brought face to face with a father whose hoary head the sin of his offspring has bowed in disgrace. An ordinary novelist would have made him brave it out. And the deceived, betrayed, embittered Arabella Crane is woman still, after every rude shock to love and faith; nay, in spite of the 'spretæ injuria formæ,' a marvel of devotion to the worthless wretch to whom she owes nothing but dishonour. We are not sure indeed that Arabella Crane is not, after Waife, the most original character in 'What will he do with it?' Fairthorns, Frank Vances, Colonel Morley, and George Morley are to be met with in novels, if not in actual life; but then they are seldom so well put on the stage as in these volumes. The goodness and piety of the young clergyman, George, is not obtrusive, but just sufficiently dwelt upon to give virtue its proper triumph, and to recommend it in the only way open to the writer of fiction. Whether he could really have forborne stuttering when he ventured to lecture the stately Guy Darrell, or whether that formidable personage would have submitted to his lecture, may be a matter of some little doubt. A very good scene in this novel is that in which this same Darrell and his fashionable bachelor friend Colonel Morley talk over matrimony, and in which occurs Darrell's concise criticism on the inexpediency of marrying a widow—'no dainty so flavourless as a heart warmed up again.' The colonel is one of those who manages matches for others—trots out for his friend every imaginable variety of the marriageable young lady, and yet himself moves to and fro amidst the attractions of so many charmers unscorched and heart-whole.

Yet not in the description of fashionable saloons or manor-house interiors is our novelist most to our fancy. He is at his best when he throws himself into the free and light-hearted converse of Vance and Lionel—into the boating excursions, and Lionel's row back with Sophy to the Surrey cottage. These are little glimpses of youth unfettered by worldly prudence, and of interchanges of thought and fancy, which knowledge of the world will render more constrained. He is wellnigh unequalled in his pictures of summer-life on the Thames, quiet scenes of out-door life near Montfort-court or the jointure-house at Twickenham, peopled by little groups such as one might see on Dresden china, and such as carry us out of ourselves into what Sir Bulwer Lytton calls 'a hall in the courts of nature.' It is relish for young life and out-door scenery that makes the author's pen move so pleasantly. He can appreciate 'the old English poetry



poetry which chimes to the babble of the waters and the riot of the birds; and just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has most nourished, so there is no surer sign of the rich vitality, which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the child-like taste for that out-door life.\*

Our author is possessed likewise of another great secret, of holding fast, after the meridian of life, the freshness of its morning; for he tells us, in the person of Colonel Alban Morley, 'Would you through life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason, without crudeness and without decline—live habitually while young with persons older, and when old with persons younger than yourself.' It seems to us that this recipe is a sovereign one for retaining the poetic gift as well as the more prosaic 'reason:' for the intercourse of elders will temper and keep within bounds the exuberance of a young man's fancy, while the brightness of the young will revivify the old man's muse. In an early chapter of 'What will he do with it?' there is a capital passage *à propos* of the obtuseness of the world at large as regards the recognition of a man of genius. In such cases the world at large is honestly obtuse. But they, surely, are few who, having read the Caxtonian novels, persist in withholding from their author the credit of being a man of genius, as well as learning and industry and great poetic gifts.

But it is time to take into consideration the collection of poems, which, refitted by experience for its voyage, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has launched anew upon the sea of criticism, and which, as he expresses it in his graceful dedication to Dr. Kennedy, he hopes may 'some day become better known to his countrymen.' They are various in form, length, and character; but all bear the impress of those graces of mind and heart which adorn and render popular the Caxtonian novels, contemplation backed by learning and study, and kindliness of tone resulting from long experience of human nature. These gifts, it is granted, do not of themselves make a poet, yet the addition of them to the requisites for the poetic character is surely not unimportant, especially when the topic under consideration is the likelihood of their owner becoming through his poetry more or less a household word among his countrymen. And it is, above all, not irrelevant to remark upon these in the present instance, because towards a freer and more familiar acquaintance and understanding between author and public it is a great and necessary step that the mind of the latter should be disabused of preconceptions arising out of the

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\* 'What will he do with it?' Book vii. ch. xxii.

less well-considered flights of a youthful Pegasus, and should be able to satisfy itself (as, we assure it, is now possible) that in the collection now published with Sir Bulwer Lytton's latest 'imprimatur' there is not a personality, nor a flippant sentence, not a token or even a suspicion of levity or irreverence—nothing, in short, but what is calculated to raise the tone, to exercise the intellect, and to quicken the human sympathies of every reader.

But, given this high cultivation, this great and diverse learning, these kindly views of society and life, to add grace and warmth to Sir Bulwer Lytton's poetry, is there in him, it may be asked, the poetic faculty that weds rare and brilliant thoughts to melodious words and strains? or is he only a welder of language into rhyme or rhythm, with barely enough skill to escape imputation of hazy notions as touching the boundary-line between prose and poetry? We think that a dispassionate judgment will incline to the former opinion, and that, though there may not be a very large number of single lines or couplets \* likely to cling to the memory for purposes of quotation, it will be hard for any one to read through the volume without retaining durable impressions of many reflective, didactic, and descriptive passages, characterised alike by grace and melody of language, and by 'the inspiration and the poet's dream,' which we are taught to look for, over and above his outward views of things, in a genuine bard. To justify our own opinion, it will be necessary to examine some of the more striking poems in so much of a classified order as the occasional blending of two styles in one piece will admit; and it may be as well to state that from this survey we purposely omit the consideration of two or three semi-Byronic effusions (such as 'Lost and Avenged,' pp. 120-3), which we cannot deem worthy to take up the room of what is far more deserving, and of which we fancy the interest cannot be great to general readers. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with what we may call the Didactic class of poetry, and consists of longer and shorter reflective poems, having a moral purpose and drift, which is made to appear more or less prominently in the author's treatment. With them it seems admissible to range those pieces which are of the allegorical cast, and, if this classification be adopted, the proportion of didactic poetry is still larger. In reference to this portion of the poems before us, we shall probably be met by an objection which may conceivably

\* Some such there are, however, in this vol., *e.g.* in p. 83 :—

'Oh, Eve, with Eden pleased to part,  
Since Eden needs no comforter.'

And many lines worthy to be had in remembrance will be found in 'St. Stephen's.'  
be



be urged against Sir Bulwer Lytton's pretensions to rank as a poet, on the ground that his didactic aim is too apparent—that there is too much effort and straining after a moral—in fact, more tokens of the ‘*limæ labor*’ than of true inspiration. There is, as we are of course aware, a potent staff wherewith critics are wont to lay low those whom they rank in the number of the ‘made’ and not ‘born’ poets; to wit, ‘the theory of the spontaneous.’ We fancy we have seen an inclination to apply it to Sir Bulwer Lytton. This theory is very fairly enunciated by Mr. Thomas Arnold, in his ‘*Manual of English Literature*,’ as follows:—‘In a poet effort is tantamount to condemnation; for it implies the absence of the true poetic gift. For whatever of great value comes from a poet is not that which he wills to say, but that which he cannot help saying;—that which some higher power—call it Nature, or what you will—dictates through his lips, as through an oracle.’\*

It need scarcely be remarked that to this dogma the intelligent writer just quoted attaches only a limited value and soundness; nor will any one be disposed to adopt it wholesale who is reminded of the masterpieces of even the most imaginative minds, which it is perfectly certain have owed much of their ultimate perfection to the dry labour of construction and polish, and which were only in their rough sketch and general conception spontaneous. In truth it might be interesting to ascertain which of our present aspirants to the poetic crown could abide the test of his qualifications, if it lay in not teaching or poetising ‘till the spirit moved him,’ rather than in proposing a definite theme and moral, and then dressing it out by the help of fancy, illustration, and poetic adornments. If, then, it be urged that Sir E. B. Lytton’s didactic poems are cut to order, and fitted to the shape of the moral which is the particular keynote of each, we see no reason why he should not admit the impeachment, and justify a preference for a definite aim and scope, rather than for the random process of drawing a bow at a venture. Among the poems mainly didactic, although indeed it has much subordinate grace of description about it, we select for its calm strain of reflective wisdom, couched in words which admirably echo it, that entitled ‘Retirement, man’s final choice.’ Its latter verses, expressing the reluctance of age to accept that secession from active pursuits to which in its chart and programme of life youth deliberately allots a place, and drawing the sound and true moral from this weakness of human will, represent a vein of philosophical poetry, which recommends itself the more at each reperusal:—

\* Arnold’s ‘*Manual of English Literature*,’ p. 213.

' Yet, oh yet, when in my young day fair dreams of moral beauty  
 Limned out my human future into harmony and plan,  
 Gave pediment and pillar, arc, and corner-stone of duty,  
 Their own allotted spaces in the edifice of man,  
 Ever in those early day-dreams, the palace pile extending  
 Closed its length in shadow'd cloisters, sequester'd for the sage,  
 And the fairest life must lose what is fairest in its ending,  
 If all without a twilight fades the sun away from age.  
 Still I hesitate and ponder ; my will in craven shrinking  
 Leaves undrawn the finest lot in the muffled urn of fate,  
 While each moment in the hourglass is sinking, swiftly sinking,  
 And swiftest of all moments is the one that comes too late.  
 Well, this weakness of the will, though it humble, should uplift me,  
 It links me but the closer to the all-disposing Power ;  
 Despite my best endeavour, if the running current drift me,  
 The loadstone of eternity draws tow'rd's itself the hour.  
 Man's will is only godlike when a God himself doth seize it ;  
 All sails that traverse ocean, Heaven sends the wind to fill.  
 If human will be silent, heavenly wisdom so decrees it ;  
 Man ! that wisdom may be speaking in the silence of thy will.'

Pp. 33-4.

Not, indeed, that there is not any relief to this philosophic strain in the poem from which we are quoting. At the risk of prolixity we must cite one of its earlier stanzas, for its unartificial touch of nature conveyed in a classical dress :—

' Ah ! to watch on lawns remote, in the deep of Sabine valleys,  
 How the sunset gilds the cypress growing high beside my home,  
 While the ring-dove's latest coo lulls the fading forest alleys,  
 Were sweeter for life's evening than the roar and smoke of Rome.'

It would be hard if any 'penchant' for the strictly 'spontaneous' should rob us, on the score of their conscious, and, it may be, laboured moral, of the verses, 'Is it all vanity?' (pp. 42-6) ; wherein, in place of the treatment which such a topic would have met from the Byronic school, the subject finds a handling that is at once healthy and elevated. By gradual realisations of the hollowness of earthly things—of the dreams of youth, of the dogmas of philosophy, and of the fretting ambitions of this mortal coil—the spirit is led to discern that work and toil are the law of its body-trammelled existence, and thought and yearning-upward its distinction from the soulless brute. The verses descriptive of the unrealities of life, as they fleet by, are full of a pathetic beauty :—

' In the chill dawns of real life how soon  
 The beautiful ideals fade away !  
 As fairies, seen under the doubtful moon,  
 Fly disenchanting day :

Love



Love render'd saintlike by its pure devotion ;  
 Knowledge exulting lone on shoreless seas ;  
 And Feeling tremulous to each emotion,  
     As May-leaves to the breeze :

And oh ! that grand Ambition, post-nurs'd,  
 When boyhood's heart swells up to the Sublime,  
 And on the gaze the towers of glory first  
     Flash from the peaks of time !'

But the soul is cheered to its burden and reconciled to its present  
 ' fardell of laborious care ' in the concluding lines, which draw  
 an earnest of its immortality from its dissatisfaction with all  
 things earthly :—

' Rise, then, my soul, take comfort from thy sorrow ;  
 Thou feel'st thy treasure, when thou feel'st thy load ;  
 Life without thought, the day without the morrow,  
     God on the brute bestow'd.  
 Longings obscure, as for a native clime,  
 Flight from what is, to live in what may be,  
 God gave the soul : thy discontent with time  
     Proves thine eternity.'

Of a similarly high tone of reflection are the poems ' Mind  
 and Soul ' (pp. 75-78), an aspiration for undiminished mental  
 powers ; ' The Wither'd Tree in June ' (p. 109) ; and ' The Desire  
 of Fame,' a poem which appears to have been written by Sir  
 Edward B. Lytton at the age of thirty, and is singularly free from  
 aught that wisdom and experience could prompt him to blot.  
 We cull from the last mentioned a fine passage justifying a high-  
 pitched ambition, such as the poet himself has wooed :—

' No ! for whoever with an earnest soul  
 Strives for some end from this low world afar,  
 Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,  
     And strays—but towards a star.  
*Better than fame is still the wish for fame,*  
 The constant training for a glorious strife :  
 The Athlete nurtured for the Olympian game  
     Gains strength, at least, for life.'—P. 113.

And in the touching and personal language, meriting other des-  
 tiny than oblivion for the beauty and tenderness of its cadence,  
 with which this poem ends, we seem to discover the author's own  
 reading of his position in reference to contemporaries, and of his  
 prospects at the hands of posterity :—

' Eno' if haply in the after days,  
 When by the altar sleeps the funeral stone,  
 When gone the mists that human passions raise,  
     And Truth is seen alone,

When

When causeless Hate can wound its prey no more,  
 And fawns its late repentance o'er the dead,  
 If gentler footsteps from some kindlier shore  
     Pause by my narrow bed ;

Or if yon children, whose young sounds of glee  
 Float to mine ears the evening gales along,  
 Recall some echo, in the years to be,  
     Of not all-perish'd song !

Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or light  
 The student-lamp, from now-neglected fires—  
 And one sad memory in the sons requite

What—I forgive the sires.'—Pp. 114-115.

Akin to the poetry of this class must be reckoned the allegories, of which this volume contains longer and shorter specimens. The most noteworthy of the former sort is 'The Boatman,' a poem of a weird and mystic character, likely to find many admirers for the marvellous adaptation of metre and rhythm in it to the advancing action of the piece. It appeared first in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' not so very long ago. Its parable is not hard to interpret. 'Time' is the boatman; *life* the river, widening and widening ever towards the sea of eternity; and *man* the wayward freight which the boatman has much ado to carry. Now he is for blaming the boatman's laggard pace; now praying him to tarry, that he may 'take one last look more at the home of his birth.' Now he is bent on chasing a fairy phantom; now reconciled to the tranquil enjoyment of wedded love: later on engaged (unheeding of widening stream and nearer sea) in the mad lottery of worldliness and its zests. On a sudden he asks the boatman (p. 11)—

'What gleams from the shore?  
     Hold but one moment more,  
 Rest under yon light, shining down from the height.  
     Hurrah for the victor! But one throw more!

No rest on the river—that's past for thee:  
 The beacon but shines as a guide to the sea:  
 One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,  
     Muffled and dirge-like, and sternly steady!  
 And the beacon illuming the last of the shore  
     Shall flash on the sea to thy murmur, "Already!"'

The *résumé* of the whole in the last stanza of 'The Boatman' is very effective; but extracts do scant justice to a poem, the beauty of which is inseparable from its entirety. It is in truth a fine conception, finely wrought out, and not unmeet to be set side by side with Tennyson's recently-published 'Voyage,' to which it has some general resemblance. Less novel, and yet replete  
 with



with home-truth under a fine veil, is another allegory, 'The Pilgrim of the Desert;' the old, old story of a happy valley invaded by a stranger, who tempts its innocent and contented dweller beyond its limits, to learn too late and irretrievably

'How narrow content, and how infinite knowledge!'

There is, however, a smaller poem, referable to this class, though it is also perhaps of kin to the Idyll, which must be quoted, on the score of its unique and compact grace. With the melancholy cadence of the author's best efforts in this style it joins the charm of a classical inspiration and subject. Its theme is Ganymede (p. 103):—

'Upon the Phrygian hill  
The shepherd sate, and on his reed he played.  
Sunlight and calm: noon in the dreamy glade,  
Noon on the lulling rill.

He saw not where on high  
The noiseless eagle of the heavenly king  
Rested—till rapt upon the rushing wing  
Into the golden sky.

When the bright Nectar-Hall  
And the still brows of bended gods he saw,  
In the quick instinct both of shame and awe  
His hand the reed let fall.

Soul! that a thought divine  
Bears into heaven—thy first extent survey!  
What charmed thee most on earth is cast away;—  
To soar is to resign!'

So versatile is Sir E. B. Lytton's muse, that to tarry longer amongst his didactic effusions were to wrong one or two representatives of other kinds of poetry, which put in a strong claim to notice. For example, we meet with poems of the affections, such as 'The Life's Record,' which those who dispute our author's power to image and interpret Nature will do well to study. There is no exaggeration in the sad picture of 'Love and Death,' no violence to the natural and probable in the idea of 'Love's new-birth over the tomb of the lost.' But perhaps the secret of this poem's charm lies mostly in that part of it which is headed 'The Meeting-place of old' (pp. 63-5), and which sets before our mind's vision the chosen spot for 'lovers' tryst,' with such minute description that it is like a bit of Birket Foster in verse. Another poem, too, of this class, 'The Love of maturer years,' is full of pretty conceits and richness of imagery from various sources. Byron or Moore would not have scorned, we fancy, to own the graceful artifice with which this love effusion closes:—

'Whene'er the face of Heaven appears'  
 As kind as once it smiled on me,  
 I'll steal adown the mount of years,  
 And come, a youth once more, to thee!  
 From bitter grief and iron wrong,  
 When Memory sets her captive free,  
 When joy is in the sky-lark's song,  
 My blithesome steps shall bend to thee!  
 When Thought, the storm-bird, shrinks before  
 The width of Nature's clouded sea,  
 A voice shall charm it home on shore,  
 To share the halcyon's nest with thee!  
 Lo! how the faithful verse escapes  
 The varying chime that laws decree,  
 And, like my heart, attracted, shapes  
 Each wandering fancy back to thee!—P. 84.

Again, it is impossible to overlook the claims of what we should call 'the poetry of sentiment' strewn over this volume. Specimens of it so musically sweet as the 'First Violets,' so suggestive of past youth and of tenderest reminiscence, cannot fail to become favourites when known, if the soul of poetry yet beats, and has not quitted its whilom lodging in the English breast. Here is one verse plucked from this sweet posy:—

'Oft by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book,  
 We mark the lines that charm us most;—retrace  
 Thy life; recall its loveliest passage;—look,  
 Dead violets keep the place!'

We commend the scent and fragrance of this pretty piece to the reader, being loth to anticipate or divide his pleasure further by mangling quotations.

Our onward course leads us next in order to the idyllic or pastoral portions of these poems.

The idyll, 'Belief the Unknown Language,' may seem too deep for a pastoral, but it has a classic air about it:—

'As when the swans by Moschus heard at noon,  
 Mourned their lost Bion on the Thracian streams,  
 Or when Simætha murmured to the moon  
 Of Myndian Delphis—old Sicilian themes.'—P. 50.

It has also infinite sweetness, meetly clothing a truth lying, it is admitted, beneath the surface, but only so far so, that if there be obscurity, it is, as Coleridge said of Milton, 'such an obscurity as is a compliment to the reader.' Longer, and perhaps more noticeable, is the lyrical eclogue, 'The Dispute of the Poets.' It may not improbably provoke criticism—as indeed what attempt



attempt at a 'pastoral' may not? for is it not commonly the case that the mouthpiece only represents rural simplicity, while the sentiments which it utters are 'the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.' Did 'pastoral singers in Sicilian noons' ever pour forth such alternate strains of wisdom and research? Yet Theocritus and Virgil must stand at the same bar; as also must those of our own countrymen who have availed themselves of this form of poetry for imitation's sake, or for the advantages of its amœbean and quasi-dramatic character. Sir Edward B. Lytton, therefore, does but follow precedent in introducing us to swains far too refined to have done anything beyond playing at pastoral life—swains whose talk, as they disport themselves 'Where the cool sunbeams slant through ilex-boughs,' savours rather of the schools of Athens than of Nature's teaching. Granting this, we must in fairness add, that the Eclogue has a thorough Virgilian finish in its descriptive parts, and here and there a grandeur which bespeaks capacity for the higher flights of epic poetry. Nor are the lyrics—in which Caricles maintains that the poet's mission is 'to delight,' and Philaster upholds the graver creed, that it is 'to improve'—a whit less worthy of praise. They are the expression of well-sustained theory, with every grace that metre, language, and fancy can lend it. While the spirit of an Anacreon animates the advocate of pleasure, we catch echoes of Sophocles and Euripides in the strains of the more serious lyre, with which it is not difficult to see that Sir E. B. Lytton sympathises, although, after the approved pastoral fashion, the honours are divided between the rivals. Here and elsewhere there are traces of the influence of Schiller, with whose poetry our author has a translator's, and not merely an admirer's, familiarity.

In the volume before us one specimen occurs of another class of poems—those that take the form of satire. A few words must be said respecting this before passing to the Narrative and Historical poems which constitute the largest half of the collection, and, as many will deem, the crowning merit of the whole. A passing weakness must be noted in the semi-satirical poem, entitled 'Mind and Body.' Not that we find any fault with its general conception or leading features. Never was satire less personal, never humour so free from spite and venom. Would that satirists would oftener expend their severity, not upon individuals, but upon that very assailable joint-stock, our common humanity. It is amusing enough to hear Body and Soul calling each other names in a rough, lively fashion for the space of nine or ten pages: and there is a certain grim pleasantry in the Mind's

remarks, after dissolution of partnership, on the misdirected honours heaped upon the senseless clay:—

‘Much amazed he beholds all the pains they bestow  
On that Body, so long his most pitiless foe;  
With the plate on the coffin, the wreaths on the bier,  
And the scholar explaining in Latin severe,  
That he lived for all races, and died to lie Here.’—P. 23.

Small blame, too, deserves the Mind for its difficulty of accounting for this phenomenon of political life:—

‘That the practice of statesmen—and long may it thrive—  
Is to honour their foes—*when no longer alive.*’—P. 24.

Indeed the poem would have ministered unqualified amusement, but for the bad taste of barbing a shaft at the supposed phantom, ‘lasting renown,’ with a feeble allusion to Mr. Sothorn:—

‘Of lasting renown one so soon becomes weary;  
The most lasting I know of is that of Dundreary.’—P. 25.

Is this a puff? or is it a sarcasm at the unreasoning crowd which never tires of seeing the same follies represented on the stage? At all events, it must surely be beneath a poet's dignity to condescend to ephemeral and contemporary illustrations of most prosaic triteness; and we are at a loss to account, except on the supposition of a partial dulness to the voice of criticism, for this resort to an illustration, the force of which will be lost in a dozen years, for the purpose of throwing ridicule on an object of desire, which we take leave to hope and think that Sir Edward himself covets as earnestly as any man. In one or two other poems, which otherwise we should note with unalloyed praise, we see the same tendency to be content with mean illustrations. Poetry ought to repudiate such questionable supernumeraries as Sir E. B. Lytton drags upon his stage to show the disinclination of age to acquiesce in retirement:—

‘For all of us, the tritest, shrink reluctant from the cession  
Of an atom-weight of power o'er the lives of fellow-men;  
Not a Dobson quits his till, not a Jobson his profession,  
Not a Jones in penny journals the sceptre of his pen.’—P. 32.

Having thus discharged ourselves of the sole ebullition of fault-finding which our examination of these volumes has called forth, we pass with pleasure to a range of poetry over which our author's muse moves perhaps more congenially than over any other—a range comprehending at once the most solid proofs of what he has achieved, and the fairest earnest of what he is capable of achieving in poesy. We mean the range of ‘narrative’ poetry,  
under



under which may be grouped all those poems which are of the nature of romance, tale, or historical sketch. Here at least the prominence of the moral does not thrust nature into the background. Here, more than anywhere else, poetry is an 'imitative art'—a representation, under certain rules and unities of treatment, of things and characters as they have been, ought to be, or might have been, 'within the conceived possibilities of Nature.' In his narrative poems Sir Edward B. Lytton has kept this definition well in view. In all of them there is an unobtrusive adherence to the rules of art: in his careful and life-like descriptions there is wonderful truthfulness to external nature; and, more than this, that without which the rest would be no higher achievement than accuracy and observation, a brilliancy of imagination which commingles with delineation of external features those inner thoughts and deeper secrets which can only be discerned by the poetic vision, 'seeing more than it describes.' This will be found true as to every subdivision of the class of narrative poetry in this volume. We might illustrate it by the only sample of 'romance' narrative given us—an early work of Sir Edward Lytton, called 'The Fairy Bride;' but this pretty little sketch has suffered partial eclipse owing to the overshadowing influence of 'King Arthur.' It has many tokens of youthful composition, and many germs of a now matured fancy; but its chief grace is the delightful freshness belonging to the time of life that can most appreciate

'The old time's divine and fresh romance!  
When o'er the lone yet ever-haunted ways  
Went frank-eyed knighthood with adventurous lance,  
And life with wonder charmed adventurous days.'

'King Arthur,' p. 119.

'The Fairy Bride' pales before the more maturely-conceived and minutely-portrayed representation of *Ægle*,—a creation of romance, which, to our thinking, entitles the epic of 'King Arthur' to higher consideration on the part of critics, and assuredly to wider favour with the gentler sex, than it has met with hitherto.

But it is needless to go to the dim regions of fairy-land for illustrations of Sir E. B. Lytton's narrative poetry. He has given us 'ample room and verge enough' both in his poetic tales, which have an historic foundation, and in those which, having their birth in fancy, are moulded in conformity with the experience and probabilities of life. What Sir Edward B. Lytton's 'Milton' was in its original form, when, if we recollect aright, it won many kindly auguries of success for its author thirty-three years ago, it does not concern us to inquire. As put forth afresh, it merits, we think, a warmer appreciation than its modest parent

is disposed to claim for it. Neither in the fancy nor the form of this graceful poem is there aught for the ripeness of age, with all its gathered cultivation, refinement, and experience, to blush at or disown. The central figure, one of the grandest in our literary annals, is sketched with a loving reverence; the thread of romance is justifiably amplified, but not strained beyond the limits of the probable, whilst the accessories are all in perfect keeping and subordination. The result of the whole is a noble picture of the bard of Comus, in his youth, manhood, and age, connected by reference to a tradition which most of us cherish, but which Sir Bulwer Lytton's muse has woven into consistency. Were it not that there is, we fear, some foundation for the author's elsewhere expressed suspicion that his poems are not much read by his countrymen of the present day, it would be superfluous to remind our readers that the tale we allude to is based upon the legend of the Italian lady, who chanced to find the young poet asleep on some primrose bank or violet-spangled dell of his native country, and, struck with admiration, left by his side an epigram by a poet of her own land, Guarini, appreciative of his singular beauty. In his unfinished *Life of Milton* Mr. Masson is hard-hearted enough to write, 'The story is a myth belonging to the lives of other poets besides Milton.' And in the account of the poet's life and writings prefixed to Todd's edition, suspicion is also cast upon it. What will this severe scepticism leave us, if it proceeds thus? In this case it matters less, as Mr. Masson is constrained to accept the poet's seventh Latin Elegy as an admission of a love-tale equally romantic, and a vision of beauty equally haunting. Myth or no myth, the story, which had before given occasion for a pretty sonnet by Miss Seward, found favour in the youthful eyes of Sir Bulwer Lytton, and grew into a poem rich in a profusion of gems of fancy, and flowers of nature and description. The parts of the poem divide themselves according to the epochs of the love which the supposed first interview enkindled. The first part contains the accidental first meeting, and the realisation of the dream to which it gave rise in the young poet's mind at a second *rencontre* beneath the skies of Italy. In the second part the serene present of the happy lovers becomes overclouded by the calls which conscience makes upon the enthusiastic Milton to return home and assist in the struggle of oppressed liberty, as well as by the sudden appearance of some shadowy guardian, whose bidding, though it tears her from her lover, the fair Italian dares not disobey. The remainder of the poem is concerned with the last days of the poet, his efforts in his country's cause, and the evil times and solitude which were his recompense for patriotism. The worn-out blind old man is revisited



revisited by a female pilgrim from far shores, who has come to look her last upon the love of her youth, but who retires without reviving either the pleasures or the pangs of memory. So much for the structure of the poem. Of its beauties one of the most striking is a descriptive passage in the first part, presenting to us that evening on which, after an Italian fête, the lady of his dreams is revealed to Milton in a bodily shape. It must have been much quoted, we feel sure; for few passages of its kind are worthier of place in a gallery of selections. Two little jottings from it must serve for our sample of its merits as a whole, and our recommendation of it to the study of our readers. Nature and fancy kiss each other in this pretty thought—

‘And—wearied infants on earth’s gentle breast—  
In every nook the little field-flowers slept.’—P. 179.

Nor less so in the following image of the nightingale’s song:—

‘And aye, from out her watch-tower in the tree,  
The music which a falling leaf might mar,  
So faint—so faery seemed it—of the bird  
Transform’d at Daulis, thrillingly was heard.’—P. 179.

If further illustration were needed of the grace with which the sweetest thoughts of antiquity are endued, in Sir E. Lytton’s poetry, with youthful freshness, we would cite the brief but very touching expression of the famous lines of Moschus, beginning ‘*ai, ai, ται μαλάχαι,*’ in the concluding lines of the first part of this poem on Milton:—

‘Flowers bloom again—leaves glad once more the tree!  
Poor life—there comes no second Spring to thee!’

But it were unfair both to poet and poem not to find space for one lengthier extract; and here is one, which will excellently exhibit the author’s power to portray Nature and to invest it with a soul—the mission, we conceive, of a true poet. The lovers are met at their yet undisturbed trysting-place:—

‘All nature was a treasury which their hearts  
Rifled and coin’d in passion: the soft grass,  
The bee’s blue palace in the violet’s bell;  
The sighing leaves which, as the day departs,  
The light breeze stirreth with a gentle swell;  
The stiller boughs blent in one emerald mass,  
Whence, rarely floating liquid eve along,  
Some unseen linnet sent its vesper song;  
All furnish’d them with images and words,  
And thoughts that spoke not, but lay hush’d like pray’r;  
Their love made life one melody, like birds,  
And circled earth with its own rosy air.

What

What in that lovely climate doth the breast  
 Interpret not into some sound of love?  
 Canst thou e'en gaze upon the hues that rest,  
 Like the god's smile, upon the pictured dream  
 Limned on mute canvas by the golden Claude,  
 Nor feel thy pulses as to music move?  
 Nor feel thy soul by some sweet presence awed?  
 Nor know that presence by its light, and deem  
 The landscape breathing with a voice divine,  
 "Love, for the land on which ye gaze is mine?"—P. 188.

A wooer of nature in her sweetest moods could alone have caught so many of her minuter features as are grouped in the earlier verses of this passage: the poet-soul alone could have given the spiritual touches to the picture, and have localised so happily the special abode and realm of Love. We pass by other beauties—for extracts do scant justice—and content ourselves with directing the attention of our readers to one fine passage which may interest them, as showing how a Conservative statesman of to-day can appreciate the results of that struggle for liberty, in aid of which Milton wrote and strove. We prefer to extract, as our last loan from this poem, the sketch of the blind old man sitting before 'that deathless tree, which bloomed his humble dwelling-place beside,' in the dark evening of his days. The passage is not the less affecting, from the inlaying of familiar lines which even a careless reader of Milton will recognise:—

'The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing,  
 Waving thin locks from musing temples pale;  
 Felt the quick sun through cloud and azure going,  
 And the light dance of leaves upon the gale,  
 In that mysterious symbol-change of earth  
 Which looks like death, though but restoring birth.  
 Seasons return; for him shall not return  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.  
 Whatever garb the mighty mother wore,  
 Nature to him was changeless evermore.—  
 List, not a sigh!—though fall'n on evil days,  
 With darkness compass'd round—those sightless eyes  
 Need not the sun; nightly he sees the rays,  
 Nightly he walks the bowers of Paradise,  
 High, pale, still, voiceless, motionless, alone,  
 Deathlike in calm as monumental stone,  
 Lifting his looks into the farthest skies,  
 He sate: and as when some tempestuous day  
 Dies in the hush of the majestic eve,  
 So on his brow—where grief has pass'd away—  
 Reigns that dread stillness grief alone can leave.'—P. 205.

The



The tale of Constance, which follows, is more remarkable for the skill with which its author diversifies exquisite sketches of rural scenery with clever '*cartes de visite*,' so to speak—of his '*dramatis personæ*'—than for the plot or pleasantness of the story. Yet one can forgive the introduction even of so unpleasant a character as Harcourt into it, for the neat satire which hits off the mercenary nature of his attentions to the heroine:—

'High-born, yet poor, no Corydon was he,  
To dream of love, and cots in Arcady,  
His tastes were like the Argonauts of old,  
And only pastoral, if the fleece was gold.'—P. 215.

A happier feature in this poem is the ease with which the author sprinkles his narrative with reflections, pertinent to it, yet indicative of his own keenness of observation. Thus when Constance, lifted by marriage with an Earl into the first circles of London society, marvels at the absence of '*rank's harsh outlines*' in the intercourse with the great, the poet thus takes up his text:—

'As Power and Genius interchange their hues,  
So genial life the classic charm renews:  
Some Scipio still a Terence may refine,  
Some graced Augustus prompt a Maro's line.  
The polish'd have their flaws, but least espied  
Among the polish'd is the angle pride.  
And howsoever Envy grudge their state,  
Their own bland laws democratize the great.'—P. 242.

It is this same vein of polished reflection that gives so great a charm to Sir Edward's clever sketch of St. Stephen's, past and present, where a happy couplet embalms the memory of one statesman, or gently hits the besetting weakness of another. Apropos of Constance, it will occur to our readers that its hero, Ruthven, recalls the Audley Egerton of '*My Novel*.' Both make politics their Bethesda, and return night after night to a homeless home:—

'The sight of Home the frown of life renewed;  
The World gave fame, and Home a solitude.'

But Constance, and the true story, Eva, which succeeds it, have their drawbacks in the painfulness of their plots. In the case of the latter this is so much so, that it goes far to mar the beauty and grace of the versification. A finer poem is the strange story of '*The Beacon*,' wherein a lone watcher, who has proved his self-chosen solitude unendurable, finds borne unwittingly to his barren rock the very man whose treason has made him loathe humanity. The first impulse is revenge; the second and stronger, a yearning towards the voice and face of a fellow-man:—

'O Heaven!

'O Heaven! methinks from thy soft skies  
 Looked tearful down the angel eyes :  
 Back to those walls to mark them go—  
 Hand clasp'd in hand—the Foe and Foe!  
 And when the sun sank slowly there,  
 Low knelt the prayerless man in prayer.

He knelt, no more the lonely one;  
 Within, secure, a comrade sleeps;  
 That sun shall not go down upon  
 A desert in the deeps.

He knelt—the man who half, till then,  
 Forgot his God in loathing men.  
 He knelt and prayed that God to spare  
 The Foe to grow the Brother there;  
 And reconciled by love to Heaven,  
 Forgiving—was he not forgiven?'—P. 303.

But, to give up quotation, except where it seems essential to our concluding estimate of Sir E. B. Lytton's poetry, and to leave unnoticed, with regret, some of the best poems in the collection, 'The Parcae,' and 'The Souls of Books,' a poem that should be welcome to those who think, with Cicero, that to add a library to a house, is 'to give that house a soul,' we shall proceed to consider whether his poetic genius assimilates to that of any foregone poet or poets, or whether he steers his bark along an untracked sea-path, disdaining trodden ways, and making originality his guiding-star. It is a little difficult to determine this question, for an author so learned, so ambitious, so varied, and so versatile, is sure to approach, almost unconsciously, one or other master of song in the changeful music of his lyre. But there is no difficulty to critic in discerning, and no shame to poet in owning, one special object of imitation, wherever admissible—we mean the poetry of Greece and Rome, the classic fable-lore, the riches of mythology, the Virgilian polish, the elegiac sweetness of Ovid and Propertius. Indeed, the assiduity with which Sir Edward courts the Classic Muse, and borrows her images, her Fauns, and Naiads, and Dryads, may have something to do with the scanty favour which these poems have yet obtained. A matter-of-fact age undervalues all poetry, most of all that which seems to require a classical dictionary. Yet here is the fountain, of which all who would 'build the lofty rhyme' must drink; here, till the world's end, lies the storehouse of poetic fine gold, from which every intelligent votary of song must continue to borrow. Our author has drunk copiously of this well, and borrowed largely from this storehouse, but never, we submit, unseasonably or disproportionately; never, unless led to do so by a kindred



a kindred vein of fancy, or a bright idea of apt illustration. Pure and manly in his language, he despises not that polish to which Virgil owed so much, and, like that great master, he scrupulously avoids excess of ornament and conceits; whilst in his lyrics, and his shrewd yet never unkind hits at society and everyday life, he shows a careful appreciation of his Horace. It is not, however, to the ancients that one characteristic of his most beautiful poems, their pervading melancholy, can be traced. This, we suspect, is of indigenous growth. Who shall fathom its causes, or blame the preference given to plaintive, rather than joyous strains? Enough that in this melancholy there is no mawkishness, and that in the range of prose and poetry gone over in this article there is as little of weak sentimentality as of unhealthy sensation. The mass will probably prefer a merry, to a weeping poet, even as it preferred a Democritus to an Heraclitus, for its philosophy. But there will be not a few, nor they the less weighty part in point of taste and refinement, who will recur with sympathy to the graver and sadder poems of this collection, and own the charm of autumnal tints to be no less attractive than spring foliage. There is a time to laugh, and a time to weep. We may thank the minstrel who gives us fancies harmonising with both seasons, and on both scores, as is abundantly clear, Sir E. B. Lytton deserves our gratitude. It may be that the reflective and sombre character of some of his poetry is ascribable to German influences.

No one would suspect a writer of so acknowledged genius of moulding his style on that of any contemporary; and it is needless to say that in these poems we find no echoes of modern schools. A seeker after poetic fame, of any pretensions, must feel 'the god within him' too strongly to run the risk of his offspring being stamped with likeness to a fellow-mortal. Accordingly we meet few versified thoughts in this collection which suggest a parallel in our foremost poets of the last thirty years. But if asked to what English poets of the past the poetry of Sir Bulwer Lytton is most indebted for its form and character (we speak now chiefly of his narrative and descriptive poetry), we should point to two names entitled to very high praise in their special phases of their art—those of Gray and Goldsmith. Of the latter, as concerns his prose style, we have our author's words to prove that he is an ardent admirer.\* And 'small blame to him' for acknowledging it. No writer is more English in his prose or poetry, none possesses a style and diction more attractive to scholar and populace alike. Not seldom, in perusing graceful descriptions

\* *Caxtoniana*, ii. 127.

of rural and domestic life, both in the poems whence we have quoted, and in one, 'The Ideal World,' from which we have not quoted, the resemblance of Sir Edward's verse to that of Goldsmith forces itself on us with a conviction that can hardly be the result of fancy. Any one reading the following passage to himself will probably give in his adhesion to the same opinion:—

'On yonder green two orphan children play'd:  
By yonder rill two plighted lovers stray'd.  
In yonder shrine two lives were blent in one,  
And joy-bells chimed beneath a summer's sun.  
Poor was their lot—their bread in labour found;  
No parent bless'd them, and no kindred own'd.  
They smiled to hear the wise their choice condemn,  
They loved—they loved—and love was wealth to them.  
Hark!—one short week—again the holy bell!  
Still shone the sun, but dirgelike boom'd the knell;  
And when for that sweet world she knew before  
Look'd forth the bride—she saw a grave the more.  
Full fifty years since then have passed away,  
Her cheek is furrow'd, and her hair is gray,  
Yet, when she speaks of him (the times are rare),  
Hear in her voice how youth still trembles there!  
The very name of that young life that died,  
Still heaves the bosom and recalls the bride.  
Lone o'er the widow's hearth, those years have fled,  
The daily toil still wins the daily bread:  
No books deck sorrow with fantastic dyes,  
Her fond romance her woman-heart supplies:  
And to the sabbath of still moments given,  
Day's task-work done, to memory, death, and heaven,  
There may (let poets answer me!) belong  
Thoughts of such pathos as had beggar'd song.'—P. 379.

In the unaffected ease and genuine tenderness of these lines one might fancy he had chanced upon a stray leaf from 'The Deserted Village,' and found a companion sketch to those with which the simple fancy of Oliver Goldsmith has given immortality to 'Sweet Auburn.' And this is no second-rate achievement. It is easy—sometimes fatally easy—to copy a style, and throw off happy imitations as such. But here are touches betokening no mere imitator, but rather one who, thinking and feeling for himself, clothes thoughts and feelings in that garb which his acquaintance with the range of English poetry suggests to him as fittest. Perhaps the concluding verses, indeed, contain a vein of deeper feeling and reflection than is to be discovered in 'The Deserted Village' or 'The Traveller.' But the range of Goldsmith's muse would, we must allow, be a rather narrow field



field for a poet of any ambition. It might be divined that Sir Edward B. Lytton would hardly confine himself to a range which takes in only the simple and the pensive, but admits not of what some deem the essentials of poetry, fire and spirit. In his 'Parcæ,' or 'Six Leaves from History,' he shows that he can strike, when so minded, a grander chord, and emulate, not unskilfully, the stirring Pindarics of Gray. 'The Last Days of Elizabeth,' and 'Cromwell's Dream,' are very remarkable proofs of this; and there will be found in them a similarity to the odes of the poet just mentioned, not only in structure and classical choice of ornament, but yet more in the life and spirit breathed into every stanza. The fastidious student of Peter-House and University Professor has much in his grave, and tender, and pathetic moods, which finds an echo in the strains of Sir Bulwer Lytton, but much, much more, in his odes. Indeed, we can conceive that had it been possible for the former to steal a glance, after prophet's fashion, at the poetry of after ages, he would have found satisfaction in the knowledge that English dithyrambics would not end with his 'Bard' and his 'Progress of Poetry.' He would have felt a thrill of pride at the fire and energy thrown into the description of Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort (p. 341); at the grandly conceived description of the moor which is the locale of 'Cromwell's Dream' (p. 344); or at a passage from the latter poem, which shall be our last extract, and which we quote in the belief that the 'Cavaliers' are a theme of which English readers are never weary. We take our chance of being pronounced tedious, in the desire to present to those who have accompanied our remarks so far:—

'A gay and glittering band!  
 Apollo's love-locks in the crest of Mars—  
 Light-hearted valour, laughing scorn to scars—  
 A gay and glittering band,  
 Unwitting of the scythe—the tillers of the land!  
 Pale in the midst, that stately squadron boasts  
 A princely form, a mournful brow;  
 And still, where plumes are proudest, seen,  
 With sparkling eye and dauntless mien,  
 The young Achilles\* of the hosts.  
 On rolls the surging war—and now  
 Along the closing columns ring—  
 "Rupert" and "Charles,"—"The Lady of the Crown," †  
 "Down with the Round-head Rebels, down!"  
 "St. George and England's King."—P. 349.

If we are to look for more fruit off this tree, may it be of like

\* Prince Rupert.

† Henrietta Maria.

flavour to this racy sample, and equally give proof of the skill, genius, and industry of Sir Bulwer Lytton's cultivation.

It were idle to disguise a consciousness that, in the foregoing estimate of the later productions of one of the finest minds among us, a view has been adopted somewhat at variance with the judgment of contemporaries, few of whom have meted large measure of praise to Sir Bulwer Lytton, while some have even forgotten justice in their stint of it. It seemed to us at the outset that, as far as might be, we ought to place ourselves in the position of dispassionate posterity, and to look with candid eyes, as if at efforts of past genius. Much that has been written respecting the works of the author in question seems to have been influenced by a natural desire to 'take down' self-assertion, such as is apt to crop out in authors popular with the mass. But it should be remembered that, but for self-assertion, the world would, indeed, 'know little of its greatest men.' While many cannot help regarding Sir E. B. Lytton as the author of 'Pelham,' 'Devereux,' 'Alice,' 'Ernest Maltravers,' and 'Lucretia,' and shrink from awarding the palm to a genius which they consider tinged with eccentricity and coxcombry, it is surely not amiss that at least one or two criticisms should proceed as from an outlook of the future, and, setting aside contemporary prejudices and antipathies, attach some weight to the truth taught by the Venesian:—

'Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes  
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.'

Much of Sir Bulwer Lytton, especially his 'Caxtons,' and many of his collected poems, will escape Libitina.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Programmes Officiels pour l'Enseignement Secondaire Classique, et pour l'Enseignement Secondaire Professionnel, avec les Instructions Ministérielles qui s'y rapportent.* Paris.  
2. *Annuaire de l'Instruction Publique pour l'Année 1865*, etc. Paris.  
3. *Nouveau Manuel des Aspirants au Baccalauréat-ès-Lettres.* Par E. Lefranc et G. Jeannin. Paris, 1862.  
4. *L'École.* Par Jules Simon. Paris, 1865.  
5. *Les Souffrances du Professeur Delteil.* Par Champfleury. Paris, 1857.  
6. *Éducation Internationale, Documents du Concours.* Paris and London, 1862.

'OBSERVE,' says the Platonic Socrates, 'that wonderful philosophic element in the character of the dog: for what can be more akin to philosophy and the love of learning than



than to hate the unknown, and to resent every strange appearance as a provocation?’

National prejudices may on this score lay claim to a kind of philosophical classification, but it must be under the head of the canine class. But international criticism belongs to that purer and better class of philosophy which is provoked, indeed, by every new phenomenon, and is impatient of everything strange; but it is provoked to investigate what it means, and impatient to bring it within the realm of acquired and settled knowledge. Now no subject in the world offers so many of these provocations as the character and practices of the French people do to ourselves. Of course we are not speaking of those few exceptional, and we may add exceptionable, persons, who tell us with a kind cosmopolite swagger that they understand the whole problem, that they have broken through the trammels of English narrowness, and vastly prefer all the continental institutions to our own. But the rest of us do certainly find partly in the acknowledged facts and partly in the traditional rumours concerning our French neighbours an abundant source of bewilderment. It is in the hope that we shall understand more about the character of our neighbour by tracing him through the various stages of formation that we offer to our reader a few details upon education in that country, which may not, perhaps, be regarded as ill-timed when our own public schools are receiving so large a share of the public attention. There will be many things in it which will at first sight try the tolerance of the determined champion of that mixed system of Latin verses and foot-ball which is the glory of our land. But if instead of barking at the unknown we act like philosophic bulldogs and set our teeth into the facts with the determination to analyse them completely, even if we learn nothing that we shall care to imitate, perhaps our better acquaintance may render us somewhat more considerate and respectful. Now the investigators of character tell us that it is a great help towards this object, if we endeavour to find some central fact to which all the various seeming anomalies may be referred. What if we endeavour to do so on the present occasion, and by way of theory start the following proposition—‘That all the traditional reproaches which an Englishman has to make against a Frenchman are traceable to a single fault, and that one of temperament, viz. his excessive impetuosity?’

The Frenchman is accused of shallowness both intellectual and moral; in other words, he is believed to talk of more than he knows and to profess more than he feels. There is probably some truth in the first count, for many Frenchmen from Scaliger  
downwards

downwards have confessed to the national infirmity; but it is quite conceivable that an ardent and excitable man should feel an exaggerated pleasure at having mastered the rudiments of any science, and should fancy himself richer than he is in it; and if he is generous with his tongue and likes to spread gaiety by the use of it, it is surely very hard to treat this as deliberate imposture; for that Frenchmen can think and investigate deeply is proved by many a literary monument and by many a great name in mathematics and physical science. The presumed difference between the two countries as to this feature may, after all, only amount to this, that with us the half-informed man is calculating and distrustful, and therefore silent; while the more loquacious Gaul is impelled by his fervid disposition to talk of that of which he knows a little without first ascertaining if there be anybody present who happens to know somewhat more. In the same way, if we carefully examine into his boastfulness, we shall find that it consists mainly of self-deception, and though self-deception in a cold and sluggish temperament is a deliberate act, it is so nearly unavoidable when the warm blood and the fancy are allowed to play freaks, that a person of this kind is only in a remote degree responsible for his error. Then again as to the moral shallowness, it is said that the language of compliment, praise, condolence, and the like, is much exaggerated by them. But we ought to compare the many Frenchmen who make professions, not with the few Englishmen who do so, but with the rest of us who feel but little and say nothing, and then, the whole difference will be found to consist herein, that the Englishman knows how little he feels, while the Frenchman's temperament betrays him into a momentary delusion. But that they have amongst them plenty of those higher characters that can feel strongly is shown by the depth of the religious sentiment in the young French priest, by the sacrifices of the political enthusiast, by the love which the French boy has for his mother, by the unconsolableness which we have often witnessed in many a French widower, nay by the very crimes which arise out of a morbid intensity of feeling. One reason why they are charged with being superficial is greatly to their honour, we mean their love of clearness. It is all very well for a German who thrusts his head into some dark hole which would asphyxiate an English intellect, and who then tells us in mystical language what he has found there, to decry French superficiality; but from the day when La Fontaine wrote his fable of the Animals and the Magic Lantern down to the present, the Frenchman is proud and has a right to be proud of clearness as a national feature. What Voltaire said of the language, *Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français*,



*français*, is equally true of the intellect of which it is the expression.

But it is said that the Frenchman is a terrible theorist, and an observer by no means trustworthy; when he travels, it is not to test the soundness of his suspicions, but to confirm a foregone conclusion, and if in any case the facts do not lend themselves to his theory, why the facts must suffer for it. What is all this but impatience under the sense of uncertainty? Or again, What is it but impatience to put things in their place which makes him so remorseless in forcing every institution into the logical framework that he has prepared for it, refusing to see any of the exceptional cases which might spoil the uniformity of his plan? As to the contrast which they offer to ourselves in being at one time blindly revolutionary; and, then again, as blindly enamoured of a strong Government, the first of these conditions only shows the same disposition, and the second their consciousness of it, and their impetuous desire to keep themselves from the effects of impetuosity. This consciousness appears conspicuously in their education. Many Englishmen would be astonished at the scrupulous precautions employed by French teachers, and those neither clerical nor clerically disposed, in keeping out of the sight of the young student, passages in ancient authors, in which an English schoolmaster would not be able to detect the slightest dangerous tendency. Their discipline also, as we shall presently see, involves a continual *surveillance* by night and by day, in the many hours of study and the scanty intervals of recreation. But before we proceed to give an account of the machinery of their instruction it will be well to describe the end to which it is directed.

Every youth who is destined to be a lawyer, or a magistrate, or a medical man, is obliged before he qualifies for his special faculty to pass with success the examination for the *Baccalauréat-ès-lettres*. If destined to pass through the Polytechnic School into the body of Engineers, or through *St. Cyr*, or any other military or naval college, to obtain a commission in those services, he must first gain his diploma as a Bachelor *ès-sciences*. All Government appointments under the different *Ministères* are given to those only who can produce the one or the other diploma. Thus the tangible end of that education which is called in France *l'Enseignement secondaire* is to obtain a grade without which the professions and all civil and military positions of the same rank are as a rule inaccessible.

The *pensions* or private establishments\* throughout France  
are

\* For the proportions of the pupils educated in the public and private schools respectively,  
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are so far independent of the Government that they teach what subjects they please ; but as the *Baccalauréat* is the end of nearly all instruction, there is generally a considerable conformity to the routine of the public schools. Every one who professes to set up a *pension* is subject to two strict but very sensible regulations ; he must undergo an examination as to his personal fitness for the calling, and his house must be approved of as a wholesome building in a wholesome locality. But our immediate concern is with those institutions, which under the name of *lycée* and *collège* are more immediately under the influence of Government. Some *collèges*, indeed, partake very much of the character of private institutions ; such, for instance, as those which are in the hands of the Jesuits, or those which like the Colleges *Ste. Barbe* and *Chaptal* are in the hands of private or semi-public companies. Others again are municipal, others are only smaller *lycées*, and therefore subject to direct Government control.

There are seventy-four *lycées* in France, differing greatly in numbers, but all subject to the same rule as to hours of study, the subjects to be taught in each class, and the proportion in which they are to be studied, the punishments, the exemptions, and so forth. All these laws emanate from the central authority, the Minister of Public Instruction, and are transmitted through the rectors of the several academies, which are the centres of educational districts, to the *proviseur* of each *lycée*, or the *principal* of each *collège*, placed within its control. Among the other authorities external to the *lycée* we must reckon the Inspectors who yearly visit them, and report upon them to the Minister, and the Inspectors of each Academy. The internal officers of the *lycée* may be divided into the governing and the teaching class. The former consists of the *proviseur* or chief, the *censeur* or second in command, and the *économiste* or bursar. In certain points of detail these three form a council and exercise a joint authority ; but in the matters of daily routine the *censeur* is the person who exercises the chief power. The Professors have nothing further to do with the school than to teach the class assigned to them, and those who delight in uniformity will be pleased to learn that throughout all France, and for all the forms in the school, the hours of class, that is, for professorial attendance, are from eight to ten in the morning, and from half past two to half past four in the afternoon. In the younger forms all the subjects are

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respectively, we quote the statement of M. Jules Simon :—' Nous avons 30,000 élèves dans les 75 lycées de l'Empire, 32,000 dans les 245 collèges communaux ; en tout, 62,000 élèves. Les établissements libres, laïques, et ecclésiastiques, en comptent 75,000, auxquels il faut peut-être ajouter 20,000 élèves, qui forment la population de 123 petits séminaires.'



confided to one and the same Professor for every fifty boys; but from the fourth form upwards, there is one for Greek, Latin, and French; another for history and geography, and another for arithmetic and mathematics.

As a class the Professors are a highly respectable body of men, and a large proportion of them are men of a considerable eminence in their respective pursuits. Besides the ordinary training of the *lycée* and the examination for the diploma, and the *licence*, they have had to follow courses of the *Ecole Normale*, and those of the higher rank who are called *Professeurs Agrégés* have undergone a still further trial of their fitness. Quite distinct, both in standing and capacity from the professors, are those who are now called *Maîtres répétiteurs*, but are still better known under their old name of *Maîtres d'études*, under whose direct supervision the boarders of the school eat, drink, sleep, work, and play. But their functions will best be understood if we take an imaginary pupil of twelve years old and endeavour to identify ourselves with him from his first day of entrance upon a scene which will last for him with very little change during the eight remaining years of his boyhood.

He has passed through his examination of admission into the division of grammar, and finds himself *en sixième*. Thus he has had the good fortune to escape the three classes of the elementary division, the preparatory, the eighth, and the seventh, and he has before him six classes more, each of which will take him sometimes a year, or sometimes two to pass through, and the vista of which spreads itself before his eyes as the fifth, the fourth, the third, the second, the class of rhetoric, and the class of philosophy.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of October, Master *Alphonse Podevin* is rattled by a drum from his slumbers, and after such a toilet as one expects from young Frenchmen of twelve, he descends along with the rest of his *dortoir* into one of the *Salles d'études*, in which a subdivision of his *cour* is required to assemble.

The *Cour* will consist at most of one hundred and fifty boys, who will meet during the intervals of play—that is, in their own refectory, or their own playground or court; but at the present they are divided, say into three fifties, each occupying its own room, and under its own *Maître d'études*, or, in school-phrases, *Pion*. Whether the latter word is derived from *Espion* must depend upon the sort of feeling which it is probable that the pupil entertains towards this functionary—a matter of which we shall be able to judge better in the sequel. After a prayer calculated to last three minutes—not repeated parentally by the

master in the name of his pupils and himself, but by the boy whose turn it happens to be—they begin to learn by heart. They have two hours before them—that is, till half-past seven; and the thing to be learnt in this particular class will probably be a piece of Lhomond's Latin Grammar, and the imperishable Greek Grammar of Burnouf, and a fable of Phædrus. As the time advances they are heard these lessons by the *Maître d'études*, who draws up the results on that most indispensable of all French institutions, the *Cahier*. An Englishman need not have travelled far to remember it well, with its unwholesome, blotchy-complexioned pages, looking as if they were in a prison behind their manifold bars and cross-bars. Nothing reminds one so strongly of the French fashion of tabulating everything, and marshalling even the most trivial facts under heads and categories, as the ubiquity of this implement. And is it not this love of classification and generalization which lies at the root of more than half the errors into which an intelligent nation has fallen in practical matters? But the *cahier* is irritating us into digressions and reveries: let us return to the *Salle d'études*.

At half-past seven, half an hour is allowed for breakfast; at eight all the professors are at their post; and all the day-scholars, whether from their own home or from private schools, join their respective classes, into which they have been subdivided on account of their excessive number. This arrangement was formerly made in order that no professor might have to cope with a larger class than sixty at the utmost, but now the subdivision has been carried much further; thus, in Louis le Grand, which is one of the most frequented of the Lycées, the forms are often divided into three portions, of which the chief professor will take one, and the two *Professeurs suppléants* the two others. M. Podevin's professor is seated in the centre of the room, surrounded by forms rising tier over tier, and he commences, according to the plan drawn up for him by Government, by hearing those whom the *Maître d'études* has marked down as defaulters. The rest of the time is taken up with *viva voce* translation, to be afterwards written down as a *version* in the hours of study, or with the dictation of sentences, which are to appear the next day in a Greek or Latin dress. Ten o'clock comes, and the *externes* march out to the beat of drums, while the *internes*, to the same music, are paraded into the *salle d'études*, to remain two hours more under the inspection of M. Pion. This time he has nothing to do but to watch them, for they are occupied with the exercises and written translations. 'Yes,' says the English parent, 'but if they encounter a difficulty, or if he finds them too much addicted to dictionary, which is always a strong symptom of the neglect  
of



of grammar, he will help them over the stile, or put them into the right road.' Alas! no. Until this class of men was subjected to a very necessary reform, there was not one *maître d'études* in fifty who could do it if he would, or durst if he could. And even now it is not their business. But if any pupil, in the midst of his helpless bewilderment, makes a caricature, either with his pen or his own features, or mutters a word, even if it be the word he has been vainly looking for, then you will at once recognise the utility of his office. 'So-and-so, you are making a noise.' 'No, Sir.' 'A hundred verses.' 'But I have made no noise, Sir.' 'Two hundred verses.' 'Mais, Monsieur, je vous donne ma parole que—' 'Three hundred verses.' And so they go on capping verses, like two Virgilian shepherds, till Master Poddevin's schoolfellow awakes from his helpless rage, and finds that he owes a thousand verses to outraged society, and that his play-hours, or rather play half-hours, his two-and-two promenade on Thursdays (the French substitute for a match at cricket), and his fortnightly Sunday at home, are gone till Christmas. Well, the Latin exercise is written, and the Latin version; and mid-day comes at last, and with it the dinner, of which repast we shall take no further notice than to say that it lasts some five-and-thirty minutes, and then the boys in each *réfectoire* march out two-and-two into the court allotted to them for recreation. Here another officer appears upon the scene—the *suppléant*—who arrests all such as either the professor or the master of studies has placed on the detention list. The rest play till half-past one—nearly an hour! Not to weary the reader, we will describe the remainder of the day as follows: From 1·30 to 2·30, *salle d'études*; learn by heart. From 2·30 to 4·30, classes held by the professors of history or arithmetic. From 4·30 to 5, dry bread and *abondance* (i.e. wine and water), under the name of *goûter*; but the porter visits the different courts, and sells excellent cakes. From 5 to 8, *salle d'études* and written exercises. At 8 o'clock, bed; but in each dormitory the inexorable *Pion* still watches over his class; nor does his vigilance cease when he stretches his limbs in that close-drawn pavilion at the end of the room, for is there not a bull's-eye in the curtain?

For eight years at least our young friend will have to go through this discipline; and as he possesses that admirable quality of his nation, impregnable good humour under privations, we have no doubt that he will submit himself to circumstances; that as he is very quick-witted, having no one to help him in his composition, he will learn to help himself; that he will distinguish himself in class, and obtain, on the recommendation of his professor, a long list of that most coveted article, l'exemption  
du.

*du proviseur*, concerning which, if our reader desires to know anything, we will state as briefly as possible, that it equals two exemptions of a *censeur*; that it neutralises eight detentions, or one confinement on the Sunday for going home; and that twelve of them, or twenty-four of the *censeurs*, entitles the holder to a prize-book of the value of three or four francs. Of these he will have many; but what will encourage him still more will be the special notice taken of him in the class. His exercise at all events will be looked over, and his progress will concern some one of the professors as a matter of personal interest; but before we explain in what way, let us turn to a few of his class-fellows. There is one of an irregular, dreamy kind of talent, and with whom concentration on a given point is an impossibility unless there is some leading mind who shall continually attract him, and keep him to it. Here is another of delicate and sensitive organisation, to whose moral nature the very subjection to a discipline of coarse compulsion and distrust is an exquisite torture; here is a third ingeniously idle, whose expedients for escaping detection multiply with the watchfulness that surrounds him; and then, again, there are the boys of uncertain character, in whom the moral sense can only be called out by a wisely-graduated confidence, and by the fear of losing that esteem that they have been taught to value—boys in whom self-respect grows immediately out of the respect they have for others, which again grows out of affection. And last of all (for it would be moral cowardice to shrink from the mention of the class), there are the boys of low and sensual type, who more than any others require plenty of fresh air, plenty of violent exercise—in short, everything that shall keep the animal in wholesome activity, that the body and mind may be *fatigued together*.

As the above types include several very common varieties of the boy species, and as any institution ought to be for the benefit of the majority, we would fain ask, for which of these characters was this system invented? The boys requiring friendly help and encouragement are to those who can work by themselves as twenty to one; and yet you have eight hours of unassisted study to four of professional teaching, the greater part of which cannot but be bestowed on the clever boy.

The moral being of most of us is not that self-asserting and self-supporting thing which will flourish equally under all conditions, but is derived by contact with men of superior virtue, through familiar discourse. Was it for this purpose that they formerly picked up some distressed or unsuccessful student of medicine or law, some broken-down shopkeeper, or some of the hundred nondescripts presented by the starving classes of Paris, in order



order to confide to him so sacred and so perilous a task? Every here and there indeed a *maître d'études* might be found who would be admirably adapted for real wholesome superintendence. We mean the poor but energetic men who took the post for a few years in order to provide themselves with daily bread, whilst they were preparing for the profession by which they hoped eventually to live. As the new class of *maîtres répétiteurs* must be Bachelors of the University, and as they are generally taken from among the poor students of the several faculties, they are now far more respectable a body than they were; but they are almost universally very young men; for after a certain term they rise to be inspectors of the courts—that is, inspectors of their own body. What good then can they do, having neither much learning, nor experience, nor discretionary power, nor any means of winning the respect and affection of their classes? They are in no sense whatever companions—we were going to say, of their pupils; but they are *not* their pupils, nor are these masters. They are machines for watching and making reports, and filling up the pigeon-holes of a *cahier*, and making little sand-hills in it over the fatter strokes of their calligraphy. Who that reads this account will not be amazed at such skilfully-organized mischief, and wonder what on earth can be the cause for regulations which, to our English prejudices, are simply revolting? What, then, if we apply our former theory, and suppose that the authors and maintainers of the French system, being conscious of the excessive exuberance and impetuosity of the national character, have thought that the best mode of daunting this evil was by imitating as nearly as possible the discipline of a military prison. No doubt there is a great deal in youth that requires to be daunted, but it appears to us that the great test of practical wisdom in these matters is, that you should be able to control the excess without enfeebling the character; but in the French *Lycée*, from all that we hear, and from much that we have seen, not only is the character enfeebled, but the health along with it. We point to the hideous theme, and then turn from it to see our own boys at Eton or Rugby, toiling at the oar, or fielding out at cricket, or rushing to the front at football, and wish that we could invite those little, pale, bright-eyed lads in the *képi* and embroidered uniform to come and forget their *Burnouf* or their *Rollin*, and their other torturers dead and living, in a good international match.

Those who are interested in education will desire to know on what matters these twelve hours a-day of the scholastic year are bestowed. There is religious instruction for an hour on Thursday;

Thursday; and there are two lessons per week, of an hour each, for the modern languages, that is, for German and English, or Spanish or Italian, according to the nearest frontier of the town in which the Lycée is situated. History, geography, arithmetic, and drawing are also taught; but French, Latin, and Greek take up more than two-thirds of the whole time, until the pupil has reached the third class. It was here that the separation began, of those who were destined for the *Bachot* (which is the vulgar abbreviation) *ès-Sciences* from those who still continued their letters; but quite recently the separation has been deferred till the second class. During the ministry of M. Fortoul—we believe, in the year 1852—a new regulation was introduced, by which this bifurcation took place a year or two earlier, or in the fourth class. That minister seems to have had a strong belief in special education, and to have considered that, when once the general grammatical basis was laid, it was high time to cultivate the particular fitness of the boy, whether it was exhibited for language or for science. Unfortunately he overlooked one particular aptitude which develops itself quite as frequently as the rest, the aptitude for doing nothing. Those who up to fourteen years of age had undergone the daily drudgery of Greek and Latin, with just that amount of consciousness of what they were about, which made them look upon their studies as a prolonged nightmare, were glad to take sanctuary in the temple of science, not, however, to worship but merely to skulk. Still bent on helping out his own bifurcation, M. Fortoul endeavoured to make the career of science more inviting and easy by what is known in France as the *scission* of the scientific examination. A degree was thus attained piecemeal, a candidate presenting himself first in physics, and, when he had passed that ordeal, preparing himself in mathematics. No one can question the zeal which M. Fortoul put into his office. It went so far that he divided the two hours of the professor's class into so many exact portions, and prescribed, when the hearing lessons was to cease, how many minutes were to be spent in reviewing the exercises; at what line of what author the Professor was to begin his construing; and where and when he was to leave off. It is even said that he was so proud of this triumph of minute legislation, that he would pull out his watch and say to his visitor, 'I know the very thing that they are doing at this moment in all the Lycées of France.' A Professor, whose name we need not mention, but who was an ardent Imperialist, and was said to have been *behind the scenes* in December, 1851, was suddenly roused from his slumbers, at one o'clock in the morning, by a despatch from



from M. Fortoul, which, upon opening, he found to contain his immediate dismissal. The next day the Professor sought an audience of the Minister, and, upon being admitted, was informed that his removal was for an habitual neglect of instructions. So much Greek had been prescribed during the last three weeks, and none had been taught. The fact is, that a general whose son was in this gentleman's class, had said to M. Fortoul, at dinner the evening before, 'By the bye, have they suspended the Greek in such and such a form? for my son has done none for the last three weeks.' The dismissed Professor pointed out that it was entirely by following too strictly the Minister's directions that this gap had been caused. There had been two *fêtes* (a rare occurrence); and on a third occasion the boy himself had been absent. Had the Professor been independent he would not have allowed these gaps to have been all made at the expense of one subject; but he was bound by his instructions. In this way he satisfactorily explained his conduct, but he never regained his post. It is true that a Minister may err through excessive haste; but to confess and retrieve his error would be a deliberate and unpardonable act.

A reformer of a better stamp has appeared in the person of the present Minister, M. Duruy, who must be well known to many schoolmasters in England by the charming little manuals of Ancient and Modern History which he has written for junior classes. But M. Duruy is hampered by a Council of Instruction, composed, we believe, of about thirty-four members, many of whom are wedded to their own notions of reform, while some are steadily obstructive. He also depends upon the rectors, or chiefs of the 'Academic Centres' throughout France, for loyal co-operation with him in his schemes. One of his endeavours to improve education in France merits particular attention: it is the project for establishing on a more dignified footing what is called *l'Enseignement Professionnel*, which corresponds in some degree to that of the *Real Schulen* in Germany, and is intended to prepare lads for commercial and agricultural pursuits.

The circular in which he speaks of this project is replete with good sense, and some very interesting facts, which we will quote from one of his circulars on this subject:—

'Now, we have seen in our days the rise of a great manufacturing industry, and the formation of an unbounded wealth, which was formerly unknown. Distinct from landed property, there is now existing personal property of the value of from eighty to a hundred thousand millions, instead of the twenty-five to thirty thousand millions which composed our personal property in 1830.

'France has now 150,000 manufactories, 1,500,000 workmen engaged

gaged in them, without counting 5,000,000 men and women engaged in skilled labour on a smaller scale or in trade, and a steam power of 500,000 horses, which may represent the work of 10,000,000 of men. Its exchanges also rose in 1861 to 5,500,000,000.'

It is on these data that M. Duruy founds the necessity of an education which shall represent and correspond to this source of the national wealth, just as the classical education represented and corresponded with the landed wealth of the country when it stood alone:—

'The University,' continues M. Duruy, 'has for a long time recognised this want of modern days; it has understood that as it held in its hands the future of the country, it ought to be like the country itself, and, like good sense, at once conservative and progressive. If it has sometimes resisted, as its glorious founder (viz., the First Consul) advised it, the little fevers of fashion, it has never rejected the additional instruction which the public wish, or the wants of the State recommended to it. Thus the so-called *Enseignement Professionnel* has not ceased for forty years to be the object of its meditations and its experiments.'

The author then traces the various attempts made by the Government, or by individual Lycées with the Government sanction, to introduce this kind of instruction, mentioning among other establishments the Royal Colleges of La Rochelle, where special attention is paid to teaching hydrography, and the Lycée of Le Puy, where the pupils are taught design in its application to the lace-manufacture, the staple trade of that town. But he considers that the bifurcation of 1852 drew the attention of the University from the natural and wise division of instruction to the artificial and unsound one. Yet so strong, according to him, was the want of this teaching of useful things that sixty-four out of the seventy-four Lycées took up what had been officially abandoned and taught it under various names.

We see here, by the bye, a curious instance of the degree to which subaltern institutions may act independently of the most despotic and exacting central direction, when they are all of one mind, and can practise one common evasion; the *Recteurs* seem to have been on the side of the *Proviseurs*, and the *Inspecteurs* on the side of the *Recteurs*, for the last write to the Minister, with regard to the increasing number of scholars who wish to bifurcate into this line of study, 'it is a rising tide, for which we must open a large channel.'

After admitting that the results of this movement were hitherto very barren, M. Duruy proceeds to lay down his own plan. It is this: that the primary instruction (*i. e.*, that which ends with the 7th class) should be the same for all pupils, and that upon this,



as upon a common basis, the two secondary instructions should rise side by side within the same school—the one classical, for the so-called liberal professions, the other special, for the callings of manufacture, trade, and agriculture. His reasons for the two being united in one building, are partly of an economic and partly of a social kind. On this subject he writes:—

‘Our France has been so profoundly imbued with the Latin mind that there is a prejudice in it against practical instruction. This prejudice is not a motive for following classical studies better, but an impediment to following ordinary studies well. We ought to combat this by putting the two educations on the same footing; by making boys of different origin and different destinations live under the same discipline in an equal interchange of tastes and feelings.’

‘Interchange of tastes and feelings in a Lycée!’ some readers will be tempted to exclaim. But we confess we hope much from the good sense and energy of M. Duruy. At all events, let us hear out his plan. The new special education, which will last four years, and which will keep lads from about twelve to sixteen, will comprise the following matters:—Religious instruction; French language and Literature; Modern languages; History and Geography; Elementary notions of Private and Public Morality; Legislation as it concerns those engaged in Farming, Commerce, or Manufacture; Industrial and Rural Economy; Accounts and Book-keeping; Applied Mathematics; Physics, Chemistry, and Natural History, with their applications to Agriculture and to Manufactures; Linear Drawing, and the Drawing of Design and Imitation; Gymnastics and Singing.

The human mind delights in completeness, and so there is something agreeable in this rich enumeration. *Mentes* (as well as *Aures*) *nostræ immensum aliquid infinitumque desiderant*; but perhaps those for whom the list is intended would have been better pleased with a less redundant luxuriance. Nevertheless, we know that common sense is both conservative and progressive; and we are assured by M. Duruy that France and her University are so likewise; so let us hope that, ere long, the future farmer and tradesman of France will not only be taught what he ought to know, but that he will be taught just as much of it as he can carry away with profit. It is the Minister’s own wish also; for in one of his instructions he particularly warns the teacher against making the quantity of facts conveyed the standard of this success, and quotes the wise German formula, ‘*Eine selbständige Verarbeitung des Stoffes*,’ as the one thing needful for the pupil.

The reader will have observed how much stress is laid upon Latin and Greek, and he will naturally ask whether the result

has been to produce great scholars. It is a question very difficult to answer, because a man may be a very great scholar, without caring to let anybody know it. But we may certainly answer, without fear of wounding anybody's sensibilities, that France has contributed very little indeed to the great progress which has been made since Bentley's time, both in the knowledge of the languages and in the knowledge of the Antiquities of Greece and Rome.

The best of Didot's series of Greek and Latin Classics are edited by foreigners; some that are conspicuous for great blunders, which we do not care to disinter, are the works of great Dons in the French University. The annotated editions of the Classics seldom rise above the dead pedagogic level. As for their grammars, it is a strange fact, and one very little favourable to the presumption of sound Greek scholarship in France, that although M. Dübner has for many years protested against the gross blunders and absurdities of Burnouf, his Greek grammar continues to be the authorised book for all classes. But it may check the insolence of our triumph to reflect how many schools on this side of the water yet cling to Grammars, in which the evil of a false system and much false information is still further enhanced by the unspeakable absurdity (in the case of Latin Grammars at least) of their being written in Latin. Those, at all events, who look upon Dr. Smith's excellent grammars as bold innovations, and who doubt whether the false system is not, after all, the best adapted for teaching, have no right to laugh at or to pity the conceited adversaries of M. Dübner.

We would fain hope that M. Duruy will carry his reforming zeal yet further; that he will lessen the hours of study, allow much longer and more healthy recreations, and introduce internal professors to supersede the miscalled masters of studies. There is yet one further reform to which we hope that his attention will be called, and upon which we wish to dwell more particularly, because the evil is by no means confined to France, but must necessarily exist wherever competitive examinations are unduly valued, and held as not only good where the abuses of private patronage have to be corrected, where they are, perhaps, of some occasional use, but also in their stimulating action upon schools, which is about as mischievous as can well be conceived.

Once a year there is a fierce competition between all the *lycées* of Paris and Versailles, and a recent regulation has made it possible for the Government schools at a distance from Paris to enter the same lists. The champions are the picked boys from each of the upper classes, the scene of the encounter is the Sorbonne, and the prizes to be competed for are in Greek prose,  
Latin



Latin verse, Latin prose, French composition, history, &c. There is no *viva voce* examination, and each subject is decided separately and independently of the others. A large proportion of the world of Paris takes a great interest in the results, while the chiefs and the professors of the several *lycées* are almost more anxious than the champions whom they have sent up, that the *premier prix* in one or more of the subjects may fall to the lot of their establishment. Of so much importance are successes of this kind, and so powerfully are they supposed to tell upon public opinion, that the master of a private school does not forget to remind the public if any *externe*, or day scholar of a *lycée*, who boards with him, and prepares his lessons at his house, gains distinction in these trials. We remember complaining somewhat severely of the demoralising effect which this species of ambition must almost inevitably have upon the teachers, inducing them, for at least six months beforehand, to bestow an undue portion of their time and care upon the very pupils in whose case no inducement is needed (for it must be certainly much pleasanter at any time to teach a clever boy than a dull one), and, while helping those who do not absolutely want help, to neglect that far larger number who can only move if they have some one continually at hand to induce and encourage them. An intelligent Frenchman replied that this was but a part, and not the worst part, of the evil. He observed that not only were the clever pupils thus severed from the class, but that a similar operation went on in the minds of the picked boys themselves. For that when any one was selected to compete in that particular line for which he had most aptitude, his special gift, indeed, was submitted to all the appliances of forced cultivation, but the rest of his faculties and tasks were allowed to drag behind in utter neglect. This observation seems worthy of the attention of more persons than the French Council of Public Instruction; but the injury done to the average boys (who are, of course, by far the most numerous) by this exclusive training of a few, is so direct and so immediate an effect of all competitive trials, as at present conducted, that not even the warmest friend of these contrivances can shut his eyes to it. Nothing could be more unpractical and absurd than to recommend in the present day that they should be abandoned. But then, it will be said, 'as long as they continue, how can you help the public being attracted by success? If they choose to believe that the number of scholarships gained at the University is a proof that a public school is doing its duty, or that among schools of a different type, that one is most entitled to confidence which figures most conspicuously in the Middle Class Examination lists,

lists, how are you to remove the impression?' In the simplest possible manner, by creating a sounder test, that is to say, by the establishment of examinations in which *all* the members of a school appear before disinterested judges. In short, by a certain kind of inspection.\* Many persons will be up in arms at the bare notion of anything like interference with the independent action of our schools, whether great or small. Though they can recognise the propriety of the State defending the public from quacks in medicine, they would resent its interference with the quacks in education; not because they are ignorant that the lower part of the middle classes are being yearly robbed and cheated to an incredible extent by educational adventurers or blockheads, but they perceive the extreme difficulty of marking any limit to State interference if it once begins. But, at all events, there can be no objection to the extension of the practice which has been set on foot by the College of Preceptors with regard to commercial schools. Any such on applying to that body may obtain inspectors, who will examine all their classes, and furnish them with a certificate in accordance with the result of the examination. Now, if what this unpretending and useful body has done for the *ludi minorum gentium*, were done on a large scale by the universities (or why not by the Education Committee), for schools of a higher description, those who submitted to this ordeal would show that they were honestly endeavouring to educate *all* their pupils; and the proportion of boys above a certain standard in each class appearing in their report, would mark how far they had been successful, and would teach them to look for renown in the careful preparation of the many, and not in the speculative training of a few.

The vast increase in the numbers of the gentry, or, at all

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\* An inspection of this kind, under the name of *conférences*, exists in the French schools, but the reader will judge whether it is sufficient to check the evil tendency of the *concours*, by the following extract from a very recent private letter of an able and distinguished French Professor:—'Etabli jadis de la 6e inclusive-ment à la Philosophie pour les lettres et pour les sciences, ce concours, qui actuellement est restreint à la 4e, 3e, 2e, Rhétorique et Philosophie, a fait des prodiges en sens divers. Les premiers, poussés par le professeur (qui en cela suit soit l'intérêt de certains élèves, soit plutôt celui de son propre avancement), sont vraiment instruits et dressés au dur travail; les derniers s'annihilent. Le règlement veut que le professeur s'occupe également de tous; la gloire et l'intérêt intervenant, le règlement n'est ou ne peut être observé que dans les classes privées de concours général. . . . J'ajouterai seulement que certains professeurs, que n'a pas encore dégoûtés l'étroitesse du règlement, la multitude de passe-droits, la pression politico-cléric-administrative, l'ingratitude des élèves et des familles, ou qui sont doués d'un tempérament de fer, d'une volonté d'acier, et d'une morale de diamant (un fort petit nombre assurément), s'occupent de tous leurs *bambini* ou *bambinetti*, mais alors la marmite cuit plus de potatoes que de chicken, et s'ils sont mariés ils *quent* d'avoir plus d'enfants que d'élèves particuliers.'



events, of the easy classes, is only making the mischief more conspicuous, which has existed for a very long time. We now have almost daily, palpable proofs of the little chance that mediocrity has of learning anything in a large school, but we must not throw the whole blame of this on competitive examinations, but fairly point out another cause to which it may be assigned. It has often been asked, 'Why not educate different individuals according to their different bent?' 'After the necessary elements of grammar have been acquired, why not endeavour to ascertain what minds will admit of more ready development by language, what by number and figure, and what by history or science? And why not make such a classification the basis of the subdivision of each form, and proceed accordingly?' One objection to this plan is not worth a moment's consideration, we mean that which is founded on the necessity that would arise of creating a much larger staff of masters. For one of the greatest evils of the present system is this disproportion between the teachers and the taught. We are beginning to open our eyes to this evil in England; while in France, the attendance of fifty in one place of study, and under one supervisor, at a time seems scarcely to have excited any disapprobation, except among the few Frenchmen who passionately detest the whole system of State education in their country.

Another objection against bifurcation will be sought by some from the country which first gave us the word and set the example of the thing. It will be said that the great object of the recent French educational reform was to abolish this very experiment, because it had confessedly failed. But this is altogether a misconception. There can be no doubt that if the present Minister can outlive or overbear his obstructors,\* the division of study which he has twice bidden to go up higher, from the fourth to the third, and from the third to the second, will disappear altogether. It is also very likely that the two *baccalauréats* will become one, and that every member of this branch of the *lycées* will be expected to pass the double examination, in letters and science, for the single grade. But we must not forget that alongside of this, which we should call the *professional* education, there will be the *enseignement professionnel* in the French sense, which will take four years, as above described, to prepare its pupils for the less refined and intellectual callings. So that if a man has two sons, the one of sufficient ability for professional life, and the other a dullard, and only fit for farming or trade, he can send them both to the same *lycée*, and have them both taught that

\* His plan of *popular* education in the provinces is very stringent, and is meeting with serious opposition.

which

which they are really capable of learning. We do not quote this system as one in the least degree applicable to aristocratic England. Even in would-be-democratic France, we do not believe that the *enseignement professionnel* will ever be looked upon in any other light than as an inferior thing for inferior people; but we quote it as a proof that the system, so far from being abandoned in France, is being tried upon a still larger scale. If, however, the easy and the educated classes do not avail themselves of it, and prefer the more *respectable* part of the *lycée* to the more *suitable*, the same state of things will continue in France, as we witness among ourselves; the few clever boys will learn a great deal, and the many middling ones will learn nothing at all. It is a common theory that this is the result of idleness; and, that if the examinations were sufficiently stringent, the idle must work. But, not to dwell upon the extreme probability of so general an idleness having its origin in bewilderment caused by insufficient teaching, we would fain ask *how* examinations are to be made more stringent? It is a great mistake to suppose that examiners have merely to set up a standard, and abide by it. To a far greater extent than is commonly thought, the candidates bring *their own standard with them*. At first—that is, before the ideal standard of the examiner, and the average standard of the candidate, have arrived at an adjustment—there will be some heavy casualties. But as this carnage cannot in the nature of things continue, either the requirements will become avowedly less, or the applications of them will be less severe; and thus the examination itself, as a test of fitness for further scientific or literary study, is not of the slightest value.

Before we endeavour to give some notion of the standard of the French grade, we will briefly sketch the mode of procedure. There are three examinations in the scholastic year; the third being for those who, in the language of the authorities, '*ont éprouvé antérieurement un ou plusieurs ajournements*,' but who would simply describe themselves as '*flambés*.' The candidates have first to write a translation into French, of a piece of Latin dictated by one of the examiners, and for this two hours are allowed. Secondly, they have a Latin essay to compose on a subject given by the Dean of the Faculty, for which they are allowed four hours. This completes the paper work; and, if this part is passed, they are examined on another day *viva voce* in a Greek, Latin, and French author, drawn by lot from the rest. The examination in these takes place wheresoever the book happens to open. Then ensues a *viva voce* examination in the remaining subjects.

These subjects, and the degree of excellence required in each,  
may



may be ascertained by consulting a dense volume, of about the size and weight of a brick, bearing the title 'Manuel des Aspirants au Baccalauréat-ès-Lettres,' consisting of four parts, of which the first gives an account of the Greek, Latin, and French authors required of the candidate, with an analysis of the works prescribed, and the outlines of logic, rhetoric, and philosophy. The second part contains ancient history and the history of the Middle Ages. The third, modern history and geography. The fourth, arithmetic, geometry, and physics. Until lately there was what is called a *questionnaire*, which contained a series of twenty selected questions on logic, &c., twenty on history, and ten on mathematics, &c. These were published many months beforehand, so that the candidate confined himself to them. On the day of their *viva voce* examination the candidates drew from an urn certain numbers corresponding to the questions, and in these they were examined for the space of an hour. A new regulation has abolished this practice, and they are now examined by one of the jury, *i.e.* examiners, in whatever way he thinks fit. We will not weary the reader with the highly characteristic and tediously minute formalities with which this examination is beset, but it is curious to observe that many of them seem to be directed against *personation*. Whether there has ever been a case where A, not feeling himself up to the mark, has got B to represent him, we know not, but the variety of signatures and counter-signatures must make such a vicarious trial very difficult. The list of the Greek and Latin authors from whom the subjects to be prepared are taken, is thus given in the official programme:—

‘LISTE DES AUTEURS.\*

‘*Auteurs Grecs.*

- ‘1. Démosthène : Les “Olynthiennes,” les “Philippiques,” le “Discours pour la Couronne.”
- ‘2. Plutarque : “Vies des Hommes Illustres.”
- ‘3. Choix de discours des Pères Grecs.
- ‘4. Homère.
- ‘5. Sophocle.

‘*Auteurs Latins.*

- ‘1. Cicéron : “Discours contre Catilina et contre Verrès ;” “Traité de l’Amitié et de la Vieillesse ;” “Songe de Scipion.”
- ‘2. César : “Commentaires.”

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\* It must not be supposed that the candidate is liable to be examined in any one of all the books here enumerated, but the special list for each year is taken from this general list, and published a twelvemonth beforehand. Thus it will contain one speech of Demosthenes, one play of Sophocles, two books of Homer, and so forth.

- ' 3. Salluste.
- ' 4. Tacite : "Annales."
- ' 5. Virgile.
- ' 6. Horace.

There are ten suffrages to represent the various subjects, and as each suffrage may be either good, middling, or bad, it is represented by a ball which is either white, red, or black. In the written part, if one of the two balls be black it is fatal, unless the other is white; or if there be more than two black balls out of the ten which represent the whole examination, the adjournment or plucking is inevitable. The reader who happens to be acquainted with the system pursued at the London University will see some resemblance between the two examinations; but he will not fail to notice two points in which they materially differ. The first is, that while in France the proficient obtains an academic degree, in London he merely becomes entitled to the matriculation which leads eventually to it. The second point is, that while the London plan contains a narrower range of history, and defers logic and its adjuncts to a maturer age, it is far more inquisitive as to grammar than a crammed student at all likes.

As for the bill of fare of authors to be construed, it is quite as inconclusive as to real progress as the matters of historical fact, or the philosophical reflections upon them. All this is simply *crammed*; for we have it upon the authority of experienced examiners that in nine cases out of ten a candidate will show that he has deliberately preferred cramming to thinking; that he would sooner learn a hundred facts than take the trouble of applying one rule; and that the quantity of Greek and Latin which he can learn to translate by a mere effort of memory, with very few slips (while in the very next page he will betray an utter ignorance both of inflexions and syntax), is something incredible to those who have not witnessed it. It would be unfair to make any reflection on the presence of the Greek fathers in the list given above. We cannot believe but that there must be many in the council who have heard enough about the difference between good Greek and bad to know that these personages ought not to be put on a level with Demosthenes. But there is a strong clerical element in that body, which would be quite capable of such a barbarism, and quite formidable enough to require propitiation. But how can we expect that that fine tact for the language in which scholarship consists should ever be conspicuous in a people where the immature intellect is bidden to feed without distinction upon the dead, artificial Greek of the Fathers and of Plutarch, and upon the living Greek of the old Masters?



Our belief is that unless the future reforms shall meet the four principal evils that we have specified, the undue length of the time of study, the unsuitableness of the *Maître d'études*, the temptations offered to the Professor to neglect the heavy majority in favour of the lively few, the want of a less democratic bifurcation than that of the *Enseignement Professionnel*, private establishments will become more and more in vogue, and diverge more and more from the Government model. The Collège Chaptal, which at present amounts to 600 boarders and 400 day-scholars, and which is the property of the Ville de Paris, has made a move in the right direction, with regard to the last complaint. It offers an education which is intellectual, but at the same time *useful* for those who have no vocation for special learning; while for the abridgment of the hours we expect great things from the example of the International College which is soon to be established in France; for we observe that in the programme of studies, which M. Barbier has drawn up in his able Prize Essay, a very refreshing gap is left for play and gymnastics. It does not come within the scope of this article to discuss the advantages offered by the plan which he advocates; but we cannot forbear uttering a hope that there will be a generous and hearty encouragement given to the experiment, as such, on both sides of the Channel, so that we may be able to ascertain by a fair trial whether this plan will yield us those two most desirable results at which it aims, the fostering of an international spirit, and the effectual teaching of modern languages. But whether destined to be reformed or not, such is the discipline and such are the methods of teaching under which the present generation of Frenchmen have grown up to be what they are. For how many of their defects the system is answerable, or how many of their merits it can claim as of its own making, is a curious and somewhat delicate problem. It is, for instance, very difficult to say whether that consideration and good-breeding which they show when unexcited is due in any degree to the want of that buoyant intercourse of play at school, which certainly does sometimes lead to roughness and unkindness of manner; or is the politeness itself insisted on from the very earliest childhood, so as to become ingrained like a religion, because parents believe it to be an indispensable precaution against those rougher contacts by which the national character is ignited in an instant.

On another topic we can speak more positively. The formation of habits of truth, honesty, and manly frankness, are surely first and foremost among all the objects of education. Now, it will be conceded by the French themselves that these qualities may be evoked and strengthened by judicious confidence, and

stunted by habitual espial and distrust. If, therefore, their system of education, instead of smelling from first to last of the police-office, were one of wisely-graduated probation, as they are capable of responding to generous treatment, and capable of self-respect (else how could they possess that great personal courage?), much more would be done for the cultivation of these high and noble qualities than is now done in French places of education. To turn to matters intellectual, it is not very difficult to trace some part of their alleged weaknesses to the manner in which they have been taught. One naturally expects very headlong and headstrong reasonings from one who has never been inured to the pains of doubt and self-contradiction. But this training can only be had where the student is made to think for himself. Now, take any programme of French study and you will find that the deductions are all ready-made and taught *pari passu* with the facts. Every fact has its reason cut and dry. Iris is not the daughter of Thaumás, according to the Gallic mythology; all that state of wonder which is so useful both in humbling and in fortifying the mind is anticipated by a professorial solution.

To what does the French nation owe its great neatness and tact in arrangement, by which it has become the first people in the world in Epigram and in Ribbons? First and foremost, to its natural conformation of mind, which is marked by an instinct, so to say, for Plan and Pattern in everything, from Philosophy downwards; but partly also to its own language, the very constitution of which requires the nicest delicacy in co-ordinating the parts of a phrase, if you wish it not to be offensive and obscure. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if the study of their own language, and the reading and analysing of their best authors forms so large a portion of the instruction in a French school; but much more is it a thing for us to wonder at and to be ashamed of, that, with such a literature as ours, the English lesson is still a desideratum in nearly all our great places of education, and that the future gentry of the country are left to pick up their mother-tongue from the periodical works of fiction, which are the bane of our youth and the dread of every conscientious schoolmaster. Having thus given our neighbours and rivals the last word, and that in a matter of real importance, we quit them with cordial hopes of mutual forbearance and mutual edification.



- ART. V.—1. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. 177.  
*Debate on the Navy Estimates*, 1865.  
 2. *Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance*. United States, 1864.

AN unexampled amount of public attention has of late been directed to the condition of our Navy. For more than two centuries, from the reign of Elizabeth to the commencement of the Revolutionary War with France, it was an accepted axiom that England was mistress of the sea; and when, after the crowning victory at Trafalgar, we gave up the privilege of causing all foreigners to dip their colours and lower their top-gallant-sails in the Narrow Seas, we did it as the graceful concession of the conscious victor to our beaten and humbled antagonists. Camperdown had enabled us to forgive, if not to forget, the short-lived superiority of De Ruyter and Tromp. St. Vincent and the Nile had shown our superiority at sea to our two 'hereditary enemies.' During the latter years of the Revolutionary War, until 1812, we found no one able to compete with us, and our confidence led us, in some degree, to relax our vigilant preparation. Our dream of absolute superiority was, however, rudely awakened in that year; and the loss shortly after of three frigates, captured from us by the United States, showed us that Preparation is the handmaid of Victory. The success of the 'Shannon' showed in what that preparation should consist. A ship equal in size and speed to her antagonist, a crew disciplined by long sea-service, confident in their officers, and accustomed to accurate and rapid firing, gave a short and satisfactory account of a worthy foe. But peace soon followed upon this achievement. The lesson taught by it was forgotten, and some forty years of warfare with semi-barbarous antagonists rather thrust us back into a vainglorious confidence. In the mean time, however, great and rapid changes had been taking place in the matériel of our Navy. The changes, indeed, as the necessity for each appeared, had been passively resisted by the Admiralty; and though our mechanical ingenuity often made Great Britain the cradle of new inventions, yet other nations were frequently the first to avail themselves of the benefits conferred. Thus, the changes from sailing-ships to paddle-steamers, and from paddle-steamers to screw-propulsion, were grudgingly and slowly undertaken; and a similar hesitation is now experienced when the change in artillery has compelled us to reconsider the whole question of Naval strategy.

Let

Let us, now, therefore, endeavour calmly to review our Naval prospects.

To no country is naval superiority so vital a necessity. Wealthy cities, accessible from the sea, offer a tempting bait to the daring rover; a commerce co-extensive with the habitable world encourages the cupidity of hostile privateers; and colonies on which the sun never sets are the fair mark for an enemy's ambition. Have we a Navy ready to undertake the defence of all these varied interests and to protect the national honour?

The first necessity of a Navy is a good supply of disciplined seamen. The impossibility of manning our fleet at the outbreak of the Russian War gave us so rude a lesson that we have a little improved in this particular. The Coastguard and the Naval Reserve alike afford sources of supply which, it is to be hoped, may not fail us in the day of trial. But the true source of supply should be the boys whom we train for the Navy, and it is with great regret that we see a hesitation on the part of the Government to extend this useful national institution. At every port of any importance a training-ship should be stationed. In it the sons of our seafaring population would receive a short gratuitous naval education. In peace they would enter the mercantile marine, enrol their names in the Naval Reserve, improve the tone of our merchant service, and in war be ready to serve in the Royal Navy, returning with interest the care bestowed upon their youth. This would be a true Naval Reserve, and Government should be compelled to carry out completely the Report of the Commissioners on Manning the Navy. It is equally to be regretted that a reduction is threatened in the corps of Royal Marines. With all the qualities of good soldiers they are also amphibious, and are the most available troops for those short semi-naval campaigns which our insular position so frequently forces upon us. Another body of men is also urgently required; it is to the disgrace of our Naval Administration that a corps of trained artificers has not been formed to meet the varied requirements of an iron Steam Navy.

Skilful officers and well-disciplined men will not, however, alone give us the victory. The new artillery, the new naval architecture must be frankly accepted, and we must now briefly consider these two material elements of success. When the Russian shot and shell rained harmlessly on the first French ironclads at Kinburn a revolution took place in naval war. At first the advantage was entirely on the side of the ships. Ships could be built of sufficient size to carry armour all but impenetrable to every projectile then in use.

The



The great danger of a modern sea-fight is fire, and the iron sides could exclude those missiles which were contrived to set fire to a wooden enemy. But the superiority of the ironclads was shortlived. Guns were contrived of so powerful a character that no ship could float the armour required to oppose them successfully. The attempt to give entire protection to the ship can now no longer be entertained, and it behoves us, under these altered circumstances, to decide what are the qualities necessary in a modern man-of-war. The first question to be resolved is the gun with which she is to be armed. If the Admiralty had at once bethought them of finding the best gun, and had not fettered that consideration with others of minor importance, the question would be nearer solution. The Admiralty, however, hampered the gunmakers by the incompatible condition of a gun to be made too light in comparison with its projectile.

The solution of the problem is to be found by accepting the necessity of a heavy projectile, fired from a gun of the requisite weight with a sufficient charge of powder. The four essential qualities of a gun are Precision, Force, Safety, and Endurance. To obtain Precision and range, the gun must be rifled, and, in the present state of our knowledge, on the best of those systems which allows of easy muzzle-loading. To obtain Force, a charge of powder must be used of at least one-sixth of the weight of the rifled projectile. To obtain Safety, the gun must be made of some material which will not burst under rapid and continuous fire; and to obtain Endurance, the internal tube of the gun must be made of some substance as hard as the steel projectile, or must be protected from friction by the interposition of a softer substance upon the shot. The gun should also be sufficiently long to give full effect to the charge, and at least one hundred and fifty times the weight of the projectile. Add to this that the projectiles must be of steel, and of such a diameter as to ensure that the holes they make cannot easily be plugged, and that the charge they may contain shall blow the side in on bursting if the shell itself fails to penetrate. The Iron-plate Committee found by experiment carefully and repeatedly made, that no gun of less than twelve tons weight and capable of being used with 45 lbs. of powder had been successfully used by them against targets representing modern iron-clads, even at two hundred yards' distance. It would follow that a steel rifled projectile of 300 lbs. is the smallest with which our ships should be armed. To fire this efficiently a charge of at least 60 lbs. of powder is requisite, and the only guns which can be trusted to fire such charges have been made, up to this period, of coiled wrought-iron. Such a gun as this,  
however,

however, should weigh at least 22 tons, and the problem to be solved is, how to use it at sea. Experiments have conclusively proved that no gun less than the 300-pounder is equal to the ironclads which are now in the possession of our own country and of foreign navies; but the 300-pounder at present is a gun of only 12 tons' weight. The best of the old 32-pounders was nearly 200 times the weight of the shot, and the 95 cwt. 68-pounder was more than 150 times the weight of the shot. But the Admiralty will not give up the broadside principle; and though only two years ago they decided that no ship could use guns of more than 6 tons' weight in the broadside, they have determined, rather than give up their darling broadsides, to make what they call a compromise, and to use a 12-ton gun which is too heavy for the broadside and too light for the shot. No doubt exists that such guns as we require can be constructed, for a gun of twice the specified weight, known as 'Big Will,' has been successfully used with a shot twice as heavy and a charge of 70 lbs.; and not only can they be constructed, but guns as large are being made in this country and supplied to every foreign Power from Russia to Peru.

The necessity for accepting this change is as urgent as was the change from bows and arrows to gunpowder, from flint locks to percussion caps, from Brown Bess to the Minié; and it now remains to decide how such guns can best be carried and handled at sea. The first quality for a good sea-going man-of-war is speed, consistent with perfect sea-worthiness. The next is stability. The third is handiness for manœuvring. She must also be incombustible and unsinkable. If she has these qualities in a greater degree than her enemy, her commander can so place his gun as to overpower his antagonist. Simultaneously with the great advances in artillery which we have been discussing, a discovery was made which gave us the power of using these monster guns at sea. An ingenious officer, now famous, Captain Coles, bethought him of applying the railway turn-table to ship purposes; and by an ingenious adaptation, the now well-known cupola protected the gun and gave it facility for manœuvring. Grudgingly did the Admiralty accept this fortunate discovery, and its advantages had been recognised by Danes and Americans long before we had a ship of the now necessary pattern. Refuse to use the turn-table and we shall go on blundering expensively until we recognise its value. Accept it, and the question of our future Navy is half solved.

What ships then shall we require for the sea-service? No very great speed can be obtained with a vessel of less than 1500 tons, but such a ship can be built to go thirteen knots.

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Let that then be our corvette. She should be built of iron, to give rigidity and endurance to the structure. She should be constructed with so many compartments that it would hardly be possible to sink her, and of iron, so that it would be impossible to set her on fire. She should be propelled by twin screws, because that system divides the risk of the vessel being disabled by damage to one engine; because it affords great facility for steering and turning, and because it enables the shipbuilder to build of a lighter draught than with a single propeller. She should be sheathed with wood and coppered, for without this no ship can successfully keep the sea; and the solution of this problem can be satisfactorily given. The vital parts of the ship should be guarded with thick iron. The magazine, the boilers, the steering apparatus, the water-line, the gun's crew, should be protected, if possible, with armour plates; protecting all if the ship will carry the weight, but completely protecting each of the essential parts so specified, in the order in which they are given, and omitting the protection in those last mentioned, if the weight when applied to them should be found to deprive the ship of her more necessary qualities. A vessel so built and fitted, and armed with two 300-pounders on a turn-table, and with a crew of 150 men, would be able to go anywhere and do anything. She would be able to carry fuel for a fortnight, provisions for three months, and to berth her crew in health and comfort. It may be asked, then, what need we have for any other class of vessel. Undoubtedly we should not require many of a larger kind; but a naval war, conducted at a distance from home, requires a good base of operations; and that will best be secured by ships sufficiently large to contain and protect fuel, provisions, stores, and ammunition for the service in hand. These, also, should be built for speed, armed more heavily, and with a greater number of turn-tables, more completely protected, but not certainly exceeding 4000 tons. These would take the place of our line-of-battle ships. Intermediately between these two classes should be a class with similar qualifications, in proportion to its size, which should be about 2500 tons. Ships of this class would be ready for distant voyages singly, and would be the frigate of the future.

If this ideal of what our fleet should be is correct, the state of the Navy, after fifty-eight millions of Whig expenditure, cannot be considered very satisfactory. In the Channel our iron-clad fleet is, with few exceptions, reported to be not very seaworthy. We have only four ships with turn-tables, and not one of them is a sea-going ship. In the Mediterranean there are only three iron-clads, and the two admirals there hoist their flags in wooden

screw line-of-battle ships, with which it would be madness to meet the smallest iron-clad of Italy or France.

Of the twenty-four wooden ships under Sir James Hope's orders, on the coast of North America, none are iron-plated, and it is said that no gun is on board any of them capable of making any impression upon an iron-clad ship.

The other stations are similarly unprepared, and the farce of a squadron of seventeen ships is maintained on the West Coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade, which the slavers laugh to scorn—a squadron, of which about fifteen ships are gunboats or vessels, built too late for the Russian war, not one of which can steam nine knots, though their duty is to catch steamers notoriously the swiftest on the ocean.

But it may be supposed, if the Admiralty have been neglecting our ships and our guns, they at least have been prosecuting vigorously the completion of our docks and arsenals. Let us take a cursory glance at their proceedings in this direction. The public judgment has for years decided that our docks required considerable extension. The increased size of our ships, the screw propeller, the valves, which in steam-ships are below the water-line, had made this extension desirable years ago; but when it was decided to build ships of iron, and to send them to sea uncoppered, the necessity for frequent docking seemed almost to have convinced the Admiralty. When the Admiralty is nearly persuaded, it always appoints a Committee, in hopes to postpone for a little while longer the dreadful day when it may be obliged to take a decision. A Committee reported on the necessary extension of Chatham-yard some years ago, but Portsmouth and Plymouth were carefully excluded from its purview. At last a Committee of the House of Commons was called upon in 1864 to report on the general question. The report of that Committee showed the appalling destitution of the country in this particular when compared with France. At Portsmouth works were required which would take a million and a half of money: 20,000*l.* is taken in the estimates, which will give above seventy years for the completion of the undertaking. Plymouth is still more scurvily treated. Cork is to receive a little more attention. The West Indian and North American squadron is without a dock in its whole range, and some one is to go to Bermuda to *inquire* into a subject already thoroughly well known. At Malta, a still more absurd arrangement has delayed the creation of a dock. We are assured that a house divided against itself cannot stand. What shall we say of a Board of Admiralty so divided? Two members of the Board and a Secretary



Secretary make a Board of Admiralty. Two members of the Board visited Malta two years ago to decide on the best situation for a new dock. The highest naval authorities there had decided according to common sense, that the dock should be near the dockyard, and in a sheltered position. The Governor of Malta had decided, however, for some local reason, that he would prefer the dock in a more exposed part of the harbour, and two miles from the dockyard. The Board rejected common sense and the recommendation of its authorised and competent advisers, and adopted this most unwise proposal. This outrageous folly was delayed by Parliament, and the same Board, constituted, however, this time of two other members, went out to Malta last year and reversed the former decision. The dock, it is to be hoped, will now be made where it will be available for the public service.

This last instance is such an excellent example of the manner in which the Board of Admiralty works, that it is worth while to examine the constitution of the Admiralty. The Board of Admiralty consists of the First Lord, usually a civilian of high political standing; of four naval officers, chosen partly for their political leaning, and partly for their professional knowledge; and one junior Lord, selected from the rising young men of the party, and generally supposed to have a smattering of finance. To this six-headed representation of the Lord High Admiral are added two Secretaries—one a political partisan, and removable on a change of Government, the other a permanent official. Any two of the members of the Board and a Secretary are a Board of Admiralty, and have it in their power to reconsider and reverse the judgments of their colleagues whenever it may seem meet to them to do so. Subordinate to the Board are the permanent heads of departments,—the Comptroller of the Navy, the Storekeeper-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, the Accountant-General, the Hydrographer, the Medical Director-General, the Director of Transports, the Director of Works. These officers are permanent servants of the public, irremovable, except from misconduct or by superannuation, and irresponsible to any one but to the Board of Admiralty.

Let us for a moment examine this system. The department which leads to the greatest expense is that of the Comptroller of the Navy. He is a naval officer, without any special knowledge of ship-building, chosen for his professional qualifications. He is at the head of the dockyards, and is supposed to be responsible to the Board of Admiralty for the building and repairs of the fleet. Subordinate to him again is  
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the Chief Constructor, who is the real planner and builder of our men-of-war, but who is responsible to no one but his immediate superior, the Comptroller, for the due execution of his duty.

How does this work? The country requires a change in the class of ships for its sea-service. The First Lord of the Admiralty, much distracted with other State affairs, at last finds time to yield to the necessity. He and a colleague, with the Secretary, having duly consulted the Treasury (if the expense be not provided in the estimate), desire the Comptroller to prepare drawings which shall carry out their views, and the Comptroller turns the matter over to the Chief Constructor. The vessel is designed, possibly on a good plan, and the Comptroller reports to the Board. Then begins the difficulty. The six Lords have each individually assigned to them certain fractions of duty at the Board. For the due performance of these duties the Board is collectively responsible, but for the execution of the separate duties described in the 'Distribution of Duty,' they are only responsible to each other. The result of this is, that the habit of the Board is a system of compromise, not only on minor matters of detail, but on subjects of great importance. Science is frequently obliged to yield to prejudice. In the case now under discussion, the design of the Chief Constructor, a good shipbuilder, approved by the Comptroller, a competent judge of what is needed specially for the Navy, is submitted for discussion to six gentlemen, none of whom need know anything about design, who are overworked with official routine, and each of whom probably has some preconceived and crude imagination to gratify. One, perhaps, has a belief in wooden walls, thinks that iron is liable to sink, and states that a large quantity of timber has been bought, and is in store, and that, if they take to iron shipbuilding, he will get into a scrape for having ordered so much timber in his special department. The Board feels for its erring member, and decides that the Comptroller's design shall be carried out in wood rather than in iron. Another Lord has charge of the Ordnance of the Navy. He confidently affirms that no gun above a certain weight can be used on a broadside, whilst another asserts that the broadside is the only place where guns can be used. Another compromise is resorted to, and numerous ports and small guns are ordered to be inserted in the design. In addition to this, each Lord is daily besieged by a multitude of rival inventors, some of them friends of his own; and as the Lords have no individual responsibility—through a judicious use of compromise among the various members of the Board, the Comptroller finds his design further embarrassed by a number of untried experiments.



ments. This slight example may serve to show how impossible it is for the Admiralty system to work well. The same argument will hold good through all the varied duties, which are performed, as well as may be, by the permanent heads, and marred in the performance by the action of the Board of Admiralty. The Admiralty also, in an evil spirit of centralization, gradually encroaches more and more on the independent action of the naval officers in command. The electric telegraph has led them to believe, not only that they can put fleets in motion, but that they can control them in every detail on distant stations. This incessant meddling is particularly unfortunate for the public service, and restrains that freedom of action which is essential to success.

It must also be remembered that the abolition of the Navy Board has altered the whole character of the business conducted by the Admiralty. Until the Navy Board was abolished, the Admiralty employed the Navy Board to build ships for them, and otherwise to supply the fleet with what was required for its efficiency. The Admiralty in this acted as the agent for the public, and dealt with the Navy Board, which was watched as the producer of the articles required by the public for the navy. No doubt the Navy Board manufactured at the public expense, but a check existed in the very jealousies and rivalries of the two departments; and though it was not a perfect system, the public had some control. Now the Board of Admiralty are not only the agents for the public, but the producers; and they act, moreover, in such a manner, that the responsibility is diluted, and it is never known to whom it attaches.

We should look with more complacency upon the government of the Navy by a board, if in days gone by the Admiralty had ever shown cause to lead us to believe that they had in any way contributed to our naval successes. It is easy to show, however, that no such credit is to be attributed to them. The true mark of ability in war is, with forces inferior on the whole, to be superior to the enemy on the point of attack. Let us look at a few instances of the capacity of the Admiralty measured by this standard. After two years of war, Lord Howe encountered the French fleet with an inferior force. At Cape St. Vincent fifteen sail-of-the-line were opposed to twenty-seven. At the Nile a victory was gained by an inferior fleet. At Trafalgar, and off Ferrol, the disparity was in favour of our enemies. It may, perhaps, be said that the Admiralty had a right to count on the navy being victorious against any odds. Have they any right to hold such an opinion? There *was* no doubt a slight superiority to be reckoned as due to an English frigate over a French frigate of equal force; but it may safely  
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be asserted that no English 12-pounder frigate ever took a French 18-pounder frigate; and the Admiralty, at least, commanding as they did the largest force, rarely contrived to be superior in numbers on the day of battle. Their conduct of the American war, in 1812, was still more deplorably inefficient; and it may be said with confidence that our defeats in that war were distinctly to be attributed to the Admiralty, our successes to the individual commanders. The same character holds good in every administration.

We have in our recollection the Admiralty neglect of Sir Charles Napier in the Baltic, and the gunboats that were not built till the war was well nigh over; and we have already alluded in the course of this article to the general state of our distant squadrons. The true remedy is to be found in a change in the mode of governing the Navy. Let the head of the Navy be an individual, and not a board. Let us have personal supervision, and not a diluted responsibility; one strong spirit to command, and not six-water grog. Let this Minister of Marine, or Secretary of the Navy, be a Cabinet Minister, a Statesman of enlarged views and capacity, and a Member of Parliament; if possible in the House of Commons. If, in addition to these qualifications, he is also a naval officer, it will be so much the better for the profession and the country. Under him let there be two political Under Secretaries, one in each House, and then let the heads of the departments under them be selected for their competency in the special knowledge required in each of the divisions of business conducted under the Admiralty. Let the chief constructor be a shipbuilder, responsible to the Minister of Marine for the ships he produces. Let there be a naval officer of rank and experience, responsible for the manning of the Navy, its discipline, the Coast-guard, and the Naval Reserve; an accomplished Surveyor at the head of the hydrographical department; a naval officer in charge of the ordnance; the Director of Transports; the Medical Director-General; the Comptroller of Victualling; the Storekeeper-General; the Accountant-General; the General of Marines,—each at the head of his department, and personally responsible to the Minister of Marine for its complete efficiency. Let the officers in command of the Dockyards be responsible for the economy and efficiency of their respective establishments; and while rigidly enforcing well-considered laws and regulations, leave full scope to the zeal of well-selected officers on distant commands. Thus will your Navy recover its vigour, and the nation its prestige.

It is instructive to compare our crude and unsatisfactory system



system with that which has developed, in spite of all disadvantages, the formidable navy of the Federal Americans. There the Secretary of the Navy is all-powerful, and exacts from the various chiefs of bureaux the most accurate attention to the necessities of the sea-service. The whole armament of their ships has been changed, and cannon of enormous calibre now form their ship-batteries. 'The governing rule in arming our ships-of-war,' says the Report, 'has been to place on board of them the very heaviest and most effective guns they can bear with safety.' The result of this arrangement is, that their new first-rate, with only 48 guns, throws a broadside of 2606 lbs.; whilst the English 91-gun line-of-battle ship throws only 2120 lbs. But the American guns are thus arranged: one 150-pounder, rifled, pivot; one 11-inch smooth bore, do.; forty-two 9-inch smooth bore, broadside; four 100-pounders, rifled, do.; and four howitzers.

Their second-rate carries two 100-pounders, rifled, pivot; twenty 9-inch smooth bore, broadside; two 60 rifled, do.; and two howitzers, and throws a broadside of 1220 lbs.

Their third-rate carries two 100-pounders, rifled, pivot; four 9-inch smooth, broadside; two 24-pounders, smooth, do.; two 20-pounders, rifled, do., and throws a broadside of 424 lbs.

Their smaller rates are equally armed, in proportion to their size; whilst some of their Monitors, on the turn-table and turret principle, are armed to fire as much as 1764 lbs. in one direction. It is worthy of remark, though the boastful tone in which it is related rather injures so valuable a State Paper, that the victory of the 'Kearsage' over the 'Alabama' is justly attributed to the deadly injuries inflicted upon the 'Alabama' by the 11-inch shells fired from the two pivot guns of the 'Kearsage'; and in spite of the lesson conveyed by this example, brought to our very shores near a year ago, we have no such guns yet afloat; whilst guns of even 15 inches in diameter are in use in the Federal navy.

We have endeavoured shortly to review the state of our Navy. We have suggested that it cannot be wise that the country, which is the consumer, should allow its agent, the Admiralty, to be the producer, the purchaser, and judge. We have pointed out that we are being gradually distanced by rival nations. No doubt our private manufacturing power is so great that with time we may again overtake them; but even such gigantic establishments as those of the Thames, or Millwall Iron Companies, or those of the Messrs. Laird, or Napier, would be in the 'Gazette' in a week if they adopted the plan of the British Admiralty.

But no change can be anticipated under a government such as the present. Pledged to political Reform, they have broken every en-  
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gement. They have stayed the course of administrative Reform, so wisely, so temperately, so judiciously planned and commenced by Lord Derby; and it is fervently to be hoped that one of the first acts of his next advent to power will be to carry out the views so clearly expressed by Sir John Pakington before the Admiralty Committee in 1862, and entirely remodel the government of the Navy.

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ART. VI.—1. *First Annual Report of the Bishop of London's Fund*, January, 1865.

2. *Statistics as to the Religious Condition of London*, &c. 1864.

3. *A Letter to the Bishop of London*. By Rev. C. Girdlestone, M.A., and Rector of Kingswinford, Staffordshire. 1863.

4. *Churchman's Family Magazine*. November and December, 1863.

LONDON contains within it about as many people as the whole of Scotland, and adds to itself yearly a population equal to that of York or Derby. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that the great metropolis should have become somewhat unmanageable, and that its condition in many respects should be far from creditable to the first city of the world. But it is fair to remember that this is true in other departments besides those connected with religion. The State and the Municipality, as well as the Church, have their difficulties and their shortcomings arising from the same cause. With all our elaborate apparatus, backed by our national wealth, there is much which might well make us blush in matters affecting the intellectual, moral, and physical wellbeing of the inhabitants of the metropolis. Notwithstanding our Revised Code, our new Poor Laws, and our Metropolis Management Acts, there is really no adequate provision made either for the education of the people, the relief of the poor, or the maintenance of our thoroughfares. One hundred thousand children are still left unprovided with proper places of education; the daily papers contain occasional reports of men and women dying of starvation at our very doors; and those who chance to stray into some of our newly-erected suburbs can tell us, out of a painful experience, the disgraceful state of the streets in such localities. The houses are inhabited almost before they are finished, and the speculative builder and fortunate landlord have achieved a great success. But outside the houses themselves all is dirt and desolation. The narrow roads are left to the influences of sun and rain, unmade and uncared for by human hands, and a few flickering lamps serve only  
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to make darkness visible, and to perplex the passer-by. There appears to be no obligation resting upon any one, or at least none that is effectual, to provide either sufficient light or passable ways for the newly-gathered population; and in the midst of this dirt and darkness, disease and vice too often find an easy entrance. As regards the spiritual necessities of the population, the case is very much the same. The newly-gathered population is left to shift for itself in these matters as best it can. Many of the people, fresh from the seclusion of country villages, reared under the very walls of the parish church, and accustomed to take their place there from week to week, are pained at first to find themselves so shut out from all opportunities of worship for themselves, and of schooling for their little ones; but, creatures of habit, like the rest of us, they soon get used to these new circumstances. They find, in the excitement of the public-house, never left unprovided in the newest neighbourhood, a substitute for the holier occupation of their early sabbath-days; the children prosecute their studies in the open streets and dingy courts, and learn the secrets of a vicious life, instead of the elements of useful knowledge; and when, at last, the minister of Christ is sent among them, too truly a 'missionary' clergyman in the work he has to do, he finds, instead of the hearty welcome which once he might have had, a population to be reclaimed from coldness and indifference, if not from open infidelity and vice.

Every day there seems less prospect that the State should interfere in a matter of this kind, even in behalf of its own Established Church. The present idea of the relations of Church and State would appear to be that the rights are all on one side, and the responsibilities on the other. And yet it is certainly a matter in which the State has an interest as well as the Church. It would be no great hardship upon landowners or builders, if, in covering a large area with houses, whether for rich or poor, they should be compelled to reserve a certain space, at a fair market price, for church, or school, or chapel. Robert Nelson, of pious memory, made even a bolder suggestion, writing a hundred and fifty years ago. 'It is to be wished,' he says, 'that the publick would concern themselves in a matter of such great importance . . . . and especially where buildings increase, they would hereafter oblige the ground landlords, when they build such a number of houses, to erect a church, which might contain the new inhabitants.' But if the hope of a legislative remedy is to be abandoned, where are we to look for help? To the owners of the soil? How faint, except in a few noble instances, is their sense of the obligation resting upon

them! To the incumbents of the parishes? In most cases these clergymen are already bowed down by a burden too heavy for them to bear. To the Bishop of the diocese? We have—wonderful to say—only one Bishop over more than a thousand clergy, and nearly three millions of souls!

But it is not only in respect of the Episcopate, but as regards its whole ecclesiastical organisation, that the Diocese of London is undermanned. The Archdeacon is an officer who should keep a watchful eye upon increasing parishes, and bring to the notice of the Bishop any cases where it would be necessary to interfere. But, as things are at present, with only two Archdeacons, and these already full of engagements of other kinds, to expect them to keep their eyes on all the corners of this vast diocese is a mere absurdity. Something, no doubt, may be done through the wisely-revived agency of 'Mural Deans,' as these functionaries have been happily called, in the Diocese of London; but, in a system like that of the Church of England, the evils of insufficient oversight must always be rapidly and extensively felt, and in our schemes of Church-extension we should do well to bear this steadily in mind.

The Bishop of the Diocese has come forward with a stirring appeal on behalf of the destitute portion of his vast flock, and by the aid of a most influential Committee he has launched a scheme worthy at once of his high position and of the momentous interests which are at stake. A country clergyman, the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, the well-known commentator, felt himself moved to write to the Bishop about two years ago, to prefer a serious but somewhat unusual complaint. He had owned some chambers in London for some years past, and had never been asked to subscribe in any way towards the spiritual relief of his poorer brethren in the metropolis. The remedy for his special grievance was, of course, simple enough. But Mr. Girdlestone boldly suggested that justice should be done to his fellow sufferers as well as to himself. He proposed, in short, that some inquiry should be made as to the unmolested owners of property, great and small, in the metropolis, and that some opportunity should be afforded them of discharging the obligation which was no doubt weighing heavily upon them. The Bishop was not slow to adopt the suggestion. It was no new thought to him, and being advised that it would be desirable to summon a meeting of some of the more prominent among the landowners and employers of labour in the metropolis, in order to enlist, if possible, their sympathies and support in the work of Church Extension, he convoked such a meeting at London House, and from it there emanated, after some discussion, the proposal to raise a Million of money in ten years  
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for the relief of spiritual destitution in the metropolis and its suburbs.

The details of the scheme are probably now familiar to most of our readers. We can only here repeat the list of objects to be embraced in the operations of the fund. These objects were to be as follows:—1. Missionary Clergy or additional Curates; 2. Scripture Readers; 3. Mission Women; 4. Clergymen's Residences; 5. Schools; 6. Mission Rooms or School Churches; 7. Endowment of Old or New Districts; 8. Endowment of Curacies; 9. Building of Churches. And thus the great scheme was launched, and rolled away with all sails set to catch the breeze from whatever quarter it might chance to blow. With such an ingenious adjustment of canvas every wind would be fair, and although the course might not be very direct, the voyage would in any case be prosperous. Once fairly under weigh, the committee set themselves to study the chart, and they appointed a Special Committee; after months of laborious investigation this Committee published a careful report, under the title of 'Statistics as to the Religious Condition of London.'

There are one or two features in this paper of statistics which we ought not to leave altogether unnoticed. We are happy to observe that in framing their report the Committee have not omitted to consider that there were other Christian communities at work in the diocese besides the Church of England. They have made ample allowance for what these bodies are doing, and for what they might be expected to do, and they have made their calculations accordingly. These various communities have done much to fill up the gaps in our ecclesiastical arrangements, and to overtake the work which the Church has been obliged to leave undone. We may wish that the Church had been able to occupy the whole field; but we can have imbibed little of the spirit of St. Paul, or of his Master and ours, if we cannot say with him 'Everyway Christ is preached, and therein I do rejoice; yea, and I will rejoice.'

The Statistical Committee found that, after making every allowance for the labours of other communities, there yet remained in the Diocese of London about One Million of persons for whom no adequate provision was made either as regards public worship or pastoral care.

It is somewhat remarkable that the result thus attained should agree so accurately as it does with the estimate of Bishop Blomfield, formed on a similar occasion nearly twenty years ago. 'It is fearful to think,' he says, 'and yet I see not how we can escape the conclusion, that more than a million of souls in this vast aggregate of human beings are unprovided with the means

of grace, and that for want of them thousands and thousands are suffered to pass every year into the eternal world, in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, having no share in the comforts, or privileges, or hopes of the Gospel.' But the standard by which Bishop Blomfield estimated the deficiency was considerably higher than that now assumed by the Report before us. Judged by the same rule as that which he had adopted, our destitute million of to-day would be changed for a number larger still.

Such being the state of the case, it must at once be allowed that the Bishop and his committee had made no unnecessary demand upon the liberality of the Church when they asked for even the large annual income of 100,000*l.* for ten years to come. If they had needed encouragement, they had only to call to mind what had been done in other quarters for similar ends. They would naturally look back to the very similar effort made by the predecessor of the present Bishop. The Church-Extension scheme of Bishop Blomfield had the same ultimate object in view, and had to draw its resources from the same quarters. Two months after the publication of his proposal in 1836 the subscriptions reached 74,000*l.*; and before the close of that year they exceeded 106,000*l.* Within twelve months from the issuing of his appeal, the whole sum promised to his Fund was, in round numbers, 120,000*l.*, of which there was actually paid within the same period upwards of 90,000*l.*; and, ultimately, instead of building fifty churches, as he originally proposed, he was enabled, through the operation of his Fund, to provide no fewer than seventy-eight, and to add more than 150 clergy permanently to the staff of the diocese.

But there is another and a very different quarter to which the Committee might have looked for an example of what may be done in a cause like that of which they had become the champions.

The famous utterance of Dr. Chalmers with regard to Bishop Blomfield's scheme has often been quoted. 'Advise him,' said the Doctor, 'to be more moderate in his views, otherwise his whole scheme will be nothing more than a devout imagination, impossible to be realised.' Within a few years after expressing this opinion, Dr. Chalmers himself was called, in the providence of God, to take the lead in a very similar movement, and with at least an equal success. In the year following what is called the Disruption of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland there was raised by the Free Church, as a general fund for church-building alone, and chiefly by the exertions of Dr. Chalmers, the sum of 85,000*l.* In the following year, a similar effort on behalf of schools produced nearly 40,000*l.* And in the next year again another fund



fund was commenced for the erection of parsonages, which, during a course of years, produced upwards of 100,000*l.* Altogether, during the fifteen years which immediately followed the Disruption, there was raised for such purposes only as are included within the scheme of the Bishop of London, a general fund of not less than 2,000,000*l.*, in addition to a further sum of about the same amount, contributed locally for the same objects; and at this present time there is still raised for one of these purposes only, namely, the payment of ministers' stipends, a sum of about 120,000*l.* yearly, in addition to about 100,000*l.* more, raised locally by congregations for the same object. All this has been done, and is being done, in a country far inferior in wealth to our own, whose whole population scarcely exceeds that of the diocese of London, and by a Church which does not number more than one-third of that population among its adherents, and these for the most part of the middle and lower classes. No doubt a large allowance must be made for that excitement of controversy which unhappily appears to be a more powerful stimulus than almost any other to liberality of this kind; nor would we forget the urgent necessity of their position when the seceding half of an Established Church found themselves beginning their new career without stipends, churches, parsonages, or schools. But on the other hand, we are bound to remember that while the feeling of animosity which once prevailed is happily abated, the amount contributed for these purposes is not only undiminished, but is increasing every year. The sum raised by the Sustentation Fund alone (that is to say, for ministers' stipends), during the past year, was very nearly twice as great as it was in the first vigour of the movement, twenty years ago. It is impossible to deny the fitness of the language in which the leaders of the Free Church characterise these efforts as a great and marvellous success. But there can surely be no reason why this success should not be rivalled by the Bishop of London's Fund. In a diocese which may be called the head-quarters of the Church of England, and which includes within it the richest city of the world; in a city containing a large number of the world's wealthiest inhabitants, and attracting to itself, for many months in every year, a multitude of wealthy visitors; in the metropolis of England, with its yearly rental of probably 17,000,000*l.*, on which a rate of three halfpence only would produce the whole sum of 100,000*l.*, annually required; under such circumstances as these, so far at least as regards the sources of supply, the success of such an enterprise ought not for a moment to be doubted. We might point to several other quarters where similar efforts have been made with results full of encouragement

agement to the Committee of the Bishop's Fund. We need only, however, allude further to one of the most recent, the Church-Extension movement in Leeds, for which, in the course of not more than ten months, a sum has been raised of about 55,000*l.* We venture to hope that the manufacturers and employers of labour in London will follow the noble example of their brethren in Leeds, by whom alone a very large proportion of the above sum has been contributed.

It is time for us now to inquire what measure of success has attended so far the operations of the Bishop of London's Fund. In the Report recently published, and dated 31st December, 1864, we find it stated that up to the end of the eighteen months during which the fund had then existed the total receipts had been, in round numbers, 100,000*l.*; but that further contributions had been promised during the next ten years, or less, amounting to about 72,000*l.* It appears, then, that during the first eighteen months there has been paid or promised a total sum of 172,000*l.* This is no doubt a very considerable sum of money; but it will be seen at once that it falls far short of what was desired. The proposal was to raise 100,000*l.* per annum for ten years. But this is almost exactly the sum which has been raised in a year-and-a-half. The remaining 72,000*l.* has nothing to do with these first years; it is a portion of what is to be contributed in years to come. It has thus taken eighteen months to do the work of twelve.

It is no doubt a cause for thankfulness that nearly 100,000*l.* has been already received for the work of the Church in the diocese of London; but it is a matter of regret that this sum is one-third less than that which was asked, and which was undoubtedly needed. In a movement of this kind the largest measure of success is almost always obtained at the outset, unless by the introduction of some new feature in the scheme, or through some change of circumstances, a fresh impetus is given to the undertaking. The history of Bishop Blomfield's scheme has its lessons of warning as well as of encouragement. His success was for the most part achieved during the first twelve months. The contributions which had been promised during this period amounted to nearly 120,000*l.*: in the next year they had fallen to 10,000*l.*; and in the next to 5,000*l.* A considerable increase, viz., to 13,000*l.*, marked the following year, which was that of the initiation of the special movement in Bethnal Green; but after this period the annual income rapidly diminished, and eventually had almost disappeared. In the present case the Fund has already drawn into its treasury the contributions of almost all the usual donors in such cases; and the number of these, even in our vast metropolis, is  
lamentably



lamentably and shamefully small. A good many more may possibly have been attracted by the novelty and magnitude of the scheme. But the Committee have probably obtained already the largest donations which they are likely to receive; and more than a tenth part of all that has been paid and promised is contributed by two donors of 10,000*l.* each. We do not mean to say that under these circumstances the Committee should be at all discouraged; still less that they should despair; but perhaps it would be well for them at this stage of their operations to consider what causes may possibly have hindered their progress hitherto, and by what means they may hope to ensure a larger measure of success in the time to come.

To these considerations we now address ourselves in the very limited space which we can at present devote to this subject. And first as regards the scheme itself. Its comprehensive character and widely varied objects are, no doubt, to some extent, elements of popularity, but they are also as certainly elements of weakness. The programme seems to be wanting in what we may call individuality. There seems at first sight to be no master idea, no governing purpose apparent in the arrangement of the scheme. It looks like a mere aggregation of the old existing societies. We are no advocates for great novelty in such matters; we would rather stand on the old ways, and strengthen the things that remain. But there is room for fresh combinations and fresh developments where the ancient foundations remain unchanged; and in this sense the Church, like a wise householder, should bring forth out of her treasure things new and old. We remember hearing the present Bishop of London say very happily, in presiding at some public meeting, that he frequently met with persons who, when asked to subscribe to certain objects, had some conscientious objection to the particular scheme put before them, and on that ground withheld the help which (as they professed) they would gladly have given under other circumstances. The Bishop added that, fortunately, there was now such a variety of societies for purposes so manifold, and on principles so various, that if any one who had peculiar views on these subjects would only inform his Lordship what these views were, he believed he could point out to him some channel through which with the safest conscience he might disburse his alms. This thought seems to have been present to the minds of the Bishop and his friends when they drew out the programme of the present scheme. There is ample choice of objects for scrupulous donors, to any one of which their contributions may be given. But a scheme like this, with its nine different objects, must always be extremely difficult to handle.

It is like driving nine horses abreast. It will almost inevitably happen that some will be going too fast, and others will lag behind. And, in fact, such symptoms have already shown themselves. From the summary of grants it appears that one or two of the team have already gone far ahead of all the rest, while two or three more would seem to be almost wholly idle. For these loiterers there are but two alternatives—they must either be whipped up, or sent away. But there is a more serious difficulty attending a scheme so comprehensive. To continue for a moment our homely illustration, each of the team has his admirers, anxious that he in particular should make a good figure. Should he fail, they will at once suppose that he has not been fairly treated, and they will withdraw from the concern. Such difficulties as these must inevitably belong to a scheme like that of the Bishop of London's Fund. Its aim, no doubt, was *one*—viz. to erect and organise new parishes; and it appeared wise to originators to include within its scope all the constitutional elements of a well-arranged parish. But these elements are so diverse as to suggest that an attempt has been made to please everybody—an experiment which has frequently been made, but which we may venture to say has never been very successful. It appears to us that it will now be desirable for the Committee carefully and deliberately to make choice of some more limited and distinctive field of action, and trust, by a well-ordered distribution of their funds, to command and to retain the public support. It is not too late for such a course, and its adoption at this stage of the proceedings might have a very beneficial influence on the prosperity of the Fund. What we should feel inclined to recommend would be the abandonment of rather more than half the objects at present included in the scheme.

First of all, we would relieve the scheme by the removal of endowments from the range of its operations. Since the fund was started, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, by new rules, have amply provided for this object: and of course the Committee will not take upon itself a burden which the Commissioners are ready to bear. We should also recommend that no sums be granted for the building of parsonage-houses in already-formed parishes: not that we undervalue this object; on the contrary, we believe it to be of great importance to the welfare of the Church. But in a scheme like this we feel sure that it will never obtain more than a very small amount of assistance; and therefore, both for its own sake and for the sake of the other objects, it had better be withdrawn. Our next step would be to exclude lay agency of all kinds from the list of objects of the Fund. In making this suggestion we feel bound



bound to say, as before, that it is from no wish to disparage this important element in the work of the Church. We believe that as matters at present stand, especially in reference to the supply of clergy, the question of lay agency is one of very urgent importance, and we hope that the Committee of the Fund will not lose sight of the valuable suggestions which they made on this point in their Statistical Report. But looking at this movement as we do, in the light of a vigorous temporary effort to make some permanent provision for the spiritual necessities of the diocese, we venture to think that its strength had better be reserved for other objects, and that whenever it succeeds in its special purpose it will really do more than by any annual grants to provide for the maintenance and extension of lay agency.

After the withdrawal of these objects we should still have four left, presenting, we believe, an ample field for the operations of the Fund, and these four of such a character as to meet the widely differing opinions which must necessarily prevail as to the best method of distribution. These objects would be Missionary clergy, Mission stations, Churches, and Schools. Those who are in favour of the immediate supply of what is called the 'living agent,' would thus have the first place assigned to them in the more limited scheme; while others, who think that additional clergy are most surely and permanently supplied through the erection of churches, would not find themselves excluded. A large number of persons, who feel very strongly that one of the most hopeful means of evangelising the careless and ignorant is through the education of their children, have here a provision made for the adoption of their favoured plan. And lastly, in the mission station there would be secured a kind of neutral territory, where each of these different parties would find something consonant to their own peculiar views.

It is partly for this reason that we would further venture to recommend that a very large proportion of the Fund should now be expended in providing these mission stations. The Committee have explained very clearly in one of their papers what is meant by this term:—'By the term mission station we have in view a place which may be used not only for religious services, but also for schools, either day, or evening, or ragged, and for any other purposes, such as lectures, Bible classes, and mothers' meetings, which are now so frequently, and with so much benefit, adopted in populous parishes.' This is precisely the arrangement which we so strongly urged in writing upon this subject four years ago,\* and we see no reason to alter our opinion. We are glad to find that it is put

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cix. p. 114.

prominently forward in several of the papers published in connexion with the Fund, and we only further hope that it may have a very large share of attention in the expenditure. Of the forty-eight missionary clergy who have already been set to work by the Fund, there must be a large number very inadequately provided with the 'matériel' which is absolutely necessary if any permanent results are to be secured. The sheep must have a fold as well as a shepherd, if they are to be kept in safety. Mere street-preaching, or even house-visiting—most desirable as they are in themselves—will be comparatively unproductive unless there be some settled centre to which all these efforts converge, and from which they will far more successfully emanate. But it is not only for these newly-appointed missionary clergy that such provision is required. In almost every poor and populous parish there is room for the work of a mission-station; there is a great deal of work to be done which cannot be done within the walls of the Church; and we heartily agree with the Committee in one of their statements, that 'even in cases where the number of clergy has not been increased, the provision of a mission station might promote the success of their work, and greatly add to its efficiency.' We are sure that it would, and we hope that this part of the scheme may not be overlooked.

We firmly believe that if for the present the Committee were to suspend all their other operations, and to confine their attention to this one point, they would not only confer a more permanent blessing upon their destitute brethren than by almost any other course, but they would also obtain a far larger response to their appeal for funds than they have yet had, or are likely otherwise to obtain. A proposal to build fifty mission stations in poor and populous parishes would, we feel assured, give new life to the movement and conciliate a very large amount of public support. But there is one particular form of mission station to the providing of which the Committee ought to feel themselves peculiarly bound. We mean that which was recommended so strongly by Mr. Girdlestone in his published letter. It is simply this,—to begin by 'providing in destitute parishes a parsonage-house, with a mission room attached, and thus combining the social influence of a clergyman's home with a provision not only for public worship, but for other meetings and occasions connected with parochial work.' This mission-parsonage is really almost the only novel feature in the whole scheme, and to our minds it is one of the most attractive. It is also one of which almost all parties could wholly approve. We trust to learn from the next Report that it has been put in the way of being fairly and extensively tried.

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We will venture to make one or two further suggestions in regard to the general management of the Fund. We need say little as to the importance of aiming at permanence in the work which is done. The Committee, we feel sure, are quite agreed with us in this matter, and they have already had a good deal of advice on this point from other quarters. One part of that advice, however, we trust they will never follow,—we mean as regards funding their money and dealing only with the interest of the capital sum. Such a course would be completely at variance with the character of the Fund. Rather let them spend their money as quickly as they can, consistently with a wise distribution. An empty exchequer is an admirable basis for a fresh appeal, if only there be something to show for what has been already expended. But for the same reason the Committee should be careful as to increasing their annual liabilities beyond the bounds of prudence. The charitable public does not much like to contribute towards the discharge of obligations already incurred. If new work is to be done new funds will be forthcoming; but if the money is required for the payment of existing debts it will not be found easy to command either attention or assistance. By all means let the annual grants be continued in such proportion as may be necessary in order to render available to the fullest extent the permanent provisions which may be made. There would be no use in providing the mere machinery without the motive power. But there is as little good in having that motive power in excess of the machinery. In a movement of this kind there is always a strong temptation to do what is popular rather than what is prudent, and to adopt methods which have in them some element of that excitement which is so unhappily characteristic of our times, because the apparent results they produce are, in some measure, direct and tangible. But we must beware of what is called ‘sensation’ in matters of this kind. Let us not think of applying to the great interests of religion the popular maxims of commercial speculation. This is not the sphere of ‘quick returns and small profits.’ The work is one which needs both faith and patience, and in which we may have long to wait before we see the fruit brought to perfection. We must lay our foundations deep, if our work is to remain. We must be ready to forego some popular applause if we would entitle ourselves to the praise of posterity. And it is for this reason that we would strongly urge that in everything that is done the constant aim should be to strengthen and extend the existing parochial system, which has already stood the test of so many centuries. We are quite aware that among some of the active religionists of our day it is

often

often said that this system has failed. On this point we are glad to quote the words of the Bishop of Ripon, himself for some time a London rector in one of the destitute parishes. Speaking in the Northern Convocation, some weeks ago, he said 'He would entirely and unhesitatingly deny that the parochial system had failed. If the benefits derived from that system had not been so great as they ought to have been, it only proved that they had not made that system co-extensive with the wants of the country. Call any new scheme by what name they pleased, he should be most jealous of it if it had a tendency in any way to clash or interfere with the parochial system.'

Once more, it appears to us that it ought to be one of the leading principles in the management of this fund to elicit as much help as possible from local sources, and to consider carefully how this can best be done. We have considerable faith in the power of even the poorest neighbourhoods to contribute towards the supply of their own wants if once they are put in the way of doing so. But it is evident that what they can most easily do is to raise small sums continuously, and that what they cannot do is to raise a large sum within a limited time. It would seem, therefore, most advisable to look to them in every case for some portion of the annual stipends, and to assist them more liberally in the larger undertakings which require an immediate expenditure of considerable sums of money. Once fairly established, these institutions, whether schools, or churches, or mission stations, might in a great degree depend for their maintenance upon those continuous offerings, however small, which can be obtained even in the poorest neighbourhoods. We feel sure that this principle of requiring a contribution from local sources to meet grants from a central fund, is one of great importance. The Committee are quite agreed with us upon this point also. We quote their own words: 'Although such a population (that is, a poor population) by the union of small contributions may help materially in the maintenance of the services of a church, it is unequal to the original effort which is needed to raise it.' It will be of the greatest importance that this principle should be steadily maintained in the distribution of the fund. On the same principle we would express a hope that the Committee will always endeavour to elicit by their operations as much assistance as possible from the funds in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

We fear that the suggestions we have now made will almost necessarily be unacceptable to some portion of those who have so kindly and zealously interested themselves in the administration of the Fund; but we would fain hope that, in a matter like *this*, there will be a willingness on all sides to make some con-

cessions,



cessions, in order to labour together more effectually for the end which all alike have in view. We trust that the Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund will accept these remarks, not in the light of hostile criticism, but of friendly counsel. It is only from a sincere desire that the fund should have the fullest possible measure of success, that we have ventured to point out what appear to us to be hindrances to its prosperity, and our object has been, by suggesting their removal, to facilitate the flow of contributions into the treasury at Pall Mall.

We can only add a few words more as to the financial future of the fund. We trust that the Committee will not lose sight of the original idea upon which their great work was based, that of putting plainly before the landowners and employers of labour in the metropolis, as well as the other wealthy residents and occasional visitors, their obligations in reference to the relief of spiritual destitution. There must still be a very large number of persons of ample means who have contributed nothing, or have given most inadequately, towards this great work. We heartily wish that we could suggest any argument or appeal of sufficient cogency to affect them in this matter. We live in a luxurious age, where the claims of fashion are apt to take precedence of all other obligations, and where many who feel themselves bound to keep up a certain style and expenditure persuade themselves that this very circumstance relieves them of all responsibility in relation to their poorer brethren, and especially as regards their spiritual necessities. 'How can I possibly subscribe,' says such a man, 'when I have to keep so many carriages and horses?' We are not without hope that a movement so important as that before us may in the long run make some impression upon this, unhappily, large class of the community, and thus not only secure their assistance in the present scheme, but awaken in them a desire to take part at other times in works of Christian charity.

But in the matter of raising their funds, the Committee have still a great work before them. The luxury of spending a million cannot be enjoyed without the labour of getting. It is, however, impossible that this can be accomplished from a central office. Here, too, we must fall back upon the parochial system, and we shall find in it, if rightly used, an admirable agency for our purpose. We must work by parishes, and always, as far as possible, in concert with their respective incumbents. Where the incumbent is not favourable to the movement (but we believe this will very rarely occur), we shall still find some laymen in the parish who will be ready to take the work in hand. The time is now come when the financial prosperity of the fund will almost wholly depend upon arrangements of this kind.

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The larger contributions, as we have said before, are probably gathered in, and as yet they form the great bulk of the sum contributed. The report states 'that the average amount at this time contributed by individual subscribers is almost without precedent in subscription lists.' There may, no doubt, be some ground for congratulation in the circumstance, but we confess that to us it appears also to furnish some cause of regret. It shows that we have not yet reached that lower but more extended stratum of society from which, after all, the larger proportion of the fund must be gathered, if it is to be raised at all. The value of small weekly or monthly contributions is not understood among us as it ought to be, although we are learning something about it, from the widely spreading introduction of the weekly offertory in some of the poorest of our parishes. To give, however, but one instance: if even our destitute million could be prevailed upon to subscribe only a halfpenny a week, they would raise among themselves every year more than the 100,000*l.* which is asked by the Bishop of London. It is here that we find the great strength of the Free Church Sustentation Fund. It exemplifies what Dr. Chalmers used to call 'the power of littles.' It is gathered from the whole body of adherents of the Free Church. From the wealthiest merchant down to the humblest maidservant all are expected to contribute, and, what is more important, almost all are found to do so. The arrangements which would be parochial with us, are necessarily congregational with them. Every church has its elders and deacons, and upon the latter devolves the duty of collecting the offerings of the flock. The system is extremely simple, and thoroughly effectual. We feel sure that something similar has only to be tried among us to secure as complete a success. There is no reason why every congregation in London should not have its body of laymen appointed for this particular work, and it might possibly be the first step towards the establishment of a recognised and commissioned lay agency, such as seems to be thought of in a passage of the Statistical Report to which we have already referred. There is one other suggestion bearing upon the finances which we cannot leave unnoticed. Mr. Kempe, the rector of St. James, Piccadilly, writing in the 'Churchman's Family Magazine,' has alluded to the system adopted, and with considerable success, by the late Sir Henry Dukinfield when vicar of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. He prevailed upon his parishioners to consent to a voluntary rate, with a view to defraying the expenses of the various parochial charities. The poor-rate collectors carried round to each house along with their own bills of assessment a paper stating the amount of the voluntary



tary rate, with a request from the vicar and churchwardens for a contribution of the sum mentioned. The experiment was singularly successful, and this method of collection, which has ever since been continued, still produces a considerable sum. We can very well understand how this should be the case, especially in a parish like St. Martin's, so largely composed of small tradesmen and artisans. These are a class of the population whose names are rarely found in our subscription lists. The conventional guinea is above their mark, and they feel a difficulty in subscribing a smaller sum. But when they are told that what is expected of them is not a guinea but a shilling, or perhaps eighteenpence or half-a-crown at the most, and that they will then be contributing in the same proportion as their own wealthy customers and employers, the difficulty is not only removed, but an inducement is provided which would rarely fail to secure the contribution desired. We thoroughly agree with Mr. Kempe that the experiment is worth a trial on a more extended scale.

In making these remarks we have purposely passed by, although we have never forgotten, the more solemn aspects of the subject before us; but as we draw to a close, we feel them pressing upon us with irresistible power. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this noble enterprise when, passing through the outward details of organization, we discern in it a vast effort for the saving of immortal souls. The life and growth of the Church of Christ has been for the most part marked by recurring seasons of awakening and activity. Its course has been more like that of the rising tide than of the flowing river. Its history is a history of great movements, yielding large and permanent results. It may be that through such a period we are now passing, destined to be fruitful in inestimable blessings, not only for the Church in London, but for the Church of England at large. But if so, there is need of much wisdom, of diligence, and of prayer. The work must be done at once, and done wisely if it is to leave a blessing behind. The busy world of the metropolis, with its absorbing occupations and its luxurious habits, has been arrested for a moment by this unusual movement and activity in the quiet camp of the Church. Its interest has been awakened, but it cannot be long sustained. It is one of those golden opportunities of which few, at most, are found in the course of many generations. If once it passes, it may be long indeed before such another is found.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Clerical Subscription Commission Report.*  
 2. *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1865. *A Speech of the Dean of St. Paul's, &c.*  
 3. *Answer to the Speech of the Dean of St. Paul's against Subscription to the Articles of Religion.* By the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, D.C.L.  
 4. *A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the state of Subscription.* By A. P. Stanley, D.D. 1863.  
 5. *Subscription to the Articles. A Letter to the Rev. Professor Stanley.* By the Rev. J. Mozley. 1863.  
 6. *On Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles.* By Ch. A. Ogilvie, D.D.  
 7. *Notes upon Subscription.* By the Rev. E. Hawkins, D.D., Provost of Oriel.  
 8. *The Liberty of Private Judgment in the Church of England.* A Sermon by the Rev. E. Hawkins, D.D., &c.  
 9. *Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council; with a Preface by the Lord Bishop of London.* 1865.

MOST of our readers may have seen the effect of the stirring of some deep and stately stream by the sudden pouring into it on every side of the thousand freshets which have been awoke by an unwonted fall of rain. There is a rising up of dead and forgotten things from its tranquil depths which might stand for an acted parable of the great final awakening of all departed words, and thoughts, and actions. The present aspect of religious thought amongst ourselves seems to have been subjected to some such law of disturbance. There is scarcely a question of criticism or interpretation—scarcely a faint struggle over a principle, a regulation, or a creed, however deep it may seem to have been buried, however long the quiet waves have flowed over it, and babbled nothing of its presence—which is not being stirred up and brought to the surface of the present seething, eddying tide of theological thought.

There are some who see in all this nothing else than the signs of present vitality and the promise of future progress. Such is Dean Stanley's view, in his paper read at the monthly meeting of the London clergy, at the Rectory of St. James,\* in which he seeks to fix the character of what he terms the theology of the nineteenth century; but which we should rather call the Dean's school of opinion. Judging its peculiarity and its promise to consist, as plain people would gather from his words, mainly in the subjection of all objective truth to speculation

\* 'Fraser's Magazine,' Feb. 1865, pp. 252-262.



—ranging on its side not only its avowed supporters, but, as ‘being penetrated to a considerable degree with the modern spirit,’ its most distinguished opponents, he finds seven distinct reasons for anticipating its final triumph, one of them being ‘the calmness of its advocates’—a startling assertion to the readers of the debates in Convocation, unless the Dean’s name has been inserted by a mistake for that of some fiery advocate of the other side as the utterer of certain recent orations in the Jerusalem Chamber.

To others, the scene suggests very different impressions. They see little beside the muddy slime of the discoloured stream, the passionate whirlpools which disturb whilst they hasten its progress, and the froth and foam boiling around the strange collection of floating substances which for the most part deface the silvered surface that of old had given back the burnished rays of the sun, or mirrored in unbroken outline the encircling heavens. The truth probably lies between these two views of the times in which we live. Such disturbances of long-settled currents of thought are no proof either of depth or of power. They may be accounted for by the sudden rising of what are, after all, but transitory land-springs. There is no proof in such swellings of Jordan that the great depths have been broken up to add new volume to the ancient river. They promise no very magnificent or permanent results, yet they have in them nothing alarming (though the rising waters send abroad a few troublesome beasts of prey who had sheltered in their jungle), unless the river’s banks are overhanging and unsound; and they may even have their utility in sweeping away old accumulations and preparing the cleansed stream for another and a purer calm.

One of these subjects which has now come again to the surface is that of Clerical Subscription. The question has recently been stirred somewhat roughly in the House of Commons. In July, 1863, Mr. Dodson called attention to a petition from certain members of the University of Oxford for the abolition of the requirement of subscription to formularies of Faith as a qualification for academical degrees;\* and in March, 1864, he moved the second reading of a Bill for the abolition of Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles and to the three articles of the 36th Canon, now required as necessary conditions for the degree of Master of Arts or of Doctor in any faculty.† These debates travelled, as might be expected, over far wider grounds than the mere academical question, and brought more or less under review the whole question of subscription to any test as the rule of a national Church.

\* ‘Hansard,’ Third Series, vol. 172, p. 1368.  
Vol. 117.—No. 234.

† Ibid., vol. 174, p. 102.

'The strife,' Mr. Buxton told the House,\* 'was between the principle of religious subjection and the principle of religious liberty. It was impossible to understand the meaning of these tests, or even to imagine any feasible plea for them, unless they were regarded as parts of a great system which emanated in days gone by from the idea that uniformity of belief was the first essential. . . . That idea 300 years ago led the Government of almost every land in Christendom to attempt the extermination, by fire and sword, of all who broke through the required uniformity of belief. This test was in fact nothing else but a miserable rag and tatter of the system which issued from the idea that uniformity of belief was essential. . . . Whilst he admitted the necessity of some such tests for the authorised teachers of a national Church, he strongly detested the tyrannical stringency of the existing subscriptions required of the clergy.'

The struggle which followed was severe, and the issue doubtful. In March the second reading of the Bill was carried by 211 ayes to 189 noes. On the next stage of the Bill in June, the going into Committee was carried in a much fuller House by a majority reduced from 22 to 10, the ayes being 236 to 226 noes; on the 1st of July an amendment to postpone the third reading till this day six months was lost by 10, the numbers being 140 to 150. On the same night, on the direct question of the third reading, the ayes and noes each reached 170, and the casting-vote of the Speaker alone saved the Bill, which passed the same night through its last ordeal, on the question that the Bill do pass, by 173 to 171.

It was plain, after these debates and divisions, that the question could not be quietly shelved; and Lord Palmerston's Government, already touched with the enfeebling hand of age, flew to the familiar resource of a troubled Ministry. It appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. The Commission, it was understood, was to consist of leading men of all schools and parties who were known to have taken interest in the subject, and who were not absolutely resolved either against all subscription or against all modification of that form of it which actually existed amongst ourselves. It required a long catalogue of names in any degree to exhaust such a list. The subject was one with which many men were officially, and some *officially* connected; and their various representatives reached (in the Commission), by various graduations, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Ebury; from the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Wm. Heathcote, and Sir John Coleridge, to Dr. Lushington, Mr. Napier, and Mr. Buxton; and from Dean Milman to Mr. Venn. It might have been thought at first that anything like an unani-

\* 'Hansard,' Third Series, vol. 172, pp. 174, 176.



mous decision would be impossible from twenty-seven such counsellors \* on such a subject.

For granting that some subscription was to be kept, yet how wide in their scope were the questions which remained behind, and invited diversity of judgment! Should subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles be still made obligatory on all clergymen? Might it not be urged that such subscription was altogether unnecessary as the safeguard for the essential doctrines of Christianity, which might be more safely and fully protected by other means; that it tended to create and keep alive, rather than to reconcile, religious differences; that the Articles were framed in an atmosphere of fierce controversy; that they treated of the most profound, abstruse, and agitated theological questions; that on these subjects, bristling with difficulties, they were throughout controversial—speaking, of necessity, the controversial language of their day—requiring very careful study and very wide knowledge of the disputes and opinions of the times in which they were composed, to be distinctly understood; that the calm and deep examination of all the questions involved in such knowledge is not to be expected from young men on entering the Holy Ministry, for that the range of such questions is immense, nay, almost infinite; that even when the definitions of our Articles concern the fundamental truths of our faith, and are—as they are—at once exquisitely subtle, and yet, for their subject-matter, remarkably distinct and clear, that still their dry logical form is the most unpropitious for teaching and avouching the doctrines they enunciate, but that, beside these fundamental truths, they branch out into profound subjects which modern wisdom has concluded to be beyond the verge of human thought, and the power of human language; that their declarations concerning the sacraments are flavoured rather with the polemics of past days than with the enduring spirit of devotion; that thus they are poor teachers of the truth, and no bulwarks against new errors which have sprung up since their construction; that this infirmity has been revealed, whenever their strength for such service has been tested in our Courts; that they have notoriously failed to maintain uniformity of doctrine, since they have been subscribed, through successive generations, by men who are identified with all the different schools of religious opinion known amongst us; whilst the uncertainty in which the question of how

\* The entire list comprised the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, and Dublin; the Earls Stanhope and Harrowby; the Bishops of London, Winchester, St. David's, and Oxford; Lords Lyttelton, Cranworth, and Ebury; Mr. Bouverie; Dr. Lushington; Mr. Walpole; Mr. Napier; Sir John Coleridge; Sir W. Heathcote; Mr. Buxton; the Deans of St. Paul's, Ely, and Lincoln; Archdeacon Sandford; Dr. Jacobson; Mr. Venn; and Mr. Humphry.

far the subscriber is bound to believe, and not merely to acquiesce, in what he subscribes, is an immoral trial of the conscience—leading men, on the one hand, to tamper with sacred obligations, and, on the other, to fall into 'the paralysing torture of doubt? As wide as this, it might assuredly have been expected that the controversy must have opened on the members of this Commission. From its composition it could scarcely have been possible but that there were, amongst its members, those whose disapprobation of any subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles could not have fallen far short of such positions as we have noted above.

In the Report of the Commissioners there is no positive evidence of such difference of opinion having existed. A so-called religious newspaper, indeed, which throughout the sittings professed to have some interior sense of what was proceeding, was wont to whisper its suspicious notes of the internal discords of the Chamber; and when the Report appeared, with the signatures of all the Commissioners, it found, in the unreasoned but clearly-stated conclusions of which it consisted, a new evidence of the fierce dissensions which in their progress had burnt up all the surrounding verdure, and left the charred columns of the naked propositions alone as the surviving witnesses of past volcanic activity. But its information was questionable, and its instinct for suspecting notorious. Nothing has since appeared to justify its surmises. But we have had proof enough that, as might have been supposed, all these views found their advocates in the wide circle to whom the question had been submitted. The speech of the Dean of St. Paul's, published in the last number of 'Fraser's Magazine,' contains all the arguments which it appeared to us might probably have been urged against subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Mr. Napier, in his 'Answer,' whilst he admires the chivalry of 'a Dean errant,' deals unsparingly with what he conceives to have been the unproved and mischievous propositions of the speech, which was meant to show that the required subscription to the Articles and the Prayer-book, taken together, was a very dangerous, a very objectionable, and a very immoral trial of the conscience.\* 'These,' says Mr. Napier, 'are hard words; but hard words are not a substitute for strong or sufficient reasons.'† Mr. Napier's reasons probably appeared to the Commission as they appear to us, 'strong and sufficient' enough to overpower the Dean's words; whilst enough is known by all of us of Dr. Milman, to make

\* 'Clerical Subscription Commission, Answer to the Speech of the Dean of St. Paul's, by the Right Hon. Jos. Napier, D.C.L.,' p. 21.

† Mr. Napier's 'Answer,' p. 30.



us feel sure that in those secret discussions he had something more to urge than the mere element of wordy war.

All of these opinions, then, had to be weighed and answered before any practical conclusions could be gained; and yet answered doubtless they were with a very unusual completeness of reply; since the signature of the author of the paper of objections, which look startling and extreme even in the pages of our contemporary, is subscribed without note of reserve to the recommendation of the very subscription they impugn.

Nor would this be all. Very different estimates may undoubtedly be formed as to the history of subscription amongst ourselves; and those different estimates would inevitably lead to very different practical conclusions as to the nature and even purpose of any changes which should be introduced into it. It might be treated as a set of props and buttresses, which the events of former times had shown to be necessary for the support of the ancient fabric, and which it would be the height of rashness to touch incautiously, or to remove without supplying everywhere their place with similar defences. On the other hand, it might be argued, that in the settlement of these questions we had inherited the records of a fierce struggle, the victors in which had been severe, and harsh, and unapproachable; that our forms of subscription had been drawn up in that hour of bitter triumph, with a hard and ingenious exclusiveness, which it became us to sweep eagerly away to cover our fathers' shame and separate us from their sin.

The admirable paper of Mr. Walpole, which was printed in their Appendix by the Commissioners, and which we shall use freely in these pages, shows how thoroughly these questions were examined in the course of their inquiries.

That they arrived (as the signatures of all the Commissioners to their common recommendations proves them to have done) at a unanimous conclusion, is another proof of the completeness of their sifting of the subject. Nothing short of this could have drawn one harmonious voice out of all the discordant utterances with which such discussions must have opened. What that conclusion was, we will presently set before our readers; but for the present it will suffice to say, that should their recommendations be adopted, two considerable alterations of our present practice will have been effected. There will be first a great simplification and diminution in number of the oaths and declarations which are now binding on the clergy. This of itself will be a clear gain, since all needless oaths and all unnecessary declarations are of course an evil in themselves. But, further, there will be a considerable relaxation in the stringency of the declarations.

*This,*

This, too, seems to us a clear gain. All excessive stringency in such subscriptions destroys its own efficiency. For the assertion of an absolute unity of view, which is really incompatible with the inalienable freedom of the human mind, must introduce either conscious falsehood, which swallows the whole declaration at a gulp, or a latitude in the use of the common words, the limits of which, being left to the conscience of each individual, are practically wholly unrestricted. The words of our existing declarations, though patient, no doubt, of reasonable explanation and defence, can hardly be cleared from the charge of tending towards this dangerous extreme.

Of what uninspired book can it be safe to require of every beneficed clergyman (as we do in the case of the Book of Common Prayer) to declare that he gives his 'unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by it? This form, the invention, be it remembered, of Parliament, and not of the clergy, bears on its front the marks of the unhappy time when it was enacted. The acts of that era (1662) are often spoken of as if they embodied only the violence of the restored party, and many hard words have in consequence been uttered against the leading Churchmen of that day. It is perfectly true that those were reactionary times, and that there was a hardness and violence in many towards the defeated faction which is worthy of all censure and regret. But this is far from being the whole statement of the case. Such an enactment as this witnesses quite as much to the sin of the provokers of such violence, as to the existence of that which they evoked. All the violence and fraud, all the dishonesties and cant by which the Puritans had ejected Churchmen from their benefices, and through which they now sought to keep out from their rights the returning claimants, are written broad in these rigid letters. No doubt there was something of the insolence of present triumph in such a declaration, but there was also the desire to frame something which it should be impossible for the loosest Puritan to utter, and so retain the post to which possession of doubtful legality was the only plea against the claims of returning and more rightful owners. This was, no doubt, the intention of Parliament in requiring so trenchant a declaration. But when the peculiar evils of the times which required, or seemed to require, such strait bonds to be laid upon all liberty of opinion, have passed away, it is surely desirable that this excessive strictness should be relaxed. Such has been the decision, and, we think, the wise decision, of the Commissioners. The case of this single declaration is a good example of the necessity of an accurate knowledge of the history of our existing forms of subscription



scription as a preliminary to forming any sound judgment on the degree in which they can be safely altered or relaxed; and this history, at least in outline, it may be well, before going further into the question, to trace out. Two important facts appear distinctly in its course; first, that subscription marks a period of liberty; and secondly, that whenever it was strained to any extreme strictness, it was devised, not by the clergy, to coerce opinion amongst themselves, but by the laity, in their jealous care of the religious teaching of their established guides.

Before the Reformation no subscription was required from the body of the clergy, as none was necessary. The Bishops at their consecration took an oath of obedience to the king, in which, besides promising subjection in matters temporal, they 'utterly renounced and clearly forsook all such clauses, words, sentences, and grants, which they had, or should have, of the Pope's Holiness that in any wise was hurtful or prejudicial to His Highness or His Estate Royal;' whilst to the Pope they bound themselves by oath to keep the rules of the Holy Fathers, the decrees, ordinances, sentences, dispositions, reservations, provisions, and commandments Apostolic, and to their powers to cause them to be kept by others.\* And as their command over their clergy was complete, and they could at once remove any who violated the established rule of opinion, no additional obligation or engagement from men under such strict discipline was requisite. The statement, therefore, that 'the Roman Catholic clergy, and the clergy of the Eastern Church, neither formerly, nor now, were bound by any definite forms of subscription; and that the unity of the Church is preserved there as the unity of the State is preserved everywhere, not by preliminary promises or oaths, but by the general laws of discipline and order;† though true to the letter, is really wholly untrue in its application to the argument concerning subscriptions. For it is to the total absence of liberty, and to the severity of 'the general laws of discipline and order,' and not to a liberty greater than our own, that this absence of subscription is due.

In point of fact, the requirement of subscription from the clergy was coeval with the up-growth of liberty of opinion; whilst the circumstances of the English Reformation of religion made it essential to the success and the safety of that great movement. It was essential to its success; for as it was accomplished mainly by a numerical minority, both of the clergy and laity of the land, there could be no other guarantee for its maintenance

\* Gibson's 'Codex,' vol. i. pp. 116, 117.

† 'Letter to Bishop of London,' by A. P. Stanley, p. 36.

than the assurance that its doctrines would be honestly taught, and its ritual observed by the whole body of the conforming clergy.

Thus the Reformation subscriptions aimed at the prevention of covert Popery, a danger to which the Reforming laity felt that they were exposed by the strong wishes of a majority of their own class; by the undissembled bias of many of the parochial clergy; and by the secret bias of some even of the bishops; whilst the diminution of their absolute control over the clergy lessened the power of enforcing the new opinions when the bishop was sincerely attached to them.

The first and essential requirement of this era was a hearty renunciation of the usurped jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome within the realm. The intensity of the conviction which then pervaded the Legislature of the greatness of this necessity may be measured by the extraordinary severity of the acts by which it was enjoined. The oath of the king's supremacy was passed, and it was made high treason for any ecclesiastical person to refuse to take it. This had been indeed for generations before the Reformation the continual battle-field between England and Rome. The statute book bears abundant witness to the vigorous struggles of the Plantagenets before the Reformation against the usurpations of the Roman Pontiff. It was but natural when the time of full emancipation came, that there should be a certain fierceness in assertion of the long-coveted independence. The feeling of the Puritan Bunyan to a great degree possessed the nation, and they triumphed over the 'old giant' in his decay, who had kept in his strength so ruthless a court and such terrible dungeons; though now, 'by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, he was grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he could do little more than sit in his cave's mouth grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot get at them.\* Nor did the stern resolution to have no more of these old usurpations in any degree die out. The Statutes of Henry VIII.† were indeed repealed in the reign of Philip and Mary; but amongst the first Acts of Elizabeth were those which restored to the Crown of England its ancient jurisdictions. The very title is indicative of the spirit in which the claim was made. It was the assertion of an ancient nationality with which the foreign Bishop had dared to interfere by constituting himself the fountain of jurisdiction in matters spiritual, and exempting so far as he

\* 'Pilgrim's Progress,' p. 78, ed. 1760.

† 28 Henry VIII., c. 10, and 35 Henry VIII., c. 3.



could from their sovereign sway the persons and the causes of the clergy. The substitution of milder penalties in these Acts marked indeed that the time of spasm was passed, whilst they left no doubt as to the absolute determination of the framers of the Acts. The penalty for refusing to take the oath of supremacy was changed from high treason to the loss of promotion, benefice, and office.

The next great requirement of this æra was the use of the new ritual. There existed no doubt amongst many of the clergy a secret love for the old forms; and as on this point a large number of the common people sympathised with them, the authority of the Bishops would not suffice to introduce generally the reformed ritual. This accordingly was enforced by the Acts of Edward\* and Elizabeth;† and in the new ordinal the oath of the King's sovereignty was inserted with a view to bind by its obligation the consciences of all the clergy. Strictly speaking, this was at first their only subscription, so far as actual law, whether of canon or of statute, reached. The liberty of the clergy was not yet complete, and the authority of the Bishops was deemed sufficient to require and to obtain the public reading of a declaration of his faith from every clergyman entering on his cure. For a time this authority sufficed; but growing freedom led to contentions between the clergy and their Bishops. The puritan element which was now beginning to work strongly in the House of Commons made it eager to enforce doctrinal subscriptions on the clergy, and in the 13th year of Elizabeth, when the violence of the Pope making her strong heart quail, she conceded something of her coveted religious independence of her Parliament, an Act was passed 'For the Ministers of the Church to be of Sound Religion,' requiring every minister under the degree of a bishop to declare his assent and subscribe to 'All the Articles of Religion which only concern the confession of the true Christian Faith and the doctrine of the Sacraments.' It has been ever since a moot point whether these words were intended to limit the subscription to certain of the Articles which concerned the fundamentals of the faith, or whether they were used as being at once a compendious description and a passing justification of the Articles. Selden said in his 'Table Talk,'‡ 'There is a secret concerning this. Of late ministers have subscribed to all of these, but by the Act of Parliament that confirmed them they ought only to subscribe to those Articles which contain matters of faith and the doctrine of the Sacraments.' The contrary practice, how-

\* 2 & 3 Edward VI., c. 1, and 5 & 6 Edward VI., c. 1. † 1 Eliz., c. 2.

‡ Title 'Articles,' pp. 3 and 4, quoted by Mr. Walpole in his paper.

ever, prevailed; mainly it seems through the vigorous sway of Archbishop Whitgift, whose 'Articles,' issued in 1583-4, required subscription from all preachers and licensed ministers to the three Articles which are embodied in the 36th canon, and which distinctly name the whole Thirty-nine Articles as those to which subscription is made.\*

This use of Subscription well illustrates our position, that its strength increased with the growth of clerical liberty. That liberty was already expanding into a license which the heavy hand of authority—and few hands were heavier than those of Queen Elizabeth—could scarcely curb. The feeble fingers and semi-Puritan inclinations of Archbishop Grindal had sown the wind, and Archbishops Parker, Whitgift, and Bancroft had to reap the whirlwind. That in the long and often irritating strife which followed, in an age to which the first principles of religious liberty were strange, they were never betrayed into words or acts of unnecessary severity, it is not necessary to assert. The very features of men who are breasting with determined contention the blast of a hurricane assume, unawares to themselves, something of unnatural severity; but this may safely be asserted, that whenever their opponents gained a temporary superiority they manifested a far greater violence. Whitgift did but enforce strictly a solemnly-adopted ritual; but the Presbyterians, even after the return of Charles II., sought to prohibit its use, even in the King's chapel, urging him, when they found him obstinate, at least 'to concede that he would not use it entirely, but only have some parts of it read, with mixture of other good prayers;† and Prynne, in his old age, reflecting probably on his own share in the treatment of Laud, admitted that if, when the Star Chamber, on Chief Justice Finch's motion, sentenced him to lose his ears, it had taken off his head at once, it would not have exceeded his deserts. 'Having seen,' says Echard, 'a thousand unexpected calamities, and growing weary of himself, when he had in a manner no enemies to engage him, he began to look at and to repent of his former career, wishing that when they had cut off his ears they had cut off his head.'‡ On all sides the storm of these angry passions was now gathering blackly round. The removal of the old restraints of episcopal power bred a love of self-assertion in the clergy, which exactly accorded with the growing Puritanism of the time; and the latter part of Elizabeth's

\* Those who wish to go further into the matter may refer to Gibson's 'Codex,' vol. i. 321. See also 'Hist. of the Puritans,' vol. i. pp. 175, 299, and 345; Fuller's 'Church History,' book ix.; Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' vol. xi. 191, 192; 'Articles,' p. 277.

vii. 502.

‡ of Archbishop Laud,' vol. ii. 184.



reign was disturbed by the contests to which this gave rise, and often by the victory of the insurgent clergy over all authority. 'The Brethren\* (for so did they now style themselves), in their churches and charges would neither pray nor say service, nor baptise nor celebrate the Lord's Supper, nor do any other ecclesiastical duty, according to law, but after their own devices.' In this many of the Bishops, hopeless of success in resisting the rising tide, and shrinking from the annoyances to which Whitgift had been subjected, yielded a reluctant acquiescence.

In A.D. 1593 Bishop Bancroft wrote :—

'How carelessly subscription is executed in England I am ashamed to report. Such is the retchlessness of many of our Bishops on the one side, and their desire to be at ease and quietness over their own affairs; and on the other side such is the obstinacy and intolerable pride of that factious sort, as that betwixt both sides, subscription is not at all required, or if it be, the Bishops admit them so to qualify that it were better to be omitted altogether.'†

Nor was this the complaint of an episcopal pen alone. Sir Walter Raleigh, in a passage‡ Mr. Walpole has quoted in his draft report, speaks quite as severely of the present, and with as much alarm for the future. Speaking of the Tabernacle and the Ark, he says :—

'The industry used in the framing thereof, and every and the least part thereof, the curious workmanship thereon bestowed, the exceeding charge and expense in the provisions, the dutiful observance in the laying up and preserving the Holy vessels, the solemn removing thereof, the vigilant attendance thereon, and the provident defence of the same, which all ages have in some degree imitated, is now so forgotten and cast away in this superfine age by those of the family by the Anabaptist, Brownist, and other sectaries; as all cost and care bestowed and had of the Church, wherein God is to be served and worshipped, is accounted a kind of popery, and as proceeding from an idolatrous disposition; insomuch as time would soon bring to pass (if it were not resisted) that God would be turned out of Churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under the hedges; and the officers of the ministry (robbed of all dignity and respect) be as contemptible as these places. All order, discipline, and church government left to newness of opinion and men's fancies; yea, and soon after, as many kinds of religion would spring up as there are parish churches within England; every contentious and ignorant person clothing his fancy with the Spirit of God, and his imagination with the gift of revelation; inasmuch as when the truth, which is but one, shall appear to the simple multitude no less variable than con-

\* 'Rogers on the XXXIX. Articles,' p. 10, reprinted by the Parker Society—quoted by Mr. Walpole.

† 'Rogers on Articles,' ut supra—quoted by Mr. Walpole.

‡ 'First Part of the History of the World,' ch. v. sec. 1.

trary to itself, the faith of men will soon after die away by degrees, and all religion be held in scorn and contempt.'

With the Queen's life expired even the shadowy authority of the Canons for Subscription, which, unconfirmed either by Convocation or Parliament, rested altogether on the sanction of the Bishops and the Crown. It was not too much to fear that universal anarchy was at hand.

In such heavy clouds, angry with the prophecy of future conflict, set the once proud light of the imperious Elizabeth. Nor did the immediate succession of the Crown promise any great improvement. It was not even clear that the new King might not bring with him from his northern Dominion a strong taint of its Presbyterian leaven, which might lift the Puritan section into the supremacy for which it thirsted, and enable it to vent all its animosity alike on Prelacy and Popery. These apprehensions, however, were speedily set at rest; and it was clear that, whatever might be the treatment of the Church of England by the Royal pedant who had mounted the throne, it would not be in favour of Puritanism that his influence would be exerted. The King's language and demeanour at the Hampton Court Conference must have violently dashed to the ground any hopes they had entertained from his Presbyterian nurture, the only effect of which from the unsparing rod of Buchanan in his boyhood down to the privileged invectives of the pulpit in his manhood, had evidently been to exasperate to the utmost pitch of undignified irritation his narrow and selfish nature. Even in the Conference he broke out into language unsuitable, in most men's judgment, for Royal lips. Mr. Walpole quotes from 'Neale's Puritans,' vol. i., 441, ed. 1857, the following choice morsel:—

'If you aim at a Scotch Presbytery, it agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack, and Tom, and Will, and Dick, shall meet and censure me and my Council. Therefore I reiterate my former speech *Le Roy s'avisera*: Stay, I pray, for one seven years, before you demand, and then if you find me grow pursy and fat, I may perchance hearken unto you, for that government will keep me in breath, and give me work enough.'\*

The concluding words of his address to the Puritan ministers present at the Conference, as Neale records them, were no less vehement:—'If that be all your party hath to say I will make them conform themselves, or else I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse—only hang them—that's all.'†

\* Fuller's 'Church Hist.,' B. x. 18; Neale's 'Puritans,' vol. i. 441, ed. 1857.

† Neale's 'History of the Puritans,' vol. ii. p. 14, edit. 1822.



In this temper the King was little disposed to see the troubles which were evidently gathering in the days of the late Queen's decline, come unresisted to an head; and as it was impossible to restore to the Bishops their old autocratic authority over the clergy, he turned at once to the instrument<sup>\*</sup> of Subscription for the maintenance of uniformity of doctrine. Convocation was called together. At its meeting it revised the Canons of the Church and passed amongst them the three articles of Archbishop Whitgift. These were thereupon published with the sanction of the Royal Letters Patent; and, so far as the law spiritual is concerned, have from that time governed the subscription of the clergy as to the doctrines which they undertake to teach. The first of these three celebrated articles asserts the supremacy of the English Crown in moderate and well-weighed language; and whilst dropping the obnoxious title of head of the Church, it declares that the King's Majesty is, under God, the supreme governor of the realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal, and denies all jurisdiction within it to any foreign potentate or power. The second article declares that the Book of Common Prayer contains in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, and may lawfully be used; and the third allows the Thirty-nine Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God.

On this basis matters continued until the proscription of the Church of England under the Commonwealth. Then all the forebodings of the sagacious Raleigh, and all the fears of the pedant James, had been abundantly fulfilled. Crown and Altar, Prelate and Prince, had gone down in the common storm. Mr. Walpole quotes two striking passages, one from the Churchman Evelyn, one from the Presbyterian Edwards, describing the miserable results of the religious lawlessness which, to so great a degree, caused, and so surely accompanied the turbulent swellings of the great Rebellion.

'Things,' writes Edwards,\* 'every day grow worse and worse; you can hardly imagine them so bad as they are; no kind of blasphemy, heresy, disorder, and confusion but it is found among us, or is coming in upon us. For we, instead of reformation, are grown from one extreme to another; fallen from Scylla to Charybdis; from Popish usurpations, superstitions, and prelatical tyranny to damnable heresies, horrid blasphemies, libertinism, and fearful anarchy. Our evils are not removed and cured, but only changed; one disease and devil hath left us, and another as bad is come in the room; many of the sects and sectaries in our days deny all principle of religion, are enemies

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\* Gangran, 'Epis. Ded.'

to all holy duties, order, learning, overthrowing all; being vertiginosi spiritus, whirligig spirits. And the great opinion of an universal toleration tends to the laying all waste, and the dissolution of all religion and good manners.'

Instead of obtaining licence to act as the public teachers of the faith on the easy condition of subscribing their assent to certain carefully-constructed fundamental propositions, on which their general acceptance by the Church had already fixed a definite meaning, men had to satisfy the independent 'Triers,' judges marked by the grossest ignorance and the most unscrupulous dishonesty. The most learned divines were now ousted from their posts, to make room for some unlettered friend of the Triers or their party, on the plea of ignorance, by men who were innocent of all knowledge alike of the Greek of the New Testament, of the history of the Church, and of the writings of the Fathers. The use of the Book of Common Prayer was forbidden, under heavy penalties. Here then, again, in spite of the loud professions of republican liberty, it was indeed a time of tyranny which put an end to Subscription.

With the liberty which the restoration of the monarch restored subscription revived, but, as we have said already, with some new and marked features of severity. The Savoy Conference failed wholly to reconcile the conflicting parties, and the Church of England resumed her legal status, no change having been introduced into her doctrine, her discipline, or her formularies, from the hope of comprehending objectors; and with no presence in her own body either of Presbyterians or Independents. The clergy would, it seems, have been content with the old and moderate canonical subscriptions. But the reactionary temper of the Parliament was violent and harsh. The members had suffered too much too recently from the sourness of Puritanical bigotry, to maintain a calm and judicial temper; and they resolved to leave no door open through which its preachers could, without renouncing their peculiarities, creep into the National Establishment. The Act of Uniformity bristles with such provisions. Its requirement of a declaration of unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer, itself stringent enough, was backed up by clauses specially aimed at the Puritan lecturers, who had established themselves in many churches, and who were now subjected to a far severer rule than that which governed the parochial clergy. They were to read over the whole Thirty-nine Articles aloud in the Bishop's presence before being licensed, and were never to preach unless they had just read, or at the  
least



least been present at the reading of the public office in the Prayer-Book which belonged to that time of day.

All this extreme stringency was of lay devising; and so determined was it, that when the House of Lords, in which the Spirituality was represented by the Bishops, desired to mitigate the severity of the declaration of 'assent and consent' to all and everything in the Book of Common Prayer, by interpreting it as applying only to the use, and not to the actual correctness of the book, the Commons, with a somewhat unwonted heat, declared at a conference that such a course had in it 'neither justice nor prudence,' and unceremoniously rejected the proposal.\*

Thus, then, the present state of subscription amongst us has been reached, and it bears marks on every side of the accidental and transitory character of the influences by which it has been shaped. Though the Church of England and Ireland is by law united, different subscriptions and declarations are taken in the two Islands. Amongst other differences, a special renunciation of transubstantiation,† and an oath to keep a school for teaching English,‡ are still exacted of the Irish clergy; whilst both in England and Ireland, besides the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the oaths of canonical obedience and against simony on being licensed to a curacy or instituted to a living; separate and distinct declarations of conformity to the Liturgy and Articles are required by the Canons of the Church and the Statutes of the realm.

As to all of these, the Commissioners recommend that the subscriptions and declarations should be the same in England and Ireland; that the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, as being out of keeping with a devotional office, should be taken before and not during the Ordination and Consecration services; that a declaration should be substituted for the oath against simony; that the oath of canonical obedience should be retained; that the provisions of the acts of uniformity which specially affect 'Lecturers' should be repealed; and that on every occasion on which a Subscription or Declaration shall be required to be made in England or Ireland, with reference to the Articles of Religion, or the Book of Common Prayer, the following form be used:—

'I, A. B., do solemnly make the following declaration:—

'I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons: I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland,

\* 'Lords' Journals,' vol. ii. pp. 553-557; 'Commons' Journals,' vol. viii. p. 555.

† 3 William and Mary, c. 2, § 5.

‡ 28 Henry VIII., c. 15 (Irish).

as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God: and in Public Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said Book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.'

As to most of these recommendations the Commissioners may expect perfect unanimity of opinion. No one would desire to maintain the peculiar Irish declarations, or to interrupt our most solemn services with semi-political oaths; and every one must agree that, as to such an offence as simony, which is so difficult legally to define, the greatest authorities not unfrequently differ whether a peculiar act is or is not simoniacal, it is most unwise to exact a general disavowal upon oath—a course little likely to restrain the corrupt, and almost certain to entangle tender consciences in distressing perplexities.

The recommendation which will be most eagerly canvassed is that which substitutes the new form for those already in use. On the point involved in this decision several courses were open to them. They might have recommended the abolition of all Subscription, as tending to fetter the freedom of thought; or even if, with some of the Swiss and German sects, they retained the transitory shadow of its principle, they might have required a mere engagement that the clergy would faithfully teach their flocks out of the Word of God; or if they had been in love with feeble ambiguity they might have adopted Archbishop Tillotson's suggested form: 'I, A. B., do submit to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England as it shall be established by law, and promise to teach and practise accordingly;'<sup>\*</sup> or they might have fallen back upon the form contained in the 36th canon of 1603, and recommended the abolition or the alteration of the offensive 'assent and consent' of the Act of Uniformity.

A good deal is to be said for this last scheme. Amongst other recommendations of it is the fact that it was suggested in January, 1864, by a Committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury, who recommended that no alteration should be made in the subscription required by the 36th Canon: 'a form,' say the Committee, 'which commends itself by the wisdom and moderation of its language;' whilst as to the Declaration in the Act of Uniformity, the Lower House Committee recommended a substitution of 'a consent to the use of all and everything contained in and by the Book of Common Prayer for an unfeigned assent and consent to every part of it.' But, with all that there was to recommend this form, we are of opinion that the substitution of

<sup>\*</sup> Birch's 'Life of Tillotson,' p. 169.



one wholly new is, on the whole, a wise suggestion. The old form newly adopted would, in effect, have been a fresh one so far as regards the force and effect of every word and expression contained in it. This would have made some change almost inevitable. After the quibbles of Mr. Wilson,\* it would, for instance, have been impossible to leave the words 'he alloweth the Book of Articles;' and the old declaration, taken simply as it stood, and merely re-enacted, might have seemed to favour the notion of there being some difference in the authority of the Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. Some change, therefore, there must have been, yet every change, because it was a change, would have assumed a disproportionate importance. A new form, therefore, was to be preferred; and if a new form was to be devised, it is not probable that one less open to exception could have been framed. It binds the subscriber to a simple assent to the Articles and Book of Common Prayer, to a belief in the agreement of the doctrine set forth in them with the Word of God, and to an obedient use of the prescribed Ritual. More than this—if this is honestly declared—subscription cannot effect: less than this would make it an unmeaning mockery.

This, of course, will not satisfy those whose real object is to abolish subscription altogether; who wish to leave the public teachers of a set of fixed doctrines free, not only to change their opinions on these points, but, having changed them, still to hold their preferment. Hitherto the almost unanimous voice of the laity has been clear against granting any such allowance to their teachers. Their English honesty and clear common sense has seen through the flimsy fallacy so often put forward, that subscription is a sore injury to men of high qualities and endowments; that it is constituting one set of subjects on which they are forbidden liberty, not of speech only or of action, but of thought. They know that there is no such tyranny—no such suffering; that, on the other hand, there is amongst us not permitted only, but encouraged, the largest allowance of free thought which is compatible with teaching honestly, not as an inquiring philosophy, but as revealed truth, any positive set of doctrines; and they have no wish that the clergy of their church should be at liberty to retain their office as its public teachers, if their absolute free thoughts have led them to conclusions at variance on material points with her doctrines. It has, indeed, been asserted both that many who have subscribed are groaning under their fetters, and that the known necessity of wearing them has prevented many young men, with deep yearnings for truth, from

\* 'Letter to Bishop of London,' p. 12. Ibid., p. 13.

entering a ministry which would compel them to submit their necks to such a yoke. No proof of these confident assertions has ever been attempted; and we think with Dr. Hawkins, whose 'sermon' and 'notes,' named at the head of this article, are marked throughout with his wonted, calm, and convincing accuracy, that 'the supposed restraints upon free and full inquiry into all religious questions within the Church of England are greatly exaggerated, and that generous spirits and intellects of the highest order have no just cause to refrain from entering into her service, from any dread of an undue restriction upon their private judgments.'

Nothing is more common than these 'exaggerations.' One favourite form of them is to represent the exceeding greatness of the difficulty which the very nature of the documents to be subscribed presents to their subscription. 'They consist,' Dean Stanley tells us,\* 'of a number of complicated propositions on many intricate and difficult questions—propositions discussed by men who lived three hundred years ago in the heat of vehement struggles which have long since passed away.' They contain, he tells us again\*—to aggravate the hardship of subscription—'at least six hundred propositions on the most intricate and complex subjects that can engage the human mind.'

No one can have dipped into the current literature upon this subject without being perfectly familiar with such charges as these, brought by men who, like the Dean of Westminster, draw one of their auguries for the success of their own party from the extreme calmness of its advocates. 'Men must,' we are told, 'either consciously say what they do not mean, or submit to have their individual intellects and spirits so deadened and utterly enslaved, as to bind themselves to assent and consent unfeignedly to everything contained and prescribed in and by a book which contains thousands of propositions on the most solemn subjects of thought and belief . . . . which is inconsistent with itself . . . . which is notoriously a compromise . . . . the chief merit of which is thought by many to be in its inconsistency,' &c.† And yet what language can be more exaggerated than all this? The first great fallacy on which it rests has been admirably brought out by Dr. Hawkins in his 'Notes on Subscription,' in which he shows how distinctly, whilst requiring a real assent to both, the Church of England plainly distinguishes between propositions which express the essential truths of the creeds, the true Catholic faith, and those truths in a lower subject matter which

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 109, p. 276.

† 'Letter to Bishop of London,' by Rev. H. Highton, late Principal of Cheltenham College, pp. 12, 13.



are what Bishop Bramhall calls 'pious opinions, fitted for the preservation of unity.'\* Nor does he deal less ably with the second fallacy, which asserts that by subscription men bind themselves never more to enquire into truth or to modify their present views, showing that as 'to promises of *future* belief we have absolutely none,'† and that all we have is that to which no honest man who is above casuistry can object, namely, a pledge that men will not, after '*material* changes in their opinions, retain any position in which they have been placed upon the faith of their subscriptions.'‡

Again, as to the multitude of the propositions to which it is asserted that our subscription extends, some of them, it is urged, notoriously contrary to fact, as, for instance, that the creed which bears his name was composed by St. Athanasius, or that the quotation in the 29th Article is rightly attributed to St. Augustine, Dr. Hawkins excellently well remarks, 'We do not subscribe to the correctness of the quotation, but to the truth of the article;'§ and these alleged mistakes, if they proved anything, would supply reasons not for altering subscription, but for correcting the articles. We do not subscribe to statements metaphysical, historical, political, or expository, although they may be incidentally and indirectly involved in the statements of the articles, but solely to those points which they directly propose for our assent, in order to 'the avoiding of diversities of opinion, and the establishing of consent *touching true religion*.'

But after all, the main objection to subscription, which underlies all these minor difficulties, is that which addresses itself to requiring from men a distinct declaration of their belief in the great doctrines of the Christian faith. It is, and always has been, a restless anxiety to be free from the obligation to believe on these great matters, which leads to the assault upon the practice of subscription. The Feathers Tavern petition, in 1772, in a few homely words, put forth the real claim; 'The undoubted right, as Protestants, of interpreting Scripture for themselves, without being bound by any human explications thereof, or required to acknowledge by subscription or declaration the truth of any formulary of religious faith and doctrine whatsoever, save Holy Scripture itself.'||

Here is the real objection. Nor would we deny that such difficulties, from the nature of the case, must exist as to the mysterious truths of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the like;

\* Notes, &c., p. 8.

† Ibid., p. 14.

‡ Ibid., p. 6.

§ Notes p. 20.

|| See a full account in Dr. Ogilvie's 'Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles,' 1865, pp. 3, 4, &c.

though, as Dr. Hawkins well reminds us, these difficulties are not in themselves greater or more difficult than some of those which belong to the truths of natural religion.\* We have the deepest sympathy with all who are tried by such difficulties; and we fear that there has been of late much to increase if not to cause such trials in 'vague floating notions of morality, to be taught apart from religion; of doctrines to be cherished as sentiments, not embodied in statements; of exalted ideas of our own faculties as being such as would constitute us fit judges of what revelation ought to be;† in the whole teaching, in fact, of the half-unbelieving, half-sentimental, school which seeks to arrogate to itself the exclusive possession of breadth of view. But such difficulties are not caused by subscription and would not be lessened by its removal. This side of the question has been handled in a most remarkable pamphlet by the Rev. J. B. Mozley.

‘It appears to me a point which has not been sufficiently attended to in our controversies on the subject of Subscription, that where the language of a doctrinal formulary and the language of the Bible are the same, whatever explanation we give, in case there is a difficulty, of the language of the Bible, is applicable to the language of the formulary as well; and that, therefore, in such a case, the statement in the formulary is no fresh difficulty, but only one which we have already surmounted in accepting the same statement in the Bible. In such a case the formulary is not, in truth, responsible for the apparently obnoxious nature of the assertion it makes; nor does a person who has already assented to the same declaration in Scripture incur any new responsibility when he assents to the formulary. This appears to be a very simple and natural rule, and yet it is one which a great many serious and most intelligent persons never think of applying when they encounter difficulties in our formularies. Their minds are in a different state and attitude when they read the Bible and when they read a doctrinal formulary. I do not mean simply that they know the Bible to be inspired, and the other document not, but that, as readers, they are freer, more natural, more liberal in interpreting the meaning of Scripture than they are in interpreting the meaning of a formulary, even when it is exactly the same language which is used in both. They come with the expectation of finding ugly and repulsive matter in the human document; and when, therefore, they do find what at first sight is such, they fasten upon it that *primâ facie* meaning as the true and real meaning of the formulary, and will not let it go. No; that is its meaning, and that shall be its meaning, and nobody shall persuade them that it is not. Whereas, when they came across the very same statement in the Bible, they accepted it with a natural and obvious qualification.

‘To take the commonly-quoted instance of the damnatory clauses,

\* N.

28.

† Ibid. p. 29.



as they are called, in the Athanasian Creed, which assert of the "Catholic faith" that "except a man believe it faithfully he cannot be saved." The difficulty which is felt about this assertion in the Athanasian Creed does not at all relate to the nature of the *credendum*, or subject-matter of belief—the doctrine of the Trinity—but to condemnation on account of simple belief. Yet this point of condemnation on account of belief is stated in Scripture as strongly as in this Creed. It is asserted in terms, absolutely and positively, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." How is it, then, that when those who object to the statement of condemnation on account of belief, when they meet it in the Athanasian Creed, did not object to the same statement when they encountered it in Scripture? The reason is obvious—that when they met this statement in Scripture they gave it the benefit of a liberal interpretation. They did not suppose for an instant that this text *could* mean that God, who is just and merciful, would condemn a man simply on account of his not believing certain truths, apart from all consideration of disadvantages of education, early prejudices, and want of opportunities and means of enlightenment. They therefore regarded it immediately, I might say unconsciously, as containing the unexpressed condition of *moral* responsibility and understood the condemnation only to apply to such as did not believe in consequence of faults of their own. But if they gave the assertion this liberal interpretation when they met it in the Bible, why cannot they give it the same interpretation when they meet it in the Athanasian Creed? And if they do, this assertion in the Creed can be no burden to them; it only asserts what Scripture asserts, and need only mean what Scripture means.

'The literal meaning is just the very opposite to that which it especially pretends to be—the *natural* meaning. It is an *unnatural* meaning. It is artificial, when we know—know by familiar and practical experience—that language is a system of *understandings*, as well as of *expressions*, to insist, in all cases, upon the bare expression or the naked letter as its adequate exponent.'

And again, in answering the objection that the language of Holy Scripture on these mysterious subjects is, at all events, more simple, Mr. Mozley well asks:—

'But does the attribute of simplicity really belong to the scheme of human salvation, as described in the page of Scripture?—a scheme which, starting with a mysterious depravation of our nature, as mysteriously remedies it, and brings things to their issue by a circuitous process of rectification, instead of by a straight and direct course? I take the actual language of the Bible, as it meets my eye, and I say, it is not simple language. It is complicated language. It is language which expresses a complication of some kind or other in the Invisible world of man's relations to God and God's relations to

\* Notes, p. 26.

man; something out of order in nature which requires to be met by supernatural means. And S. Paul discloses a human interior corresponding to this intricacy of Divine truth, and illuminates with his torch a cavern awful in its depths and recesses, when he reveals man to himself. And are there not oppositions which can only be harmonised by interpretation in that Volume, which expresses doctrinal truth by statement and counter-statement, but not always by simplicity and unity of statement?\*

'It appears to me, then, that whatever became of the Articles, the self-same difficulties, and the self-same way of meeting them, would go on amongst us; that we should still accept a complicated mass of statement, and that we should accept that mass of statement in a variety of senses according to the particular school to which we belong. The Articles are, many of them, but a reflection of Scripture, and their interpretation but the reflection of the interpretation of Scripture. Were the representative document to go, the original document itself would still remain to be the subject-matter of conflicting explanations, to be language accepted by all alike and understood by different sections differently, and to be the basis of doctrinal variety under the form of one and the same subscription.'

The following is Mr. Mozley's conclusion from the whole: †—

'The conclusion which I arrive at, then, is that, over the ground on which I have been travelling relief from subscription is not wanted. We may, I think, be quite sure, that a very large amount of forbearance will always be secured for the results of individual speculation by the natural operation of reasonable feelings in the members of the Church, without instituting any organic change. Our system is one which raises the greatest possible difficulties in the way of prosecution of individuals—not only formal difficulties, but difficulties of feeling. Ours is a system which encourages inquiry and sets minds to work. When, then, we have sanctioned an active principle of examination at the outset, and when we have lived side by side with the gradual growth of individual thought, in the same institution, under the same roof, the sanction of the process must, to a certain extent, affect us even in dealing with its results, when they are erroneous, and must operate as a great practical check upon the temper in which we condemn them. A limit, of course, there must be to freedom of opinion within a communion which professes a definite creed.'

Mr. Mozley's conclusion accords exactly with our view. There must be some limit to freedom of opinion within a com-

\* The Bishop of Oxford, speaking of our Formularies, says, 'Such a state of things is rather a combination than a compromise. And this is the special character of Catholic Truth. For all revealed religion rests upon certain great principles, which the human mind can hold together in what it knows to be a true concord, whilst yet it cannot always by its intellectual processes limit, define, and reconcile what its higher gift of intuition can harmonise.'—*Charge*, 1860.

† *Notes*, pp. 30, 31.



munion which professes a definite creed. That limit may be fixed either by the severity of a penal system, which marks instantly and chastises mercilessly every defection from the living tradition of belief; or by the mild and self-adjusting action of a reasonable system of subscription. It is precisely for this reason that the existence of such a system is at once a proof and a preservation of liberty. In the interests, therefore, both of liberty and of truth, it is of the utmost moment that our existing system should be preserved. Never, perhaps, was it for each of these high interests more essential than at the present moment. For there is, at this time, a strong current setting on towards unlimited speculation as to all revelation, which would, unchecked, soon bear us on to the boundless sea of unbelief. As this danger increases, there must always be the risk of devout minds seeking by some sacrifice of lawful liberty to save that possession of truth, which, almost alone, is better even than liberty itself. By such a reaction the liberty we have so long enjoyed might be dangerously menaced. But the more immediate and certain danger is undoubtedly on the other side. The volume lately published on the 'Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council,' under the sanction of the Bishop of London, little as it really answers the often-urged objections that the present Supreme Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal has really drifted wide of the great appeal statutes of the Reformation era, tends certainly to discourage any tendency to appeal to our Courts, as they are now constituted for the maintenance of the necessary limits of belief. We had better, perhaps, explain rather more fully our meaning. The great point on which the writers of this volume rely for the justification of the present Court, is the allegation that the actual composition of the old Court of Delegates gives no 'sanction to the theory that Ecclesiastical laws should be administered exclusively by Ecclesiastical persons.'\* 'The authority usually quoted,' we are told, 'is that of Bishop Gibson,' who states that 'in fact there are no footsteps of any of the Nobility or Common Law Judges in Commissions till the year 1604 (*i. e.* for seventy years after the erection of the Court), nor from 1601 have they been joined in above one Commission in forty till the year 1634, from whence (*i. e.* from the downfall of the Bishops and their Jurisdictions which ensued) we may date the present *rule* of mixtures in that Court.'†

The writer's object is to destroy the authority of this assertion. For this purpose he divides the whole time over which Bishop Gibson's statement ranges into three distinct periods;

\* 'Ecclesiastical Judgments,' &c., Introduction, p. xlvii.

† *Ibid.*, xviii.  
that

that from the foundation of the Court to 1604; from 1604 to 1640, and the time subsequent to the Reformation.

As to the third period, which is unimportant for the argument, he allows the correctness of the Bishop's statement; but as to the second period, his statement is asserted to be 'absolutely contrary to the fact; whilst, as to the first, the evidence which exists is against him.' These are grave charges; very grave to be adopted and made public by a Bishop of London against one of the greatest, the most learned, and, as till this day the world has believed, the most accurate of his predecessors in that chair of dignity. How, then, is the demolishing charge established? First, there is something rather too like a quibble in a half-ventured suggestion that the presence of civilians, *i. e.* ecclesiastical lawyers not in holy orders on these Commissions, was not a fulfilment of Gibson's statement. 'Civilians, therefore, we are told, were not excluded, *even according to the statement of Bishop Gibson*; and civilians were often laymen, even in the time of Henry VIII.' Of course they were not excluded; but how does this touch the argument, or tend to invalidate the authority of Gibson, who laid down the rule that ecclesiastical laws were to be administered, not exclusively by persons in holy orders, which no one has ever, so far as we are aware, advanced; but by ecclesiastical persons. For civilians were, in every legal sense of the word, such ecclesiastical persons. They are the legal advisers of Convocation, as the judges are of the House of Lords. They were admitted to their office by rescript from the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed to his official principal, who was also Dean of the Arches; after taking a solemn oath of allegiance to the Church of England, and being admitted to plead in virtue of their fealty to her.

But the main proof of the alleged falsehood of the Bishop's statement is said to be drawn from the last twenty years of the second period. Of it, the repertory book of the Court of Delegates gives full information. 'During those twenty years there were 1000 appeals in ecclesiastical causes. The Court was composed, in 872 cases, of civilians only; in two cases, of Bishops only; in 24 cases, of Bishops and civilians together, without nobility or Common Law Judges. On the other hand, in 110 of the Commissions Judges alone are named with the civilians; in 59, Judges with Bishops and civilians; and in 13, temporal peers are found with the civilians, and with either Judges or Bishops. In the place, therefore, of Bishop Gibson's assertion, that the nobility or Common Law Judges were present in no more than 1 Commission out of 40, we have the fact that they were present in 182 Commissions out of 1080, being rather more than 1 in 6,

and



and in more than 1 out of 10, they formed the only element in the Court besides the civilians.'

Having, as he conceives, proved this gross misstatement as to the second period, the writer thinks himself entitled to assume the probable presence of like errors as to the first; though the actual records of the Delegates are too scanty to allow of such proof as he tenders with regard to the former period.

But how, when it is closely scrutinised, does this showy list of causes justify so grave censure? To answer this question we must remember the constitution of the Spiritual Courts at that time. The Dean of the Arches received, and now receives, a merely nominal payment; and therefore to feed this high office it was held with the Judgeship of the Prerogative Court. In this latter Court, for reasons which we do not now stop to set out in detail, were tried all the most important testamentary causes originating in the province of Canterbury. In the Arches Court—so as has been stated—united with the Prerogative or Testamentary Court were tried by appeal all the most important matrimonial causes in the same province. Thus there came before these Courts a multitude of causes which, though technically spiritual, yet really involved no point of the doctrine of the Church. Now, the whole question stripped of its ambiguities is, how many of these alleged 182 Commissions were really engaged with cases involving doctrinal decisions of any kind? For unless some real point of the Church's doctrines or discipline were involved, it would not be too much to anticipate that the Bishops would not sit, but would leave to the civilians, or others, the entire handling of the Commission. Before Bishop Gibson's assertion is so summarily disposed of, it should have been shown how many of these 182 Commissions which are quoted with such triumph, did indeed involve the settlement of any such spiritual question whatever. Such an investigation has been made, and it turns out that between the years 1603 and 1823, there have actually been *only four* spiritual causes, properly so called, tried before the Delegates:—

1. The Bishop of St. David's *v.* Lucy, 13th March, 1699.
2. Salter *v.* Davis, 10th November, 1691.
3. Pelling *v.* Dr. Bettesworth, 16th May, 1713.
4. Havard *v.* Evanson, 27th June, 1775.

In the first case *six* Bishops sat. In the second *three*. In the third *five*. In the fourth none, as a technical point of law alone was decided, and the merits were not heard. While on the other hand, as late as the year 1777, three Prelates were summoned as Delegates on an important cause of Nullity of Marriage. We have thought this matter so important that we have appended to this

this article a careful note of the names and professions of the Judges and Delegates in each of these cases. It is also to be observed that in these *four* cases, during an interval of more than two centuries, are included all the appeals from the province of York, and we believe from the Ecclesiastical Courts of Ireland, until 1783, and the passing of the Act 23 Geo. III. c. 28.

So far for 'Bishop Gibson's misapprehension of the facts.'\* It is surely a matter to be much regretted, that such an attack on the veracity or accuracy of a Bishop of London so justly honoured as Gibson—'Clarum et venerabile nomen'—should have received sanction and endorsement from Fulham Palace on such evanescent evidence.

But if this volume fails thus utterly in disproving the assertion that the principle of the Reformation statutes, and the practice of earlier times, committed to ecclesiastical persons the hearing of ecclesiastical appeals, it certainly contains a dreary record of cases which must tend strongly to increase the prevalent disinclination to seek, by legal censures, to preserve the purity of doctrine. It would almost seem that, as if by some hidden law of necessary acting, every such attempt must, in some shape or other, recoil upon the promoter of the suit. Certainly until some great reform has been wrought in the composition and the conduct of these Courts, it must be a most anxious question to every one required by the duties of his office to maintain the legal standard of doctrine, whether he will not rather imperil than protect the truth, by bringing it, even in the last extremity, before such a tribunal. We have already† stated our own desire to see some great reform in this particular. The course of every such trial since we wrote has, we feel assured, widened the conviction of the necessity of change, and so prepared the way for some reform. But such a time of uncertainty and doubt is the very last in which the old defences of subscription should be abandoned. The counsel, therefore, of the late Commission seems to us to be wise and salutary; for, whilst it maintains in effect the old defences, it removes objectionable phrases, which gave no security, whilst they provoked attack. The Government who issued the Commission, cannot, of course, trifle with the question they have raised, and raised so far with a success greater even than could have been anticipated. They have now a clear course before them. 'To carry,' say the Commissioners, 'these recommendations into effect, some alterations must be made in the Canons of the Church, and some in the Statutes of the realm. We trust that our proposals will be willingly accepted

\* 'Ecclesiastical Judgments,' Preface, p. xv. † 'Quarterly Review,' No. 230.  
both



both by the Church and by the State.' There is every reason to believe that, if the subject is properly introduced to Parliament and Convocation, it will meet with the readiest and the most respectful attention. Parliament has already shown itself anxious to obtain such mitigations as are here proposed, and the Convocation of Canterbury has even outstripped Parliament, in having suggested direct alterations of the existing law. Both, we doubt not, will legislate in the same spirit, and with the desire to perfect what both honestly desire to retain.

Upon this question the weighty words of Mr. Burke have been often quoted; but coming as they do amongst our present strifes from the calm repose of that honoured tomb where from Burke's

'sepulchral urn,  
To Fancy's eye the lamp of truth shall burn;  
Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes,  
Led by *his* light, and by *his* wisdom wise,'

we will once more set them before our readers. In opposing the prayer of the Feathers Tavern petitioners, he says:—

'A church, in any legal sense, is only a certain system of religious doctrines and practices fixed and sanctioned by some law, and the establishment is a tax laid by the same sovereign authority for payment of those who so teach and practise. For no Legislature was ever so absurd as to tax its people to support men for teaching and acting as they please but by some prescribed rule. . . . The matter does not concern toleration, but establishment. . . . If you will have religion publicly practised and publicly taught, you must have a power to say what that religion shall be which we will protect and encourage. . . . The petitioners are so sensible of the force of these arguments that they do admit of one subscription, that is, to the Scripture. I shall not consider how forcibly their arguments militate with their whole principle against subscription. . . . The subscription to Scripture is the most astonishing idea I ever heard, and will amount to just nothing at all. Gentlemen so acute have not, that I have heard, even thought of answering a plain obvious question, what is that Scripture to which they are content to subscribe? . . . Therefore, to ascertain Scripture you must have one article more, and you must define what that Scripture is which you mean to teach. There are I believe very few, when Scripture is so ascertained, who do not see the absolute necessity of knowing what general doctrine a man draws from it, before he is sent down authorised by the State to teach as pure doctrine. . . . If we do not get some security for the doctrine which a man draws from Scripture, we not only permit, but we actually pay for, all the dangerous fanaticism which can be produced to corrupt our people, and to derange the public worship of the country.\*'

\* 'Speech of Mr. Burke on Act of Uniformity,' vol. x. pp. 11-20, ed. 1818.

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None but the Civilian Members of the Commission were present at the Proceedings in this Case; but it did not come on for hearing.

No. 788. PELLING v. DR. BETTESWORTH (Dean of the Arches).  
(Dr. Whiston's Case).

- I. *Delegates named in the Commission of Appeal, dated 16th May, 1713:—*  
Jonathan, Bishop of Winchester; George, Bishop of Bath and Wells; William, Bishop of Chester;\* Philip, Bishop of Hereford; Adam, Bishop of St. David's.  
Thomas Lord Trevor, C. J. of Common Pleas; Robert Tracy, Esq., Justice of Queen's Bench; Robert Price, Esq., Baron of Exchequer.  
Wood, Pinfold, Parke, Phipps, Strahan.—*Civilians*.

On the 1st of July, 1713, when all the above-named Delegates, except the Bishop of Chester, were present, sentence was pronounced in favour of the Appeal, and a Citation decreed for Whiston to appear before the Court, which then proceeded to hear the Cause on the merits.

- II. *On the 7th July, 1715, a 'Commission of Adjuncts' issued, which included all the Delegates above-named (amongst whom was now the Archbishop of York, lately Bishop of Chester).*

and in addition

John, Bishop of Bangor; William, Bishop of Lincoln; Charles, Bishop of Norwich.

and

Sir Peter King, C. J. of Common Pleas (Lord Trevor having been removed on the accession of George I.); Sir Samuel Dodd, C. B. of Exchequer.

Of these Delegates there were present on the first day when the Commission of Adjuncts sat (7th July, 1715).

The Archbishop of York.  
Bishop of Winchester, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Bishop of St. David's.  
Sir Samuel Dodd, Robert Tracy, Esq., Robert Price, Esq., &c.;

and

Pinfold, Parkes (or Paske), Phipps, Strahan.—*Civilians*.

But the Case did not come to a Judgment.

[Appeals from the Ecclesiastical Courts in Ireland came before the High Court of Delegates in England apparently until 1783—in which year the Act 23 Geo. III. c. 28—declared that no Writ of Error or appeal should be received or adjudged. . . . in any of His Majesty's Courts in this kingdom, in any Action or Suit at Law, or in Equity, or in any of His Majesty's Courts in Ireland.  
The Court was appointed under 28 Hen. VIII. c. 6.]

O. HAVARD (of Tewkesbury) v. Rev. EDWARD EVANSON  
(Vicar of Tewkesbury, &c.).

(Heresy).

Edge promoted *inter alia* for maintaining Doctrines re-  
39 Articles.

*Delegates*

*Delegates named in the Commission of Appeal, Dated 27th June, 1775.*

Sir William Henry Ashhurst, J. of King's Bench; Sir William Blackstone, J. of Common Pleas; Sir John Burland, B. of Exchequer.  
James Marriott, Andrew Cotton Ducavel, William Macham, Francis Simpson, William Compton.—*Doctors of Law.*

Havard appealed against the decision of the Court of Arches, which refused to admit certain Depositions—the Court of Delegates confirmed their suppression, but instead of confirming the acquittal of Evanson retained the cause for further hearing. Havard finding it impossible to obtain success without these Depositions abandoned the Appeal. The Court did not sit on its merits.

No. 1252. *HARFORD v. MORRIS* (a Case of nullity of Marriage).

*Delegates named in Commission of Appeal, dated 19th April, 1777 (two years after the preceding case).*

Lord Hillsborough and two other Peers; Archbishop of York and two other Bishops; three Common Law Judges; five Civilians.

The last cause in which Bishops were summoned or sat.

ART. VIII.—*Travels in Central Asia.* By Arminius Vámbéry.  
London, 1864.

THE past year will be memorable in the annals of the Geographical Society for two of its greatest and most legitimate triumphs. On the first occasion, an Oxford first-class man told a stirring tale of adventure in an absolutely new and virgin country, hitherto unvisited except under conditions which reduced the traveller to the category of a mere senseless corpse in a coffin. He told his tale, too, more as Herodotus would have recited at Olympia than like a commonplace voyager of the nineteenth century. He spoke with all the spirit and picturesqueness of the old Greek combined with the careful eloquence of a trained orator, and his crowded audience admired and applauded the accomplishments of the speaker no less than they appreciated the interest of the primeval Eastern country thus brought before their eyes. The severest stickler for science unalloyed by popularity-hunting, clamorous for pure geography, then felt and admitted that the Society had fully retrieved its character since its last great field-day in 1861, when its proceedings, to say the truth, were not of a truly geographical, so much as of a more or less authentically pithecological, character. Doubtless the great pleasure felt by all Mr. Palgrave's listeners was derived from the thorough sense and conviction brought home to them by his command of language, of the intellectual power and acquirement which enabled him to guide and control all the various



various changes and chances of travel. The hearer's perception of a strong mind and will riding safely on the whirlwind of fanaticism and directing the storm of opposition was infinitely quickened by the manifest gifts of the able orator. Yet when, on the second of these occasions, the slight and delicate figure of our Hungarian dervish, worn and wasted by toil and hardship, first confronted his London audience, the power and resources of a resolute and cultivated mind were at least made equally clear, and that, too, in spite of his defective power of speaking a foreign language, rather than by the help of any management of its beauties and its artifices. Extra-Chinese Central Asia cannot, it is true, be called a virgin and unknown country in the same way as the centre of Arabia, nor can a visit to it be held to constitute a real epoch in the history of discovery like a visit to the Wahhâbi kingdom; but it is, if possible, even more hermetically sealed to the traveller from Western Europe. In the one country such a traveller is but a mere nondescript stranger, one whose habits and manners are hardly known and cannot be tested by comparison; one whose race would be assigned to Europe through default of knowledge rather than through actual knowledge, and he can take his chance in this way. In the other country he is not only a hated object, but a dreaded object and a familiar object as well. No European can possibly retain a disguise undetected in Turkistan owing to this very familiarity, unless his disguise be so perfect as to have become to him a second and Asiatic nature; and even then, to all intents and purposes an Asiatic, he will have to run the gauntlet of a thousand chances of ultimate detection and its consequences. It was not to be expected, therefore, that our Dervish should have any English at his disposal beyond the merest waifs and strays of school recollections, when his whole recent life had been a struggle for existence, such as to press every idea out of his brain but that of self-preservation, under the sheer necessity of concentrating his thoughts every day and hour on that one subject amid the horrors of Turkistan. Yet his oral narrative was very amusing and entertaining, bringing forcibly to light the constant danger in which he stood and the chesslike game of insidious attack and dexterous defence in which he played his part so well. Before we proceed to follow his career, as set forth in his written narrative now before us, it will, perhaps, be considered not unnecessary if we say a word or two respecting the regions which formed the scene of his enterprise, the objects of his journey, and the conditions under which he carried it out, as compared with those under which the same quarter had been previously visited by Englishmen.

The geographical names by which we are wont to distinguish

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the various component parts of the vast region loosely called Central Asia by us, and High Asia by the Germans, are neither precise nor clear, and require some modification on a more systematic basis. At one time, everything east of the Caspian, south of the Siberian frontier, and north of Persia and Afghanistan, was called Independent Tartary, in contradistinction to the immense space bounding it on the east, called sometimes Chinese Tartary, sometimes Mongolia, from the race of men then supposed exclusively to inhabit it. This last covered everything in the Chinese empire except China Proper, the Manchu country, and Tibet; but its south-western portion, immediately adjoining the outlying dependencies of Northern India, was commonly called Little Bucharía—it is impossible to conceive why. A more extended intercourse with Asiatics has led to a better knowledge of the ethnology and geography of these parts, and consequently to the partial adoption of the more reasonable terminology which distinguishes them as Chinese Turkistan, Russian Turkistan, and Independent Turkistan. The Mongols are not a settled people, and have hardly any towns;\* indeed, so far as the country called Mongolia, west of the Gobi, has towns at all, these towns are of Turkish race in its oldest and purest form. But the unsettled and nomadic tribes of the same parts are equally of Turkish race, and even appear to form a majority rather than a minority as compared with the Mongols. These are the Kirghiz, who range eastwards up to the very desert of Gobi. This name is restricted to one branch alone among themselves, their general name being Kazák. The Russians spell or

\* The chief Mongol towns, such as Urga, lie on the high road between Pekin and the Russian frontier, traversed three or four times of late years by Europeans. The Mongols, however, have a native word, *khoto*, for a city; the Turks have no native word. *Shahr* is Persian—the ancient *kshatram*, the root of the *kshatrapá*, *satrap*, or town-ruler: *key*, to us a familiar name of Ottoman villages, is the Persian *káy*, itself obsolete and poetical, but surviving in vernacular Persian in its diminutive *kúcha*, a street: *kand*, as old as the name of Alexander's Maracanda for Samarcand, is Persian, and means *excavation* or *digging*; borrowed by the Arabs, and under the form *khandak*, it gave the Saracenic and Venetian name to the island of Candia: *Báligh* for *beylik*, known to us by the name Khan-baligh, Milton's and Marco Polo's Cambalu, given by the old Turks to the 'Imperial city' Pekin, has a Persian root, only living in poetry, and obsolete in the spoken language. *Báy*, a rich man; so that it means 'a place of wealthy or great people.' Of this root we shall say more further on. It is curious that no systematic attempt has yet been made to investigate the civilisation of Central Asia by means of the evidence afforded by the Turkish language, after the manner so excellently applied to the Finnish by Arndt and to the Malay by Crawford, worthy of implicit trust so long as he is on Malay ground or water. The Turk's inherent helplessness on water is one of our most prominent stock fables about him. Yet the old dwellers by the Balkash had *notice* words for ship and boat, the large and the small; for mast, sail, stern, oar, and rope; for bridge and road; and so with other branches of invention. We have only space to mention the subject as a bare suggestion.



call this Kaisak, perhaps to distinguish them from the Slavonic Christian Cossacks, so well known to us, whose name, nevertheless, is the same, with a slight difference, as that of the wild Turk robbers. Chinese Turkistan, then, may be held to represent the former Little Bucharia, being the province called *Altishehr*, or the *Six Cities*, by its Turkish natives, and *Nan-lu* by the Chinese. To this may be added the area of Kirghiz pastoral migration within the Chinese empire. Russian Turkistan is actually the name officially adopted for the new government or province of that empire, comprising the Kirghiz steppe from the *Aral* to the *Issik-kul*, or *Hot Lake*, together with the recent conquests—whatever may be their exact amount—from the territory of *Khokand*. Independent Turkistan consists of the three principalities or governments into which the Uzbek immigrant conquerors, the last wave of Turkish aggression in Asia, have crystallized or grouped themselves. The most inaccessible of these, *Khokand*, is, broadly speaking, the valley of the Upper *Jaxartes*, a very fertile and anciently-peopled district, the seat of both commerce and cultivation, having many towns bearing Persian names, and a considerable population of *Tâjik*, or extra-Iranian, Persian race. Our former maps showed a range of mountains running due north and south, forming right angles with the *Altai* and *Himalaya*, variously called *Belût Tagh* or *Billûr Tagh*, the *Mountains of Clouds* or of *Crystal*, as the eastern frontier of this country. This, under the name of *Bolor*, has been restricted of late to the southern portion alone, immediately abutting on the junction of the *Himalaya* and the so-called *Hindu Kush*. North of this the mountains trend eastwards, and form the southern boundary of the valley of the *Jaxartes*, the origin of which lies in the *Muz-tagh*, and the extension of which is much further to the east than has been laid down until very recently. The second principality is that of *Bokhara*. This is the valley of the *Zar-afshan*, or *Gold-strewer*, a river rising in those unknown mountains which lie between the headwaters of the *Oxus* and the upper *Jaxartes*, and which, so far as we know, shelter the undescribed *Hill States* of *Hisâr* and *Karategîn* from the aggression of their *Lowland* neighbours.\* To this may be added the central portion of the valley of the *Oxus*; so that *Bokhara* corresponds in a general way with the ancient *Bactriana*, although it lost the essential part of that province when shorn of the territory of *Balkh* by the invasion of our old enemy and subsequent ally *Dost Mohammed* of *Cabul*. The third is *Khiva*. This is the lower valley of the *Oxus*, the ancient *Chorasmia*, in

\* *Hisâr* is said to have been conquered last year by the Emir of *Bokhara*.

the inscriptions *Uvarazmi*, still called Khwârezm in Oriental classics and modern official style. All of these Governments are cast in precisely the same mould; in all the dominant race is Uzbek Turkish, as distinguished from any other Turkish clan or subdivision; in all the subjugated class is of the old Persian race called Tajik, or, in Khiva, Sart, with a tendency to exchange its old language for the increasing Turkish. The soil is cultivated in all, except Khokand, by slave labour, the produce of slave forays carried on by nomadic tribes, under the control of the Uzbek authorities, at the expense of their more civilized or sectarian neighbours. From this source, too, domestic slavery is continually recruited with an unfailing supply of victims, and the wild tribes which kidnap for these infamous slave-marts are also the chief instruments of mutual warfare among the Princes themselves in their intestine feuds.

To the independent traveller from Western Europe this portion of Turkistan is practically accessible on the southern side alone. Access to Turkistan from the north, across the broad wastes of the Kirghiz steppe, naturally enough depends solely on the co-operation and goodwill of Russia, and that Power has, of course, always reserved its influence for its own agents employed on diplomatic or commercial business. Such reservation has not been so much from illiberality as from its having hitherto had no superfluous influence to bestow on travellers for other purposes in this quarter. We pass over, therefore, the northern approaches to Independent Turkistan, as also the eastern approaches from the Himalayan side through the Chinese provinces. To say nothing of the vigour and the wonderful detective adroitness displayed by the Chinese authorities in carrying out their system of strict exclusion—an adroitness once baffled, however, by the Schlagintweits in their visit to Khoten—this part of the world is only just short of inaccessible physically. The pass from our tributary province of Ladakh, a dependency of Cashmere, which leads, under the name of Kara-korum, over the Muz-tagh, or Ice Mountains, is upwards of 19,000 feet high, and is, we believe, the second pass in the world in ascertained elevation. The long southern line, stretching from the south-eastern angle of the Caspian to the roots of the Himalaya, along which settled Asia stands, as it has ever stood, confronting nomadic and Scythian Asia, affords the only available choice of routes. These resolve themselves into two sets or groups, the Persian and the Afghan. The former group comprises two main roads, each of which, however, has one or two subordinate alternative tracks, used when the others are unsafe from robbers or otherwise. One of these may be called the Hyrcanian route, leading from Mâzanderân to Khiva, across the



the old bed of the Oxus, through the region of the Yomut Turkomans. By this route Arthur Conolly tried to reach Khiva, but failed, having been kept wandering round and round in an aimless circle by his Turkoman escort, bent on defeating his object. The second route is that by Meshed and the Desert and Oasis of Merv,—a district which its very ancient name shows to have been always more or less a desert.\* Of the Afghan routes, the principal is that from Herat, converging with the last-named Persian route at Merv. The second is, perhaps, better known to us than any, being that which passes from Cabul over the Hindoo Koosh to Bamiyân, and thence by the valley of Khulm to Balkh. Most of this was frequently traversed—once, for its mountain portion, by a military force—during our Afghan occupation. As things stand now and since the Afghan war, however, a traveller could only hope to enter Turkistan in this direction with the permission and the countenance of the Afghan authorities; and these, though their goodwill might be secured through a resolute exertion of influence by their powerful neighbour of Peshawar, are now more vigilant and suspicious, more sharp-set and skilled to nose out a lurking Frank, especially one of the English type, than even the Uzbeks themselves. Nor, as we have said is the case with the Russians in Turkistan, would our authorities of North-western India throw away such influence for any considerations short of material State necessity. As for the south-western routes, any attempt to enter Turkistan from that side would not meet with any adequate support from Persia; for Persia, save by fits and starts, is quite powerless to protect her own unfortunate subjects, and it could only be made with the consent and under the hazardous escort of marauding Turkomans, with whom the sale of human beings is not a mere transaction but an exciting passion.

When Turkistan is once reached, the difficulties and obstacles which there lie in the path of the Frank must be considered as originating with the rulers rather than with the mass of the people. Mahometanism has of late years here assumed a character of narrowness and bigotry as yet unexampled in the history of Islam, yet deriving its support from the most literal interpretation of the Koran and the Sunnet. This spirit of bigotry

\* In Sanskrit *Maru*, a desert or *dead* soil: in the Zend Avesta *Môuru*, and even now locally often called *mouer*. It must always have been surrounded by deserts, however much greater must have been the proportion of fertile land in ancient times, irrigated by means of the Murghâb. Such deserts must not therefore be attributed to denudation of timber and desiccation produced by the hand of man, as we are apt to suppose too universally at present.

is further inflamed by the universal sentiment or avowed article of faith, that the Frank traveller is but the forerunner of the Frank conqueror. A hundred anecdotes referring to this feeling are scattered up and down works of recent travel in Central Asia, some of which may probably occur to the reader. The neatest Asiatic speech, and the one best embodying a formula, we think to be that of a former Grand Vizier of Persia, and bitter opponent—in Russian interest, and perhaps more—of England, Haji Mirzâ Aghasi, who once said to a diplomatist, with a curious anticipation of his imperial patron's simile, 'Yes, Frank politics over here are like Frank doctoring—you come and feel our pulse, say we are very ill, then take our money, and bleed us to death.' We meditate with wonder on the ingenuity of argument which enables European officials to hold their own in controverting this position in discussion with shahs and viziers; we feel indeed much as Eothen felt when he admired his own dragoman trying to argue down the hostile Arabs who sought to compass his death, for making so good a fight out of an untenable line of defence. Here at home we can easily call down, *ex machinâ*, our new political god, material progress, and appeal transcendently to the overruling rights of encroaching and civilized Europe when in contact with stagnant Asia. But it is difficult to put this into the Jaghatâi Turkish, so as to be acceptable, or even intelligible, to an Uzbek with a drawn sword, and the traveller's life in his grasp. The Uzbek ruler feels himself already undergoing Eastern punishment—walled in alive, brick by brick, in the advancing and inexorable structure of Russian, and, as he also thinks, of English conquest and dominion. It is no wonder that he increases rather than relaxes his supervision of every stranger who visits his territories, and turns the spiritual as well as the temporal means at his command to account for this purpose. The recrudescence of that Mahometan bigotry which is now the distinguishing mark and the chief glory of the Uzbek in Islam, has waxed strong in Turkistan since the beginning of the century. It has no connexion with similar sentiments currently alleged and taken for granted, though on imperfect, confused, and unsifted evidence, to prevail in the Ottoman East. Nor does it seem to have been the result of the strong Puritan movement of the Wakhâbis—with which, as unorthodox or hyperorthodox, it would be in antagonism. Nor do we know, with our slight means of judging, whether it is affected by the orthodox continuation of the Wakhâbi movement transferred, under that name, to Indian ground, where, with augmented impulse, it worked, and yet works, with a fervour little known or noticed in  
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this country, yet which had a very decided action in bringing about the great rebellion of 1857.\* There is reason to suppose the inherent tendency of the Bokharian's character to be inclined towards religious practice and devout meditation; but the present religiosity of the country is a matter of official command and police regulations rather than of spontaneous spiritual revivalism. It was first set in motion, as an engine of statecraft, by Mir Murâd Beg, otherwise called Begi Jan, who ruled at Bokhara early in this century. This very able and astute man, who has been well compared to Lewis XI., made use of it in order to consolidate his own despotism. He did not punish at random and capriciously, like an ordinary Asiatic despot; but he never forgave an enemy; and by enforcing with rigour the letter of the Koran and the traditions, he always ended by bringing his enemy within the grasp of the Holy Law. Since his time all the Uzbek states have been framed on the model of Bokhara; but they have not produced a man of equal ability and force of character, though once or twice they have been in the hands of liberal-minded governors and good men. The system is distinctly popular among the people, in so far as regards the accurate observance of the divine law. Under a strong hand there is absolute equality in the face of the Word, and corrupt justice, in its execution, is reduced to a minimum. This austere level of theocratic rule is not felt to be partial or oppressive when every Bokharian man alike is liable to be flogged to midday prayer on Friday if he fail to attend of his own accord, or every woman to be stoned to death for adultery, and when every conscience accepts the decision. We are shocked at the paralysis which has here fallen on all freedom of thought; but the Asiatic is mostly content to think in a groove; indeed, when original thought comes into his head, he disclaims rather than claims it, and is careful to father it on some great classical name if he wishes it to pass. It is freedom of speech along his own groove, and the power of reviling and burning the father of his oppressors, which is to the Asiatic as the air he breathes. This, already somewhat curtailed in Persia under northern suggestions of wholesome censorship, has been destroyed in Bokhara by the organised police espionage which, instituted for religious inspection, has ended by becoming the instrument of an intolerable tyranny,

\* A good account of the life and chief writings of Syed Ahmed, the leading Indian reviver of Mussulman animosity, is to be found in a paper in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1852. Mr. Ludlow, in his '*Lectures on India*,' also lays much stress on this subject, to which he has contributed some additional information.

against which the sanctity of the harem itself has not been able to remain inviolate. Corruption increases with the weakness of the governments; delation is at a premium, and no man escapes persecution whom it is worth while to persecute.

It is clear enough that travel, out of disguise, in such a country can only be undertaken by officials invested with the authority and sanctity of the diplomatic character. It is only in this way that a Frank can retain and avow his nationality. Before the Afghan war, and the visible advance of the rising tide of European arms and ideas, there was not on the whole much difficulty in the way of even the unofficial traveller profiting by the rare chance of some liberal potentate being at the head of affairs. Under such circumstances Bokhara was visited by Moorcroft and his party. On his return, the liberal ruler of Kunduz, Kilich Ali Beg, was found to be dead, and Moorcroft experienced very harsh treatment at the hands of his successor, dying, as did Trebeck and Guthrie, of illness brought on by hardship—at one time it was said, probably without reason, by poison. Burnes, whose very interesting work has become our chief Central Asian classic, was protected by a very liberal man, who openly sought for intercourse with Europe, the Gush Begi, or Grand Vizier, subsequently beheaded. He always wore native costume. We cannot venture to say how far he had or had not diplomatic instructions; but when he passed through the territory of Moorcroft's oppressor, Murad Beg of Kunduz, he had to disguise himself to the very tips of his fingers in order to escape out of the Beg's clutches, as he did at great risk. Burnes belonged to the orient-alising period of our Anglo-Indian social deposits; and we can therefore commiserate with clear conscience the pain of the situation which forced him to cringe before the Hindu vizier, Atma Ram, at Kunduz, and toady him by running nervously over the names of the whole Pantheon of Indian gods. The remarkable Dr. Wolff, on his first journey to Bokhara, was certainly not protected by any diplomatic character; but we cannot go the length of saying that he had no disguise, if disguise be attained by the doing off as well as the doing on of garments. If we may believe his words, he performed six hundred good miles of Central Asiatic journey in dervish's full uniform, consisting of the skin bestowed upon him at his birth. During the Afghan occupation, Turkistan was traversed in all directions by subordinate British missions, pushed forward from our central mission at Herat, the outpost of our conservative influence and policy in Central Asia. To this course we were urged by the sense of uneasiness caused by the counter-demonstration of the  
Russian



Russian army sent against Khiva, and sent under the ostensible motive of a far higher moral ground than that which was made to serve for our fatal vagary of king-making knighterrantry at Cabul. Lieut. Wood and Dr. Lord had gone shortly before to Kunduz from Cabul, the former gentleman going on through Badakhshân to the source of the Oxus, which he was the first to discover, 15,000 feet above the sea. Abbott was sent from Herat to Khiva, and went thence onwards in charge of a mission from the Khan to the advancing Russian force. Before reaching the Russian posts he was set upon, beaten, and pillaged by a band of Kirghiz, at the instigation of a Turkoman chief, and only saved his life by the arrival of a faithful and brave young Afghan armed with letters and authority from the Khan of Khiva. Shakespeare, who subsequently earned his most enduring fame by his gallant rescue of the English captives from their confinement by Akbar Khan, followed Abbott. He obtained the release of hundreds of Russian slaves from their long captivity, exchanged them against the Khivans seized by Russia, and made triumphal progress, amidst the applause of a grateful people, from Orenburg to the capital of the great White Khan. The elder Thomson was sent from Tehran to Khiva, and escaped only by great dexterity from the inevitable fate of detention, followed by death, which awaited him on the receipt of the news of our Cabul reverses. Stoddart went early to Bokhara; Conolly to Khiva, Khokand, and Bokhara; Rawlinson was to have joined him at Khokand, or accompanied him to that place. There, and at Khiva, all these diplomatic agents, properly supported by their country, were treated with kindness and, so far as suspicion would allow, even with distinction. On the causes which led to the dreadful fate of the two martyred officers whose names have now come to be the inseparable accompaniment of the mention of Bokhara to Englishmen, we cannot now dwell. The whole evidence on the subject is compressed into the masterly narrative of a special chapter by Mr. Kaye, in his history of our war in Afghanistan—a work as awful, as simply artistic, and as clear and lofty in its moral as an Æschylean trilogy. It is distressing in more ways than one to refer to the matter even after this lapse of time; and it is not now for us, therefore, *infandum renovare dolorem*.\* No

\* We came across an extraordinary statement in a recent book of travels the other day. Mr. Kavanagh, the author of 'The Cruise of the Eva,' tells us he saw in Kurdistan the prayer-book of Conolly, and was shown by an 'interesting Kurd' the tree to which Conolly was bound when murdered. This, after all, need not be explained by the supposition of a dream, or a reference to the author's good Hibernian name. Two English officers, Grant and Fotheringham, were murdered

No official communication, with the exception of a native once or twice despatched to Khiva from our mission at Tehran, has been held with Turkistan, from the return of Thomson until the appearance last autumn of an uncouth booted Uzbek ambassador from Khokand amid the brilliant throng of Sir John Lawrence's famous durbar, imploring assistance against the invading arms of Russia. We had gladly washed our hands of Central Asia and all its pollution, nor had any other power, save Russia, even the remotest diplomatic or commercial relations with Turkistan, or the faintest shadow of such a pretext to cover the operations of a scientific mission. What we have since known of the country, therefore, we have known through Russia. Dr. Wolff's second journey has formed the only exception, up to the visit, captivity, and release of the four Italian silk-growers last year, who have published a very brief account of their adventures and sufferings in the Turin paper 'La Stampa.' We are much inclined to dwell at length on this extraordinary man; on his high moral courage and resolution in great things, combined with incredible physical timidity in small things; on his humorous candour and irretentiveness of mind, always dripping with scatterbrained religious small-talk. The Oriental, seeing him riding into Bokhara on his donkey, as he chanted, dressed in full canonicals, from his open Bible, or as he danced among the hooting Turkoman boys of Serrakhs, singing of the abject base world from the Mesnevi in Persian, become doggel in his mouth, would say literally that the Western Dervish was truly *melbûs*—one disguised in spiritual clothes, clad with religious exaltation—and would reverence him rather than molest him, whatever the police might do under government orders. Such a man would indeed be safe so long as he avoided religious controversy, *exceptis excipiendis*; by which we mean, in English words, that the controversialist must be Dr. Wolff—and it will be long before Europe produces another Dr. Wolff.

Disguise will, doubtless, enable the European to reside safely in this country, provided it be without flaw, and perfect. But this proviso suffices to exclude, more or less, everybody in Europe except Burton, Palgrave, and Vámbéry. Disguise as a native merchant is hardly possible to a Frank, who may be shown up at any moment by those who really are that which he assumes to be: as a Jew or Armenian, it is only courting outrage

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murdered in South-western Persia in 1824, by one Kelb Ali Khan, a Lur or Bakhtyari chief; and Mr. Kavanagh may have fallen into confusion regarding the names. Otherwise, and indeed in any case, the carelessness is a little too bad, and such as we should not have expected to meet with in a book like 'The Cruise of the Eva.'



and plunder; and as a Hindu, it is impracticable. Perhaps the ill success of Arthur Conolly's attempt to penetrate to Khiva is to be attributed to his adoption of the native merchant's disguise without knowing how to act the character, or to his imperfectly drilling his people in their part. At one camp he gave a chief's wife a silk scarf and shawl; at another his servant recklessly flung cakes of sugar into a bubbling kettle of rice, and the Turkomans, of course, credited the man who thus flung about valuable commodities with untold wealth to be had for the seizing. Accordingly, they hampered and beset him in every way. The least sign of unprotected wealth is the traveller's death-warrant. When Byron was talking big to Sir John Malcolm about his intended travels in Persia, and asked for advice, he was recommended to begin by cutting off the brass buttons of his swallow-tailed coat, as he was going to a country where anybody would cut his throat for the sake of the brass. Under this very temptation, or that of his botanical tin box, the scientific traveller Schultz was shot down by the Hakkari Kurds about 1830. No disguise of any kind can now be maintained by any one who has stopped short of acquiring such an absolute mastery of accent and idiom in some one Oriental language, and perfect adoption of some one form of national character and manners, as to defy detection under the severest tests. There are probably not ten men in all Europe, Russia even included, who could stand such a test as regards Central Asia. To assign this great increase in the difficulty of eluding detection to the Austrian Lloyd's, and the establishment of a line of steamers in the Black Sea, may seem like assigning the cause of the Goodwin Sands to Tenterden steeple; but it is mainly the case, nevertheless. A month's journey is now saved to the Central Asiatic bound for the great capital of Islam, the halting-place where he can make more money and find more means of support than anywhere else, and where, therefore, he loves to tarry awhile on his weary pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Arabia. Knife-grinding, and small peddling in petty Frank wares, such as scissors, thimbles, reels of thread, carried about in a brown Frank till or box, with a glass top to it, are, besides religious mendicity, his favourite occupations. In pursuit of these he frequents the European quarters by preference, where the tourist may see him squatting or lounging any fine Sunday morning in Pera-street, staring with all his eyes at the grand toilettes of the *endimanchées* Frank belles. He may see him, but does not see him, for he only sees with the eyes of his *laquais-de-place*, or of his local acquaintance—men by habit narrowed to their own business alone; and to these eyes the wild appearance and outlandish garb of the Toork or Afghan merely convey the  
impression

impression of something from the interior, *un Musulman comme un autre*, good for nothing in diplomacy or commerce, and representing nothing in the Eastern question. But the Central Asiatic learns plenty about the Frank, even though the Frank learns very little about him, in Constantinople. He is jostled by infidels at every step—he hears talk about infidels at every street corner; his ear gets accustomed to infidel accents, and his eye to infidel gait and habits. If his wits are about him and his curiosity awakened, he becomes a connoisseur in the flavour of the different growths of Frank infidelity. When he returns to Bokhara he becomes as skilled and as available to discriminate between the Frank actor and the true believer, as surely as any wine-taster can tell sherry from Marsala. When Forster crossed Afghanistan in 1783; when, in 1810, Henry Pottinger performed his adventurous feat of traversing Beloochistan in the disguise of a horse-dealer; or when his gallant nephew Eldred appeared in the streets of Herat, the scene of his future glory, as an Indian Mussulman, they could afford to look unlike natives, and to be ill made up in their parts, in an unsophisticated time and people. Such a journey cannot be made now, least of all from India into Turkistan. The ill-suppressed imperious air—the unidiomatic Persian, spoken with the Indian pronunciation so hateful to Central Asiatics—all the countless marks which stamp the dominant Englishman—would convey no idea in those days to men who had never seen Englishmen. But since the Afghan war introduced us to the Central Asiatic, with the fulness, perhaps we may say the unattractiveness, of a photograph, no man may hope to carry a disguise undetected up the Khyber or Bolan Pass, or advance unguarded by official protection. What happens even there when the disguise is detected may be shown by the fate of Wolff at Cabul, at a time when no reason existed for hating an Englishman. He, coming from the West, had, without rhyme or reason, cast off his own Wolfian clothes, and tried to pass as a Mussulman pilgrim. He was soon found out, and Burnes arrived in the city by the merest accident in time to save him from murder, but not from maltreatment. This was in Afghanistan, and the saying goes that the tyranny of the Afghan is but the clemency of the Uzbek. *Hilm i Uzbek, zulm i Afghân*. The part must be played perfectly, or not played at all.

But it is not given to every man thus to combine at will the parts of Mezzofanti and Garrick. The three typical representatives of successful travel in disguise, whose names we have mentioned above, had to lay the foundations of their art broadly and deeply, and to take their time about it; nor would they have succeeded even then had they not been men of great ability and  
strong



strong original genius or inclination for travel. Burton spent many a long year living almost exclusively among the Mussulmans of Sindh; Palgrave must have been upwards of ten years in Syria; Vámbéry was for more than six years living as a Turk in the 'best Turkish houses' at Constantinople, cutting himself off from European society, and thus, in our eyes, committing a sort of moral suicide, merely to qualify himself for leading the utter dog's life depicted with so much vividness and animation in the strange narrative now lying before us. The motive which urged the adventurous Hungarian linguist on his perilous journey must seem to the English reader more extraordinary than the adventures themselves. A pilgrim to the shrine of an ancestral language—one who courts the crown of martyrdom in the sacred cause of comparative etymology—is a phenomenon to us, who stand in need of all, and more than all, the genius and eloquence of a gifted foreigner to convince us that there is such a thing as a science of language, or even any science in language—who can produce a Sir William Jones, but not an Anquetil, nor a Csoma Körösy. Mr. Vámbéry was impelled to travel by the desire of studying practically and in its purest vernacular form the etymology of a language, as yet little known in Europe in that form, yet covering in dialects, never amounting to mutual unintelligibility, a greater continuous geographical area than any other language in the globe. The Turkish language, which strongly influenced the Magyar both in its earlier and its later seats, has also an original kinship with that remarkable speech, and his wish was to ascertain and assess with exactness the nature and value of this original kinship. Turkish dialects, diffused by conquest over so large a portion of the globe, are only thoroughly known in Europe under their Ottoman form, and this affords only partial help in studying the works written in the Jaghatâi or most cultivated Eastern dialect, which, less numerous, are more important than anything Ottoman, as those who have read Erskine's version of the Persian translation of the Emperor Baber's memoirs will readily admit. The Jaghatâi literature has never been really understood by our Orientalists, from the difficulty of obtaining anything like a competent knowledge of the spoken language. This last, deviating and branching into many sub-dialects among the Northern, Russian, and Siberian Turks, is much purer in Independent, and almost identical with the written language in Chinese, Turkistan; the literary standard being one and the same, so far as the writer can attain it, from Kazan to Yarkand. The word Turk is so completely identified in our minds with the single Ottoman portion of this great race, that it confuses when used as a general term for the entire race, by  
• appearing

appearing to speak only of a part, when the whole is intended. Tartar is also inconvenient, for it may and does include the Mongol and Manchu as well, and is useful as a generalisation which indicates and includes these races in their common social aspect and nomadic stage of development. Some term is wanted to comprise the whole stock, and at the same time to convey the idea of its nature. There is really nothing for it but to fall back on the word Turk, renouncing the use of the same, whenever confusion may arise, in the case of the Ottoman, and denoting the Turkish nature of the Central Asiatic singly by calling him a Toork, awkward though the spelling may be. Some Germans have taken to call the race 'Turukisch,' because the natives happen to pronounce Turk 'Turuk' at Kazan. This will not be imitated here, we should think, any more than their insufferable new-fangled fashion of writing 'éranisch' for 'iranisch.' The Russians get over much difficulty by keeping Turk for the Ottoman, using Tatar (never Tartar) in a special, not a vague, sense, as meaning all non-Ottoman Turks *minus* the Yakut, and calling the Mongol Kalmuk or Mongol. So much of our information is likely to come from Russia henceforth, that it is as well to bear these distinctions constantly in mind. Yet even this deprives them of a descriptive generalisation for the whole Turk group of Ottoman *plus* Tatar *plus* Yakut.

Classified by language, the Turk and the Mongol, closely allied, form one order, generally and well called Altaic, co-ordinate with the Ugrian or Ugro-Finnic, to which the Hungarian is now positively ascertained to belong. Each order, distinctly related to the other, forms a subdivision of the great primary class, now called Turanian, sometimes Ugro-Tartarian. Mr. Vámbéry seems to have considered it an open question whether the Magyar belongs to the Finnish or Turkish branch of this main stem. If Finnish be used as a general term for the whole Ugro-Finnic or Ugrian order—a use which we deprecate as tending to confound the generic with the specific, by the extended and consequently ambiguous use of a name firmly established as that of the species—we believe it is now matter of absolute certainty that the Hungarians, whose original seat and language have been wrapped up in much unnecessary mysticism, belong to this branch, and their closest connection distinctly lies with its Vogul and Ostiak subdivisions. That the affinities of the Magyar lay in the north-easterly or Scythic direction has been known ever since Gyarmathi pointed out its resemblances with the Lappish and Finnish last century; and it is much to Gibbon's credit that he noticed this and guardedly adopted its conclusions. This, however, is so constantly mixed up with loose talk about their  
'Asiatic'



'Asiatic' origin in our popular writing, that our notions on the subject are very hazy and confused; and we ourselves feel much indebted to Dr. Latham for the clear and excellent way in which he sets forth the ethnology of the whole group, as determined by language, and puts aside his pet Lathamian paradoxes on Ugrian ground. Since Mr. Vámbéry's journey the matter has been set at rest as regards Magyar, by the publication of Hunfalvy's *Vogul Grammar*. We know now that this people occupied the government of Orenburgh for its original or proximately original seats—that it left them for the West partly under expulsion by one set of Turks, partly in concert with another—and that their nearest congeners are their next neighbours of that period, driven into or forsaken in the savage forests of the Ural, and hunting and fishing there now under the name of *Vogul* and *Ostiak*. We have no hope of checking by any remonstrance the loose talk and manifold or discrepant application to which the word *Asiatic* has been subjected; but we cannot help animadverting on the mischief it does by confounding into one the two utterly distinct natures of the true *Asiatic*, *Persian*, *Semite*, or *Indian*, and the *Scythian* or *Turanian*, who has been his foeman and conqueror, as well as his partial imitator, during all time. To the old Greek, who gave us the word *Asia*, *Scythia* had nothing conceivable to do with *Asia*: under the name of *Russia*, *Scythia* is now not a country, nor an empire, forming part of any conventional *Europe* or *Asia*; it amounts to a continent of itself, and will come to be recognised as such some day. The Russian, his Slavonic nucleus apart, is no European, and can afford to do without the name: he is a Europeanised *Scythian*, leavened by our civilisation; the Ottoman Turk is no *Asiatic*, but an *Asiaticised Scythian*, who has hitherto been, and may always essentially be, inclined to the *Asiatic* and lower civilisation. The Magyars have not discouraged this talk, for they have always shown a repugnance to being specially united with so hopeless and barbarous a race of hunters and fishers, stunted, wizened, and pagan, as the *Voguls* and *Ostiaks*; though they have never gone the length of denying this affinity and flying in the face of science, as our own minor British nationalities are apt to do in like case. Their tendency has, not unnaturally, been to lay stress on the undeniable points of at least historic connection with noble tribes, such as the *Circassians*, or with the all-conquering hordes of *Attila* and the myriad overwhelming waves of Turkish migratory conquest, which broke over and swept the borderlands of the West and South without a century's respite during a thousand years of authentic history. Gibbon's famous figure, the tottering arch of Ottoman conquest, spanning the wide lands  
from

from Belgrade to Baghdad, still totters as a hundred years ago, and may go on so tottering until a shock comes from without; but the imperishable arch of Turkish philological conquest still spans with firm and unbroken continuity the yet wider lands which stretch from the Adriatic to the foot of the Chinese Wall.\* There is something in this to strike the Hungarian imagination—enough perhaps to make Turkish kinship a glory rather than a shame, or at least to engender the feeling that Turanian blood is thicker than water. Let it be remembered, after all, that, though the Turk Attila was greatly destructive as a lion, the Turk Akbar was one of the most illustrious of mankind.

Mr. Vámbéry arrived at Tehran from Constantinople, an accomplished and perfect son of Osman, but without any more definite plan than that of starting for Central Asia by whatever route might happen to be safest; that by way of Herat for choice. He was fortunate enough to find an old friend, Haydar Effendi, accredited here as Ottoman Minister. The Effendi, a speaker of French, and a leading Turk of the liberal school, received him with open arms, and entered warmly into all his plans, keeping his secrets in true diplomatic style. The Herat road was found to be closed, as Dost Mohammed was then besieging that town. As nothing was to be done, Mr. Vámbéry roved for several months over Persia in a semi-dervish character, and we hope some day to hear of his adventures when so doing, for Persia is the true home of Bohemians, and our dervish knows how to tell his story with the real vagabond Bohemian flavour. On his return to the capital, he found the Embassy beset by a gang of

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\* The influence of the Turkish language upon Russian, only slightly touched upon some years ago in a contribution to the French '*Journal Asiatique*' so far as we know, is a curious subject of inquiry. In length and breadth, nature and degree, it corresponds exactly with the well-known Arabic influence on Spanish. Abstract or political terms introduced by the high-handed conquest and dominion of another race, taxation and tribute, horse-furniture, natural objects of the steppe, and the like, are its chief characteristics. By the use of the vague word Tartar, meaningless in a specific sense, or by the term Mongol, only correct for a very transitory period of the conquest of Russia, we are led to lose sight of the thoroughly Turkish nature of that conquest, and of the ingrained retributory feeling of Russia towards Turkey—Russia the inheritor both of Ivan Vassilievitch storming the gates of Kazan in the sixteenth century, and of Constantine Palæologos dying in the breach in 1453. But it is by the application of the philological scalpel to the mass of Russian proper names that we chiefly get at the Tartar. Aksakof, namesake of Aksak Timur, the lame chief whose Persian name we have made into Tamerlane, Tchirikof and Ouschakof, and Yusupof and Urusof, and Aivazofski, and ten thousand others. It is most curious to think of the headlong spirit of dogmatism on subjects quite unfamiliar to it which recently led one of the ablest of our weekly papers recklessly to explain certain special characteristics of the Poles by their '*Asiatic*' nature—the Poles, one of the purest of Aryan peoples, only Asiatic as all we Aryans are Asiatic, without a single Turk or Mongol proper name—in contradistinction to the Russians, of all people in the world.



Toork pilgrims, bound homewards for the remote interior, who had come to complain of extortion practised on them by the Persian authorities at Hamadan, on their return from the great Mecca pilgrimage. The Turkish mission at Tehran exercises a sort of patronage, based on the sentiment of common origin and common orthodoxy, but devoid of all political character, towards these Central Asiatic pilgrims; protecting them as its clients, and furnishing them with a dole of money out of the Sultan's bounty. These men, always seeing Mr. Vámbéry, in his ordinary Europeanized Ottoman Turk's dress, on intimate terms with the Minister, and talking Turkish with him, had no possible reason to consider him anything but a real Effendi, such as they had seen and heard in the West. But when they heard that Reshid Effendi was at heart a Dervish, as well as an Ottoman cousin, and had a spiritual 'call' to pilgrimage as far as the holy places of Tartary, they eagerly embraced an offer which not only gave them an honest, true believer for a companion, but also an influential patron in high quarters. To Mr. Vámbéry this was evidently such an opportunity as might long be looked for in vain at another time, so he made the most of it, and everything was arranged for an immediate start accordingly. Recommended and supported in the warmest terms by the Minister, and duly armed with an Ottoman passport—the scrubby little *Tezkereh*, we presume, so familiar to our tourists, no doubt a work of high art in Central Asia—the Dervish set out in the spring of 1863 for Khiva, by the least dangerous road thither, through the country of the Yomut Turkomans.\* His companions, twenty-three in number, were chiefly subjects of the Chinese empire, the others being from the upper Jaxartes, or settled parts of the Khanate of Khokand. The leading man among them was one Hajji Bilal, Court Imam, as he is styled, to the Wang, or Mussulman Governor, under Chinese authority, of the city of Ak-su. Next to him stood Hajji Salih. These two simple and excellent men, looked up to by the others and influencing their conduct, evinced a special friendship and an honesty of purpose towards the Osmanli stranger, which was proof against much temptation, and which is very pleasant to read of. All were true men of the road, who had travelled much and far, opulent paupers and kings in their rags, as old Saadi says; they knew Turkey well, and were thus able to vouch for Reshid Effendi's nationality at every step.

\* According to the modern light by which we are told to read the Turkish character, Haydar Effendi should have given his friend, the infidel dog, 'the letters of Proetus;' being in the habit, as we read once in the pre-cited journal, of spitting at the sight of Franks, and saying *Tobah*—the first time we ever heard of a Turk speaking his unamiable sentiments in the Hindustani, or Indo-Persian, idiom. The

The range of a Dervish's wandering may best be indicated by saying that one of these men had been more than once, and mostly on foot, to Constantinople, Mecca, Thibet, and Calcutta, and twice over the Kirghiz Steppe to Orenburgh and Taganrog. So they all fared forth from the eastern gate of Tehran on a fine spring morning, intoning their *telkins* or religious chants with light hearts, and doing their best to cheer up their low-spirited Osmanli friend, sad of heart at having severed the last link which bound him to Istambul, and so ill brought up in that irreligious capital as to be unable to find solace, like the rest, in the Mussulman Brady and Tate. We confess to something like affection for these faithful men, and readily believe that Mr. Vámbéry's heart was wrung when he parted from them at Samarcand. So much is said, not without justice, about distinctive Asiatic perfidy and lack of principle, even under no temptation, that we think it right to lay stress on so striking an instance of mutual help and fidelity among Asiatics. Thus they went on, crossing the mountain-streams and skirting the forests of Mazanderan, through lovely scenery, bright in the first burst of spring verdure.

Kara-tepeh, the Black Hill, at the head of the Gulf of Asterabad, was the first halting-place. This is an Afghan colony, planted here by Nadir Shah. Being, therefore, orthodox Sunnis, yet not Turkomans by race, they serve as a channel of negotiation between Persians and Turkomans. This, morally speaking, is the first step on Central Asiatic ground. Suspicion of the stranger, as a stranger—were he the prophet Mohammed himself—starts up at every moment. The first word spoken was one of disquietude and denunciation by a disreputable opium-eating Afghan, who seems to have been expelled from Candahar by Sir H. Rawlinson during our occupation; and this man's hostility nearly got Mr. Vámbéry into a serious scrape at Khiva. A boat had to be hired at Kara-tepeh in order to convey the party across a corner of the Caspian to Geumush-tepeh, the Silver Hill, whence the final start across the desert was to be made, after arrangement for the purpose with the Turkomans. This race, here bordering on the Caspian, have become inveterate pirates and kidnappers by water as well as by land, and have repeatedly plundered and enslaved the crews of Russian trading coasters in these parts. The honest navigation, therefore, has been taken under the superintendence and protection of the Russian military settlement of Ashur Ada, originally a perfectly arbitrary and high-handed usurpation of Persian territory, but serving at least this one good purpose of control. Persia cannot protect her own unfortunate subjects, for she is prevented by



treaty-engagement from having men-of-war on the Caspian, to say nothing of her want of power and public spirit. Nor will she apply to Russia for such protection, for she has always protested against the occupation of Ashur Ada, and deems it unsafe to give an inch of right to a Power which always takes an ell. So Russia protects her own navigation only, punishes those who molest it, and enforces the inspection of all boats, except, of course, those engaged in secret piratical expeditions against Persian villages. These last, if caught, are seized; but otherwise are let to take their chance as a Persian, not a Russian, concern. Like Eton boys, they must keep up the form of shirking their master. Authority for this purpose is delegated to a Turkoman, styled Deryâ begî, or Lord of the Sea, with the pay of forty ducats a month. But he is a drunken dog, always fuddled with *vodka*, and his sons, who act for him, have a secret understanding with the robbers. Our party sail across to the Silver Hill past the island fort, and are duly inspected alongside a Russian man-of-war. It was Easter Sunday, and Mr. Vámbéry was strongly affected by the sound of the church bells; still more so by a Russian officer saying, 'Look, what a white Hajji!' He thanked his stars that he got through without being confronted with the drunken Lord of the Sea, who had experience of Europeans, and would have seen through him, and handed him over to the Russians, and between them he must have been detected and exposed, though of course not injured otherwise than by his journey being stopped.

At Geumush-tepeh he began to practise as a dervish, healing with the touch and with the holy breath, pious recitations, and the like. He made many warm friends, and acquired the goodwill of Khanjan, a leading chief. His great hit was finding two men of some pretensions to learning; a perfect godsend to Mr. Vámbéry, a book-learned Orientalist as well as a linguist. One of these had an Osmanli commentary on the Koran, which he could not read offhand like his own dialect, and was glad to get a 'coach' through the stiff passages. The dervish's reputation rose to the stars in consequence, and his face was declared to be white with the light of Islam. Though now and then exposed to vague *à priori* suspicion of having ulterior political objects, he was so well protected that he could range about free and unmolested, and was able, pending the bargain for crossing the desert, to make many excursions, one long one up the Gurgân, among the Atabây Turkomans. But his three weeks' sojourn in Hyrcania was one of pain and bitterness to him. The rattle of the chains of the hapless Persian slaves was always in his ears, and the cruelty with which they were treated was never out of his sight; a cruelty quite unmitigated by any sense of its unfitting them for

their ultimate destination, the Khiva and Bokhara slave-market. During his stay four Persians were taken by sheer treachery, and brought here; the case was so bad that the Russians threatened a landing, and he was called on to shoulder a musket to defend the settlement. Atrek, near the river of that name, is the central depôt. We are rejoiced to know that it has been taken and destroyed, according to very recent news, by a Persian force, for once succeeding in its duty. Here the Effendi was shown a poor Russian prisoner as a sight supposed to be welcome to an Osmanli. Five hundred ducats were asked as his ransom; and the Turkomans would not lower their terms, as a chief of theirs had recently died captive in Siberia, and the Russians, fearing the precedent, would not accede to such a price. After much delay the party start in pomp and circumstance, escorting three buffaloes for the Khan of Khiva, who had been advised to drink their milk. The chief of the escort had his own suspicions, too, of the Effendi—having travelled in Southern Russia—and the Afghan Mohammed did his best to detach him from the dervishes, so as to have the denouncing and despoiling of him at the fitting time.

One wilderness is much like another wilderness; so, though the route now traversed is, geographically speaking, new ground, we shall not stay to notice it. All the natural features of the country bear names among the nomads, but, owing to the ceaseless suspicions instilled into the Turkomans by the Afghan, and to the fears of the head of the caravan, who had been nearly killed by the Khan for letting a Frank—probably a Russian—take notes with a lead-pencil some years before in another part of the desert, he dared not ask even simple questions. Nor was the route without danger from the Tekkeh, and further on from the Chaudor, Turkomans, the last in open revolt against the Khan. At last they reach the borders of cultivation, and the wanderer's heart rises at the sight of the fixed villages, the rich alluvial soil, and the careful cultivation, far surpassing anything in Turkey, and even now, after having seen the delights of Europe, as beautiful as ever in his memory. But he had other things to think of here than fertile fields. His own position, and the certainty of torture or death if detected, became critical. He determined at last to throw himself on the protection of one Shukrullah Bâi,\*

a man

\* This word has nothing to do with the Ottoman title of Bey, the softened pronunciation of Beg or Big, which apparently at Bokhara is pronounced Bî. It is the archaic Persian Bâi, rich. This is simply the Neo-Persian form of the ancient *Baga*, God, the additional meaning of which as *rich*, *great*, we can restore by it, as well as by means of the Sanskrit *Bhaga*, God, divine and rich. The good old Aryan root has travelled over the world. In all Slavonian lands, under the form *Boj*, it is the name of God. It passed into Mongol, perhaps from the early Persian Bagadars,



a man of high character and influence, who had begun his career as envoy to Major Todd, at Herat, and had long resided as a diplomatic agent for his native country at Constantinople. What followed we willingly leave to be described in his own words:—

‘At the very entrance of the gate we were met by several pious Khivites, who handed up to us bread and dried fruits as we sat upon our camels. For years so numerous a troop of Hadjis had not arrived in Khiva. All stared at us in astonishment, and the exclamations, “Aman eszen goldinghiz” (welcome)! “Ha Shah bazim! Ha Arsylanim!” (Ah, my falcon, my lion!) resounded on all sides in our ears. On entering the bazaar, Hadji Bilal intoned a telkin. My voice was heard above them all, and I felt real emotion when the people impressed their kisses upon my hands and feet—yes, upon the very rags which hung from me. In accordance with the custom of the country we dismounted at the karavauserai. This served also as a custom-house, where the new arrivals of men and merchandise are subjected to severe examination. The testimony of the chiefs of the karavans have, as is natural, the greatest weight in the balance. The functions of chief of the customs are filled in Khiva by the principal Mehrem (a sort of chamberlain and confidant of the Khan). Scarcely had this official addressed the ordinary questions to our Kervanbashi, when the Afghan pressed forward and called out aloud, “We have brought to Khiva three interesting quadrupeds, and a no less interesting biped.” The first part of this pleasantry was, of course, applied to the buffaloes, animals not before seen in Khiva: but as the second part was pointed at me, it was no wonder that many eyes were immediately turned upon me, and amidst the whispering it was not difficult to distinguish the words “Djansiz” (spy), “Frenghi,” and “Urus” (Russian). I made an effort to prevent the blood rising to my cheeks, and was upon the point of withdrawing when the Mehrem ordered me to remain. He applied himself to my case, using exceedingly uncivil expressions. I was about to reply, when Hadji Salih, whose exterior inspired respect, came in, and, entirely ignorant of what had passed,

Bagadāra, ‘a holder of wealth;’ more probably from the Sanskrit Bhaga-dhāra through direct Buddhist communication, and took the form of Bahātur, under which the Turks received it. Turkish conquest, striking on all sides, implanted it in Russia, Persia, and back again in India; thence ultimately it has arrived as a useful English word in London, in this form of Bahādur. In Russia, spelt Bogatyr and pronounced Bahātyr, it flows side by side and unmixed, like the Rhone and Saône, along with the true Slavonic derivative of the old root, *bogātyr*, *rich*: in Turkey Proper alone it is unknown, except as a book-word from recent Persian. It may even have invaded Semitic ground, and become the Arabic *bahā*, price, value; *bahī*, valuable. The Turkish name of wheat, *Boghday*, seems to be also from an old Persian compound of this root, which would have been *Baga-dāta*, ‘the God-given.’ Curiously enough, this word has before now been derived from the Slavonic *bog-dan*, also meaning God-given, in the days when the affinity of the Aryan tongues was unknown, and they were always treated singly. The Turkish word dates from Central Asia, without doubt, long before Turks ever fell in with Slavonians.

represented me in the most flattering colours to my inquisitor, who, surprised, told me, smiling as he did so, to take a seat by his side. Hadji Salih made a sign to me to accept the invitation, but, assuming the air of one highly offended, and throwing an angry look upon the Mehrem, I retired. My first step was to go to Shükrollah Bay, who, without filling any functions, occupied a cell at that time in the Medresse of Mehmed Emin-Khan, the finest edifice in Khiva. I announced myself to him as an Efendi arrived from Stamboul, with the observation that I had made his acquaintance there, and had wished, in passing, to wait upon him. The arrival of an Efendi in Khiva, an occurrence so unprecedented, occasioned the old man some surprise. He came forward himself to meet me, and his wonder increased when he saw a mendicant, terribly disfigured and in rags, standing before him: not that this prevented him from admitting me. I had only interchanged a few words with him, in the dialect of Stamboul, when, with ever-increasing eagerness, he put question upon question concerning his numerous friends in the Turkish capital, and the recent doings and position of the Ottoman empire since the accession of the present Sultan. As I before said, I was fully confident in the part I was playing. On his side, Shükrollah Bay could not contain himself for joy when I gave him news of his acquaintances there in detail. Still he felt not the less astonishment. "In God's name, Efendi, what induced you to come to this fearful country, and to come to us too from that paradise on earth, from Stamboul?" Sighing, I exclaimed, "Ah, Pir!" (spiritual chief), laid one hand on my eyes, a sign of obedience, and the excellent old man, a Musselman of tolerably good education, could not misapprehend my meaning, i. e., that I belonged to some order of Dervishes, and had been sent by my Pir (chief of my order) upon a journey, which is a duty that every Murid (disciple of an order of Dervishes) must fulfil at the hazard of his life.—Pp. 122-125.

This is well told, and the chief point of it, salvation through knowledge of Ottoman-Turkish, brought clearly out. Any reader of the 'Arabian Nights' knows what follows. First, the triumphal reception and favour shown by the King, who gives him a daily allowance of two *tenghe*, which would strike us more if we were not told it was one franc fifty centimes, as our dervish says, under the apparent wish to introduce the decimal system among the Uzbeks. Then comes a standing invitation to pick his rice and mutton-fat seven or eight times a day at all the great lords' tables, where he must either cram or throw up the game. Then we get the envious man. This is the Mehter, or Foreign Minister, an enemy of Shukrollah's, jealous of his great catch of a holy Ottoman lion, and bent on calumniating the dervish out of the field. The rivals meet before the Khan. They there have a writing-match and a trial of wits, where Mr. Vámbéry turns the tables on him again, and indites a fine letter  
of



of compliments to the Khan in a good Ottoman hand. Virtues triumphs by calligraphy, and he settles the Mehter, a slow-witted man and indifferent penman, once for all. Free, and at ease again, he enjoys himself without restraint among the Khivans, rough-hewn people, but the finest characters, he says, in Central Asia. He made an excursion to Kungrad, a little-known place, of much importance since the Russian occupation of the mouth of the Oxus. We regret he has vouchsafed us no account of this place. In Khiva itself there were horrid sights. There is no wanton cruelty, but there is judicial ruthlessness, and not a day is said to pass without an execution. Once he witnessed a most revolting scene. A large caravan of merchants trading to Orenburgh had been plundered and stripped of everything by the Chaudor Turkomans. Fifty-two Khivans were left to perish of cold and destitution in the frozen waste. The robbers were taken, and their eyes put out previously to their heads being cut off. Our blood curdles at Mr. Vámbéry's vivid description. Yet it should be borne in mind that in the days of Morier and Malcolm this punishment was common in comparatively polished Persia, and that far worse than this was officially announced in the 'Tehran Gazette' as having been inflicted on the Bábís who had made an attempt on the Shah's life, so lately as 1852. Any tourist strolling down Pera-street can buy for a few piastres from the turbaned Persian peddlers, who there affect a quasi-Bokharian costume, in order to pass as Sunnis, the ghastliest book in the world. This is a series of pictures, called 'Siyâset Nâmeḥ'; or, the Book of Executions, such as are, or used to be, inflicted in Persia. The display there found of ripping and splitting, and gouging and skull-sawing, is something inconceivable. This is the cruelty of the true Asiatic, the cat's cruelty; the Scythian Turk's cruelty is the dog's or wolf's fierce brutality. To take the taste of these horrors out of the reader's mouth we subjoin Mr. Vámbéry's account of his final parting from his good protector, for whose head, alas! we are not quite free from mis-giving:—

'I was really deeply moved to see how the excellent old man tried to dissuade me from my purpose, sketching to me the most horrible picture of Bokhara Sherif (noble Bokhara). He pictured to me the policy of the Emir as suspicious and treacherous—a policy not only hostile to Englishmen, but to all foreigners,—and then he told me as a great secret, that a few years before even an Osmanli, sent by the late Reshid Pasha to Bokhara as a military instructor, had been treacherously murdered by order of the Emir, when he was desirous, after a stay of two years, to return to Stamboul.

'This warm dissuasion of Shükru'llah Bay, who at first had the most confident

664  
 ...ish character, surprised me extremely. I  
 ...an, if he is not sure of my identity, still,  
 ...has penetrated my incognito, and now per-  
 ...different idea and suspicion." The excellent  
 ...inger days been sent in 1839 to Herat to Major  
 ...been several times to St. Petersburg. He had  
 ...e, frequented in Constantinople the society of the  
 ...of great pleasure to him. What if, entertaining  
 ...real way of thinking—of our efforts in a scientific  
 ...nad, from some peculiar feeling of benevolence, taken  
 ...protection? When I bade him farewell I saw a tear in  
 ...his eye, ...ar, who knows by what feeling dictated?—P. 142.

From Khiva they all start in good spirits, well-mounted, well-stored, and clad in fine new attire, by the generosity of the rough-hewn and warm-hearted ones. They crossed the Oxus, but had first to go through a row at the ferry about passports. The passport system rages in Turkistan in a way the grandfather of Austrian or Russian officials never saw even in a dream, and we shall hear plenty more of it. The intention of the caravan was to move up along the Oxus, without any fear of water running short, until they hit the main southern road to Bokhara. The Emir of this place, however, was away besieging Khokand, and the Alamans, or plundering bands of the Tekkeh, were out all over the country in consequence. They had thus no alternative but to cross the waste of Khalata, called Jan Batiran, or the life-destroying. They were now in the dog-days, and had to accomplish this at the imminent risk of perishing by thirst or by the pestilential blast of the Teb-bâd, or fever-wind. At the last stage, just as they had reached the end of the desert, they were struck by the deadly breath of the simoom, and the traveller had only just enough strength left him to stagger into the hut of some poor Persian slave cultivators, who freshened him up with bread and sour milk, and thus saved his life. As they moved on towards the holy Bokhara they fell among worse thieves than the Alaman. They were impounded by custom-house officers, who grinned when they saw our dervish, and called for his trunk at once, taking him, as a matter of course, to be a Frank, by his tell-tale face. He grinned in return, and produced his old bundle of rags and a tattered book or two. His companions struck in for their friend, and claimed him as one of themselves, and he got well out of the scrape as far as he alone was concerned. The whole party, however, had to be penned up till all were duly *visés*, *signalés*, *constatés*, cross-examined as to motives for travelling; and, in short, had gone through all the good old procedure which some of us are not too old to remember in its mildest form in France,



France, and which, if mitigated of late years, is by no means extinct in another holy country which we are told is but Bokhara over again when scraped. Once in the town, they obtain rest for the sole of their foot in the Tekiyeh of Khalfa Husein, the very holiest of all the holy religious establishments, where the Emir's writs do not run, and the chief of the police himself has to think twice before sending his detectives and spies. Here they are safe enough. Rahmet Bi, the chief of the police, had been left in charge of the town by the King before going to the wars, and this man naturally tried the Osmanli stranger by the severest tests in his power. The dervishes, standing staunchly by their friend, were interested in upholding the privileges of their order, and enlisted on his behalf all the clerical feeling of the place. The best guarantee for his safety lay in the fact that the police spies were mainly returned Hajjis, or residents from Constantinople, who were thoroughly satisfied that, whatever object he might have, he was at least a true son of Osman. Not that he was left undisturbed. One day the chief convoked a council of all the learned doctors of law and religious luminaries of Islam, in order to entangle him in his talk. They plied him with hard casuistic questions, and put him under the harrows of a competitive examination in sanctity, pitting him as a representative of Ottoman theology against all Bokhara. He held his own, but had to take refuge in the humble attitude of a learner at last, sitting patiently at the feet of the doctors, and putting counter-questions, not for self-assertion, but for the good of his soul. Had it been Burton, he would have revelled in a trial like this, and exulted in the display of his robust Mahometanism and command of its technical theology. The Osmanli is not viewed at Bokhara with the same simple respect and cordiality as at Khiva—not that a true Osmanli goes to either place once in twenty years or more. At Bokhara everything is tainted with the views of a narrow hateful bigotry, carefully fostered for political purposes. Many Bokharians visit Constantinople, but very few Khivans, and these men bring back unsatisfactory accounts of the lax ways and backsliding of the Turkish Cæsar of Rome.

The city has been so well described by Burnes, that, though tempted much by our author's picturesque narrative, we shall not give any extracts in illustration of it. He here meets with his first Chinese, a tea-merchant, and a real Celestial by race. This man was from Komul, the easternmost town of the Turkish world, on the borders of the desert of Gobi, inaccessible to Europeans, unvisited and undescribed. He was great upon tea, of which he had sixteen kinds, distinguishable by touch. In his house they kept the best of Chinese-Turk company, and held

high

high revel and instructive talk about an unknown land over their tea and their Mantuy, or pudding of hashed and spiced meat.

Bokhara charity, so far as there is any, begins and ends at home. With all their fine talk and outward show of religion, they had not a farthing to bestow in the way of alms on the pilgrims. These were at an end of their resources; and they had to sell their donkeys and get on as they best could. The party now broke up, some going at once to Khokand, and those bound for the Chinese territory accompanying our traveller to Samarcand. They travelled in two-wheeled carts, two of these sufficing for their reduced number. The road was found full of bustle and animation, with constant traffic of carts, owing to the Khokand war. The country was not only fertile, but populous, with market-towns and villages every half-hour, and plenty of baiting-houses, having good store of provisions, and gigantic Russian tea-kettles always on the boil for public use. On arriving at Samarcand, Mr. Vámbéry had the good luck to be quartered on the chief of the police, who, satisfied himself, averted all further molestation. But the Emir happened to be here, and the ordeal of an interview had to be sustained. This was not without danger, as Rahmet Bi, the temporary governor of Bokhara, had couched his report of the stranger in ambiguous terms. All went off well, however, with a pleasant bantering passage of arms. '*You a traveller all over the world,*' said the Emir, '*with your lame foot?*' '*Well,*' said the Dervish, '*your majesty's illustrious ancestor, Timur, was lame too, and did not he conquer the world?*' Here, again, we get the true flavour of the '*Arabian Nights*.' The Emir, of course, rewards the ready-witted Dervish with thirty tenghe, and a ser-pây, or dress of honour from head to foot, so that he retires a proud man, with his nose in the air.

The city of Samarcand, unvisited by Europeans, from the time of the Spaniard Clavijo's Embassy to the Court of Timur, until the time of Khanikoff, some twenty-five years ago, has been well described by the latter gentleman, an English translation of whose work has been published. Mr. Vámbéry, however, had special advantages for visiting the Timurian relics at his ease, and gives a very interesting account (for which we wish that we could make room) of the two principal ones, the great college or Medresseh, and the Keuk Tash, or Green-stone, words which an Ottoman would pronounce Geuk Tash, and understand Blue-stone, so far as he understood the adjective, to him obsolete, at all.

But the final parting had now to be faced and undergone. There was much persuasion and much dissuasion to pass before Mr. Vámbéry could make up his mind finally to abandon all thoughts



thoughts of prosecuting his journey into the remote interior of the Chinese empire. At last he consoled himself with reflecting that to-day's egg was better, after all, than to-morrow's fowl. He reserved for the future the intention of returning and eating the fowl, and tore himself resolutely away from his sincere and warm-hearted friends. The new party which he joined on his route southwards from this point was very far from being to him as the old one. Yet even these do not seem to have bothered or molested him with any ill will, or cast the evil eye of envy upon him. The route from Samarcand to Kerki leads at first over an insignificant desert; but it is well travelled, and at short intervals there are wells, each permanently provided with a rope, bucket, and a donkey to draw the water. There is not the remotest risk of robbery here, away from the Turkomans, and with a rigorous police, which makes the country as safe as ancient and poetical Ireland. Karshi is an important town. Its chief manufacture is of damascened knives, described as surpassing those of Sheffield and Birmingham in temper and durability, which seems a strong thing to say. It has a fine public garden or alameda, where a motley crowd of the cream of Tartar society may be seen thronging every afternoon round the public tea-kettle for their five o'clock tea.

The next stage is the fort of Kerki, on the Oxus, here twice as broad as the Danube at Pesth, and flowing with a strong current. The ferrymen, religious Uzbeks, row the party over for nothing. We pause and inquire whether even a fanatical ferryman would punt a doctor of divinity across the Isis or Cam for nothing. Vexation and trouble here take a new type. Everybody with hair on his chin, and a decently low pair of cheek-bones, is at once suspected of being a runaway Persian slave. Now Persian slaves, even when legitimately ransomed or emancipated, are liable to a transit duty of two ducats a head. The Kervan-bashis, or heads of the caravans, are, therefore, always trying to make these up with a good proportion of contrabands mixed with true men, wishing to evade the tax and smuggle their friends through. The Governor of Kerki laid hands here on the whole party, and wanted to throw them, bag and baggage, into the castle prison. Mr. Vámbéry stormed at him for the dear life in such Turkish as came uppermost. This was Ottoman rather than Uzbek, for the crisis was too imminent for him to stop to pick and choose his purest Turanian. The commandant of artillery, however, was a man of Tabriz, himself an emancipated slave, who had often been to Turkey, and whose heart warmed to the now unfamiliar sound of the old tongue. He interfered, gave his voucher for the Osmanlı, and got him a

tip of five *tenghe* like a good boy. After waiting here for a caravan to be made up for Herat, they went on to *Andkhûy*. This was a flourishing town, but was reduced to ashes by our able but most infamous and treacherous *protégé*, Yar Mohammed of Herat. Though Uzbek, it is under the influence of the victorious Afghans of Cabul, whose conquests have been greatly extended in this direction. The next place of importance, *Maymäna*, reached after crossing dangerous marshes, is the most southern of the Uzbek states, and is the bulwark of Bokhara against the aggression of the Afghans. The people are warlike and resolute Turks, who have repeatedly defeated their invaders, and only two years ago beat back Dost Mohammed in person. A great—perhaps the greatest—trial seemed to lie in wait for our traveller here. We think his escape most fortunate. When at Constantinople, Mr. Vámbéry, with an eye to his future journey, took lessons in the *Jaghatâi* or Eastern Turkish during some months from one Khalmurad, a Mollah, and native of *Maymäna*. This man, an old hand in Turkey, saw at once that Reshid Effendi was no Effendi at all. In these days, when spurious information and baseless conclusions about Turkey are so rife, it may be necessary to say that this matters nothing on the Bosphorus. Negation of the Frank character will enable any one there to pass for a Mussulman to all intents and purposes. Any European can live in a Turkish quarter by changing his hat for a *fez*, keeping Turkish hours and Turkish society, and observing the same rules of outward decorum as his neighbours. So long as the parochial opinion is not offended by any flagrant breach of manners, the modern Ottomans, the most easy-going of people, and most willing to live and let live, are perfectly ready to accept such a man, and let him insensibly pass in their mind as a true believer, without caring a *para* about his attendance at mosque, or compliance with other rites. Such attendance, indeed, would be disliked, for it would force on the question of his real religion, which, with their perfect experience of Europeans, could not but terminate in exposure, leading to downright conversion, ill-treatment, or expulsion from the quarter at least. Thus our late gallant countryman, Guyon, who had never embraced Mahometanism in the remotest degree, came to be treated as a Mahometan by default, so to speak; and at his death his Mussulman neighbours were strongly disposed to resent his receiving Christian burial, and to stop the removal of his body from the Turkish quarter where he had lived as a Turk. No Uzbek would take this lax view of Frank conformity, and Khalmurad always had his eye on the Effendi. The latter, knowing this, was alarmed accordingly. His first inquiry on reaching



reaching Maymāna was after his old teacher. 'What, Khal-murad,' said his host there, 'my dearest friend, a friend of yours! He has attained the mercy of God; but for his sake I will do anything; and here is his orphan child.' So Mr. Vámbéry again plucked the flower safety out of the worst of his dangers. He heard subsequently on his return to Tehran that the Mollah was not dead, but had passed through Tehran on his way home, and had asked after Vámbéry. Life was made a burden on this part of the journey, by the constant recurrence of irritating delays and custom-house squabbles in this land of border Khanates, on account of the unfortunate Persian contrabands. More unfortunate still, but for the accidental presence of Mr. Vámbéry, would have been the fate of a party of our old friends the Turkish Bashi Bozuks, whom we confess we hardly credited with so much enterprise and daring.

'In the last campaign between Russia and Turkey, they were engaged with a *razzia* (Tchapao), in the Caucasus, by command of Government, or, as is more probable, on their own account. During this time they had fallen into the hands of a Russian patrol; and, as they well merited, were transported to Siberia. Here they were daily employed in the woods of Tobolsk with felling trees, but were kept at night in a prison, and not ill-treated, for they were fed with bread and soup, and often also with meat. Years elapsed before they learnt to speak Russian; but they did at last learn it from the soldiers that guarded them. Conversation being now rendered possible, confidence was inspired; bottles of brandy (Vodki) were tendered reciprocally, and as, during last spring, one day, more than usual of the warming liquor had been handed to the two soldiers on guard, the captives seized the opportunity, and, instead of oaks, felled the robust Russians, exchanged their axes for the arms of those whom they had slaughtered, and after wandering up and down for a long time, and under perilous circumstances—in which they were obliged to feed even upon grass and upon roots—they finally reached some Kirghiz tents, to them a haven of security; for the nomads regard it as a benevolent act to aid fugitives of that description. From the steppes of the Kirghiz they passed by Tashkend to Bokhara, where the Emir gave them some money for journey expenses. Although on their way it had often been suspected that they were runaway slaves, it was not until they reached Maymene that they really incurred any serious danger.'—Pp. 252, 253.

These men had the benefit of a Kirghiz underground railway, and of a dialect akin to their own spoken every inch of the way; not good for argument, perhaps, but good for asking bread and milk and meat. Yet this feat is nothing to the daring of a party of Circassian prisoners of war confined in the fastnesses of the Altai, a thousand miles north-east of this, who broke desperately from their lingering captivity, cut their way through  
detachment

detachment after detachment sent hurriedly against them, but missed their way, and, wandering blindly over the steppe, were finally overpowered by numbers. Even for the gallant and unfortunate people who performed it this is a most gallant exploit—a people, alas! whose despairing patriotism, now transferred to Turkish soil, is but too likely to merge into fanaticism, and to give much trouble to the Turkish Government and to Europe. The frontier of Maymāna, and consequently of Turkistan, is reached at a place called by the very Mongol-looking name of Tchitchektoo—not far from which, by the way, is the town of Mogor, which we wonder Mr. Vámbéry did not notice as bearing a name absolutely identical with the oldest form of his own national name now written Magyar. Probably Mogor, however, is but a variety of Mongol.\* Here he bids farewell to the Uzbek nomads, of whom he says:—

‘I will not deny that I parted from this open-hearted, honest people with great regret, for the nomads of their race whom I met in the Khanats of Khiva and Bokhara have left in my mind the most pleasing recollections of any natives of Central Asia.’—P. 255.

Before leaving, a third tax is levied under the title of *Kamtchi pulu*, or horsewhip-money, as the right of the escort. On Mr. Vámbéry remonstrating, a merchant replies, ‘Thank God, it is only taxation now; once we used to be plundered outright, and that by order of the Khan himself.’ The country held by the Jemshidi branch of the Eimāks is now traversed. These people, occupying the outlying territories of Herat in this quarter, are, with the exception of those specially called Moghul Eimāks, of Iranian origin, or, at least, are speakers of archaic Persian. They are as inveterate robbers as the Turkomans themselves, but as their range is limited they can hardly be called true wide-roaming nomads. The road here runs between the hammer and the anvil; between the Turkomans on one side and the Jemshidi and Firúzkhūi—transplanted mountaineers from the town of that name near Tehran—on the other. The valley, perfectly fertile and productive, is desolate and abandoned. The danger to the whole body of the caravan is here at its greatest, and the escort received double whip-money from the Persian slaves. The Jemshidi have, however, gradually melted away, owing to perpetual warfare. Many of their number are the returned descendants of a colony forcibly planted on the Lower Oxus by a former Khan of Khiva, who had made their way back to their old mountain homes.

After crossing a narrow mountain-pass, only accessible to a

\* There is another Mogor eastwards of Candahar.



regular army with the friendship of the Jemshidi, the party reach the Murghâb, a beautifully clear light-green mountain-stream, with a strong current, mostly unfordable. Taxation has run wild here, and has nearly killed all commercial intercourse, in spite of the Asiatic townsman's natural turn for trade. The Afghan rulers of Herat are on good terms with the Jemshidi, and foster their power as a check or breakwater against the Turkomans and Uzbeks; in return for which the chief of the Jamshidi taxes the caravans double, once for himself and once for his masters. The slave-tax, without a shadow of excuse for it, has been introduced here, and the other taxes are as much as had to be paid in all the Uzbek states put together. An Indian, for instance, had bought a cargo of aniseed in Maymâna for thirty *tenghe*; twenty *tenghe* per load was paid for carriage to Herat, and, up to the present point, eleven altogether for customs duties. But here alone he was called on to pay thirty. Of course the rich natural productions of the country are left quite untouched, and trade is confined to a manufacture of goat's-hair, called *shâl*, woven by the women, which finds a ready market in Persia—as, for the matter of that, a goat's-hair fabric called *shâl* does in Paris and London too. The people had no bread, and the poor dervish got no custom for his glass beads and holy breath and powders of health, and was hard put to keep body and soul together. The Herati members of the caravan were all anxiety, as they approached the city, to hear news of their wives and families, as they had left while the siege was still going on, but they were detained at Kerrukh for an entire day. This was in order to enable a wondrous Jack-in-office and bully, the chief of the customs, in comparison with whom a French *douanier* in his most perverse moments—and they are often very perverse—must be a perfect angel of humility, to draw up a list, not only of the travellers, but of everything they had with them or on them. This functionary, with his arrogant Afghan air, was worse than any among the Uzbeks. The baggage was marched off under escort; the poor men had to strip to their shirt and drawers in the cold, and then pay duty upon each article, which is worse than Boulogne or Calais, where they only tax new and unworn clothes. Towards evening up came the Governor of Kerrukh, Bahadur Khan, swaggering and asking for his whip-money. He was a portly warrior of soldier-like mien, with a fine red uniform coat buttoned up over his great chest; such a man as we too know something of, and have learned to call Bahadur likewise. But the honest Hungarian's heart was so cheered up at the home-like sight of the military buttons that he let his surprise beam forth in his face. The

Khan,

Khan, or Major, as he is called with the English word, caught the look, and watched him narrowly in consequence. Seeing the foreign features, he questioned the Kervan Bashi, being at the same time all affability to the dervish. But he laughed in the face of the latter when he tried to give himself dervish's airs and come the Bokharian over him, and, when they parted, very adroitly tried to take him off his guard by holding out a hand to shake, English fashion. This time the dervish was too quick for him. He raised his arms and was about to bless him by reciting the opening chapter of the Koran, when the Major withdrew, laughing, and no more inclined for blessings than a French colonel.

Herat was seen in a state of the utmost misery and desolation, just after the last and most destructive of the many sieges to which it has been a victim. It is now little more than a heap of ruins, of every age and in every stage of decay. The central bazaars alone remain perfect, and here alone is there any throng and bustle of men. The crowd is more motley, and its constituent races are better defined than in Bokhara. All are armed, but all cower at the sight of the Afghan tribesmen, who are their new masters. These stalk about, feared and detested by all, even by their kinsmen the Afghans of Herat, who formed the previous upper layer of conquest, but who make common cause with the Persian substratum against the Cabulense invaders. The Afghans seem to have gone mad with rapacity. It is not enough to kill the goose for the golden egg, they must needs draw the goose alive. Everything bought and sold is taxed, and taxed at random for as much as it will yield to the tax-gatherer's squeezing. Mr. Vámbéry, entirely at the end of his resources, had not a farthing to carry him on to Persia: he sold his worn-out donkey for what it would fetch, but between debts and taxation got nothing out of that, and was forced to sleep on the bare ground in an old ruin, even though it was in the depth of winter. He applied to a Persian envoy here for money and for leave to join his cortège to Meshed. But he got neither money nor protection from this man, who was very polite, very suspicious, and very searching, asking the ragged figure before him whether he had brought any fine horses from Bokhara. The Dervish, in despair, felt compelled to appeal to the Prince—a lad of sixteen, left at Herat by his father, who had gone to Cabul to look after his own interests as a claimant to the throne of that place. The Prince

dressed in full uniform with high stand-up  
under not having got so far into Asia

reviewing the *élite* of his troops,  
boyish glee at the noise and the

manœuvres



manœuvres and the captains thundering forth 'Right shoulders forward' in English. These men, says Mr. Vámbéry, had a very military bearing, far more so than the Ottoman army; and were it not for their pointed shoes and the tight straps to their short trowsers, they might even pass for European troops. What followed at the interview we shall not attempt to abridge:—

'True to my Dervish character, on appearing I made the usual salutation, and occasioned no surprise to the company when I stepped, even as I made it, right up to the Prince, and seated myself between him and the Vizir, after having required the latter, a corpulent Afghan, to make room for me by a push with the foot. This action of mine occasioned some laughing, but it did not put me out of countenance. I raised my hands to repeat the usual prayer required by the law.\* Whilst I was repeating it, the Prince looked me full in the face. I saw his look of amazement, and when I was repeating the Amen, and all present were keeping time with me in stroking their beards, the Prince half rose from his chair, and, pointing with his finger to me, he called out, half laughing and half bewildered, "Vallahi Billahi, Shuma Inghiliz hestid" ("By G—, I swear you are an Englishman!").

'A ringing peal of laughter followed the sudden fancy of the young king's son, but he did not suffer it to divert him from his idea; he sprang down from his seat, placed himself right before me, and, clapping both his hands like a child who has made some lucky discovery, he called out, "Hadji Kurbanet" ("I would be thy victim"), "tell me, you are an Englishman in Tebdil (disguise), are you not?" His action was so naïve, that I was really sorry that I could not leave the boy in his illusion. I had cause to dread the wild fanaticism of the Afghans, and, assuming a manner as if the jest had gone too far, I said, "Sahib mekun ('have done'); you know the saying, 'He who takes, even in sport, the believer for an unbeliever, is himself an unbeliever.'† Give me rather something for my Fatiha, that I may proceed further on my journey." My serious look, and the Hadis which I recited, quite disconcerted the young man; he sat down half ashamed, and, excusing himself on the ground of the resemblance of my features, said that he had never seen a Hadji from Bokhara with such a physiognomy. I replied that I was not a Bokhariot, but a Stambuli; and when I showed him my Turkish passport, and spoke to him of his cousin, the son of Akbar Khan, Djelal-ed-din Khan, who was in Mecca and Constantinople in 1860, and had met with a distinguished reception from the Sultan, his manner quite changed; my passport went the round of the company, and met with approbation. The Prince gave me some krans, and dismissed me with the order that I should often visit him during my stay, which I accordingly did.'—Pp. 277-279.

\* This is in Arabic, and to the following effect: 'God our Lord, let us take a blessed place, for of a verity Thou art the best quartermaster.'

† Traditional sentence of the Prophet.

The road from Herat to Meshed runs across a belt of utter waste and desolation made by the hand of man. Formerly, and until lately, inhabited, it lies full in the storm-track of the Tekkeh Turkoman forays; its people have consequently abandoned their villages and withdrawn to the far south of Khorasan, as a Swiss mountaineer abandons the home which he knows to lie in the defined and recurring tracks of the destroying avalanche. Meshed was reached in safety at last, and Meshed was to Mr. Vámbéry the beginning of Europe. He flung himself in the arms of Colonel Dolmage, an English officer in the Shah's service quartered there, and in the delight of new-born life and liberty forgot Turkomans, desert, fever-wind, and all. He was received with much favour and natural curiosity by Sultan Murad Mirza, the able Prince Governor of the province, and furnished with ample means to continue his journey to Tehran, which he did alone, apart from the general body of Dervishes now made aware of his character; accompanied, however, by the faithful Mollah Is'hak of Kungrad, who had attached himself to his fortunes personally, and whose friendship was proof against his sudden resumption of black infidelity. Another storm-track of Turkoman inroad west of Meshed was safely crossed, and he joined his old friends at Tehran at last, to their great satisfaction. At Shahrud, between Meshed and Tehran, he saw his first European in European clothes; an Englishman purchasing cotton. He said, 'How d'ye do?' and the Englishman replied, 'Well I never!' seeing the tatterdemalion figure who addressed him. Probably this man was the unfortunate Mr. Langfield, who, according to recent accounts, was murdered by some irregular cavalry for the sake of the ready money he very imprudently carried about his person, amounting, we have heard, to a thousand pounds. From Tehran he hurried home as fast as he could, staying only three hours at Constantinople to see the distinguished Internuncio, Baron Prokesch. The Turks, to us the type and the scapegoats of Asia, were in his eyes the merest regular-featured Europeans; and their capital, if eastern at all, only a gorgeous drop-scene to eastern existence. He steamed up the Danube to Pesth, where he deposited in triumph his Uzbek henchman as a material guarantee of his travels, and made the best of his way to England, in his idea the land of generous appreciation and of active interest in Central Asia; a belief we shall not seek to disturb, when it has given us the literary first fruits of so enterprising a journey.

After what we have extracted from this book we have very little to offer the public in the way of indicating or criticising its merits. These are just such as should belong to a personal narrative



narrative of wild adventure: Mr. Vámbéry is always animated, picturesque, and easy-flowing. His comments on political and social matters, and the general spirit of his remarks on the people of Inner Asia, are worth attention and commendable; never disfigured by commonplace abuse or by the affectation of paradoxical praise. This merit we conceive to proceed from aptness of instinctive view and fairness of disposition, rather than from any maturity or shrewdness of judgment, for the Dervish is evidently by nature a volatile Irish-tempered man, with much artless vanity. But after the prodigious efforts of repression it must have cost him to cork and bottle up his volatile particles of soul, we enjoy of all things the champagne-like burst and mantling cream of innocent self-consciousness. We have one fault to find which is serious. It is his neglecting to take the trouble of reducing his German measurements to English miles throughout the book. Now, it is not enough to know that when he says twenty miles he means eighty. Twenty miles conveys a fixed, definite impression of distance to our minds; and we cannot stop at every page to modify this by taking thought and doing sums in reduction every minute.

Our Central Asiatic books, few enough in number, are all very entertaining, with the exception, perhaps, of poor Moorcroft's posthumous papers, which are plain, dull, and business-like; and all are valuable. Burnes, we have said, is a classic, and he wrote in a style of great purity and conciseness, which it is delightful to read. Conolly wrote in high, almost boyish, spirits, and with ardent Christian convictions united—a rare combination—to strong sympathy with Asiatics. Abbott, a man of poetical reading and temperament, romantic and imaginative, painted with extraordinary vigour and quaintness of touch, and revelled in wonderful rhapsodies, only redeemed from absurdity by their intense originality of expression: his political remarks on the progress of Russia, written in 1843, with all their strange humour, are the best we know on the subject. Richmond Shakespeare's brief paper in *Blackwood* of June, 1842, is capital; free, roving, and picturesque. We conceive it no small praise to Vámbéry to say that he stands, in point of general merit, and the power of entertaining his reader, fully on the same level with the best of these authors, yielding in point of style to Burnes alone.

Mr. Vámbéry has completed his book by adding, in the form of a supplement, a series of notices on the politics, statistics, recent history, and general state of the various Principalities of Turkistan, the Turkomans, the Chinese Turks, and the like. This is certainly not the least valuable portion of the work. Perhaps it

might advantageously have been expanded, and framed into a separate work, distinct from the personal narrative. Most of this is not only first-hand but fresh as well. That which is derived from the information of others—the part relating to the Chinese province—is practically equivalent to first-hand, owing to the great facility for inquiry offered by the terms of confidence and intimacy which he enjoyed for so many months in company with the first set of dervishes. Much of it is very curious and new, and goes deeper into the subject than Burnes's, Moorcroft's 'Mir Izzet Ullah's, or Baillie Fraser's chapters of gathered odds-and-ends of information on this inaccessible part of the world.\* We would willingly extract and comment on the major part of this chapter, which brings out in a striking light a perfectly new and unfamiliar view of the Chinese: that of their unexpected aptitude for tolerant, able government as a dominant race. The Mahometan Turks under the rule of the Chong Kafir, or Great Infidels, are loud in approbation of their justice, equity, and firmness; more than approbation it is useless for a non-Mussulman to expect from a Mussulman; the Chinese have left the Turks a native administration and complete internal liberty, and the country enjoys great material prosperity, which is disturbed by one cause only, the efforts of the dispossessed Khojahs or rulers of Kashgar, sheltered at Khokand as the Neapolitan Bourbons at Rome, to create rebellion in the capital of their former dominions. It was in one of these rebellions that Adolf Schlagintweit perished.

The Turkoman chapter is equally good. We hope soon to read M. de Blocqueville's account of his captivity among the Tekkeh, which, not exactly seeing Turkoman life from our traveller's point of view, must be very curious. This French gentleman, it will be remembered, joined an army of the Shah's on its march towards Merv as an amateur photo-

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\* Mir Izzet Ullah was a native sent by Mr. Moorcroft into Turkistan, both independent and Chinese. His journal is the fullest account of the latter province now existing. It was carefully edited by the late Professor Wilson and Mr. Norris, of the Foreign Office, and may be found in vol. vii. of the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal. The post stations on all the main routes are given in full. Those from Cashgar to Pekin, a road utterly inaccessible to Europeans, are very curious, showing how philology can bridge an unapproachable chasm. The Turkish names, beginning close to the Chinese wall, are mostly significant, and are strongly marked off from the Chinese. They almost all serve to describe the features of the country. One of the best is '*Utera girma*,' i. e. *ne ultra pergas*, 'Do not enter further.' *Chong*, below, is the old adjective for *great*, familiar to us as the Ottoman adverb *chok*, *very*. The names *Chong Tash*, *Chong Ulag*, the great rock, great forest, belong to Turks, if they still survive unabsorbed, tributary to the Sovereign of India in the province of Ladakh—Turks who have native names for the glacier and the wild yak, little as we connect such things with the word Turk.



grapher; and when this large force, an actual disciplined army, shamefully let itself be surprised and swept off by a night attack of an inferior body of the Alaman, he underwent captivity and hardship in the tents of the wild men, until it was found possible to come to terms with his captors for his ransom, constantly increasing in the amount demanded. The tribe among whom he resided, too, are the most savage and untameable of the whole race; they form its largest division, and their country is inaccessible as yet to the only chastising power which combines strength and public spirit; in other words, to Russia. These Tekkeh, or children of the 'he-goat,' are the great and typical Turkoman tribe, holding the same position in that race that the Anezeh hold among the Arabs, or the Comanche among the south-western American Indians. If there were white or brown slave marts in Texas as well as black slave marts, that State would exactly represent settled and Uzbek Turkistan in this latter comparison, which we trust Texan readers will excuse for the sake of the completeness of the remaining analogy. The northern provinces of Mexico—Durango and Chihuahua—long stood in identically the same position of a regular hunting ground for Comanche slave-forays that Khorasan stands in towards the Turkomans. The Turkomans in no way resemble the hordes of Timur, overwhelming for conquest's sake, destroying all who resisted, yet always reconstructing and making codes of law in a rough and barbaric but not unjust fashion,—the *Yasa* of Jenghiz and the *Tuzukât* of Timur. They are rather as a chronic and unchecked disease, eating its way by corrosion into the body of Persia, and almost into the very vitals of its most extensive province. There is nothing in the world more worthy of commiseration than the fate of the wretched Persians who are the victims of these man-stealers. Yet, after all, it only requires public honesty, good management, and disciplined effort on the part of Persia to hold in check, if not actually to break up and destroy their power. And it is just this power, the most hateful feature in Turkistan, which is secured for a long time to come from the wholesome control of Russian conquest by its unapproachable position in the interior.

The closing remarks of this work may perhaps serve to revive a subject of former uneasiness and warmth of discussion among ourselves which has now long lain dormant. Russian encroachment in Central Asia, at one time arrested by the strong hand of winter, laid on the advancing army of Pérofski, has for twenty years past substituted a system of military colonies, steadily pushed forward from post to post, for one of direct military invasion. The great Kirghiz steppe, broad and, until the

the recent wells were dug, impassable in the west, is narrow enough in the east to allow regular troops to pass, with due control of the route, to the valley of the Jaxartes, and the fertile Khanate of Khokand. The barrier of inner Central Asia has now been passed. Russia has for a moment resumed her old military attitude of defiant aggression; and some, if not all, of the Khokand territory, after such resistance as the natives, untutored in war, could offer, has fallen a prey to her victorious arms. On arriving in England, brimful of this news, which had also come to us by dribblets through Indian channels, Mr. Vámbéry heard everywhere that it was an absurdity to conceive it to affect our interests or our position in any way. 'Let us,' he was told, 'hear no more of a question so worn and so out of fashion. If Russia undertakes the meritorious and onerous task of civilization, in such wild and barbarous regions, so much the better for all. England has not the slightest cause to watch such a policy with envy or jealousy.' And Mr. Vámbéry is not quite satisfied with this easy optimistic view of a subject which was enough to destroy the sleep and half-empty the purses of the whole past generation of our statesmen.

For our own part, we profess to understand the meaning of both parties, and are not without sympathy for each. Five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Vámbéry would have found every man of us, Lords and Commons, Palmerston and Urquhart, dailies, weeklies, and quarterlies, hungry and battling for scraps of information about Turkistan, like Turkish street-dogs round a bone. But now he finds that he has brought his Central Asiatic wares to a very heavy and sluggish market, and he is naturally discontented at meeting with either carelessness or antagonism. On the other hand, so far as the view thus alleged to be the prevalent one in England is the result of conviction, based on a direct increase of knowledge, and on a subordination of petty narrow instincts of hostility or blind self-preservation to the broader interests of humanity rightly perceived, we sympathise with it, and entirely justify our countrymen. But we believe this to be the case only exceptionally, and that our vanity leads us to mistake that for acquiescence which is in reality but apathy. We willingly lend our ears therefore to Mr. Vámbéry when he protests against utterances which are, to a great extent, but the voice of the sluggard complaining that we have roused him too soon—and all the more when the voice, as is its wont, is too self-complacent, not to say pragmatism and self-righteous, in its tones. The last generation bragged in its complacency about the keys of India and the Douranee empire, just as the present generation is bragging about humanity and the British



lion lying down with the Russian bear; and it was equally free from misgivings as to its own work. Now we do not like, old-fashioned as we are, this sudden *volte-face*, turning our back on and stultifying our past selves in this way. Our self-love, not greater, perhaps, than that of other nations, has a window in its breast, and its visceral workings and contortions, under the fierce crave of constant hunger, lie open to the whole world. But Mr. Vámbéry, a stranger among us, who has never read a year's consecutive files of any newspaper, knows nothing of its operations, and is quite unused to the process by which we extract the nutritive matter of self-satisfaction out of circumstances not wholly satisfactory. He therefore seems to grumble a little at the line taken with regard to his political suggestions, which, indeed, are of the very slightest and briefest nature.

We confess we do not hold the circumstances to be wholly, or at least unconditionally, satisfactory. It is assuredly a great boon to humanity that some of the most fertile countries in the world should be restored to life, and touched by the breath of material progress. It is matter of thankfulness that bad and cruel tyrannies, held disgraceful among Asiatic nations themselves, should crumble to dust at the first blow from the Northern giant. To us it seems a matter of absolute certainty that Russia must advance as it were by a law of growth until she has firmly planted her standard on the northern foot of the Hindoo Koosh. Her advance, imperceptible from day to day, is, and has been, slow and resistless as the advance of an Atlantic tide. The nearer England and Russia agree upon certain limits to be maintained immutably by their own moderation, mutual good understanding, and by what may become ultimately their essential identity of policy in Asia, the less will be the chances of hostile collision, and the better for the world. But what we look upon with apprehension is the fathomless gulf of Afghanistan, ever raging with intrigue and discord—never apparently to settle down into a fixed government. This gulf, from the nature of the country, seems likely for a long time to intervene between the two powerful empires. Russian policy has always run in the groove of political intrigue, and her agents cannot perhaps extricate themselves from it if they would; we too are under constant temptation to coquet with the politics of these states; either party may be led by Asiatic adroitness, the ambition of frontier officers, or other causes, into a course which may lure both parties on into a monstrous expenditure of blood and treasure. 'I should like, indeed,' says Mr. Vámbéry, 'to see the politician who would affirm that Russia, once in possession of Turkistan, would be able to withstand the temptation of advancing, either personally

or by her representatives, into Afghanistan and Northern India, where political intrigues are said always to find a fruitful soil.' No doubt, if there be a defective joint in the defensive armour of our Indian empire, that joint is more liable to be probed now than before. We must just make up our minds to this. But this gives us all the more reason for tightening the rivets. If there be such a joint in an otherwise noble fabric, it is the want of sympathy between a high and typical European race and the ultra-Asiatic race over which it rules.

There is one condition upon which alone the Russian tenure of Turkistan will be a source of clear satisfaction to us, and that is, a thorough understanding between London and St. Petersburg. What we now deprecate in England is apathy and want of knowledge on the subject—the loose humanitarian or egotistical makeshift writing—and the constant oscillation between utter neglect and raving panic. There are even now pamphlets and newspaper articles—more in India than here—written under the last of these influences; perhaps even statesmen may be found here not quite free from it. But if we cannot be roused from apathy by anything short of a panic, we own that we prefer even the panic for the sake of the information we are thereby stimulated to acquire. Information about current politics in this quarter which the unofficial public gets is very meagre and confused, and rarely altogether correct. Something is vouchsafed by Russia, or is picked out of Continental papers; something filters westwards through Persia and Turkey; most of it—perhaps the least authentic part—is taken from the correspondence supplied to Indian papers by their native *akhbâr navîs* or news-writers in Central Asia—mere retailers of bazaar gossip; and these hardly enable us to construct an intelligible story with all the help of check and counter-check.\* When panic rages in England, it is mostly roused by the sensation articles of the Indian press on this last set of alleged facts—articles often written with smartness and ability equal to the best metropolitan standard, but generally provincial in their vehement way of pushing their idea to its extremest. They are unrestrained by the self-control and sense of responsibility so remarkable in our best London papers, because they exercise a less direct influence over Government operations. The energetic and working English class to which their writers belong—the active, ardent, inexorable Englishman whom, when in the harness of progress, we now idealise under the name of

\* The 'Morning Post' we may distinguish among our journals for its assiduous observation and judicious selection of Continental news on the subject. Its own commentary we think a little too tinged with Russophobia, though this perhaps is unavoidable, as the only way of attracting attention.



Anglo-Saxon, has never felt the restraint of a land frontier putting him face to face with an equally powerful empire, such as is familiar to anybody at Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. In India, one of a visibly dominant race, he is apt to become as one '*Jura negans sibi nata*,' and he is getting to chafe under the prospect of such a frontier which is likely to enforce on him a new position and new responsibilities. In perusing his facts we are prone to adopt his extreme conclusions; and this goes far to account for our bursts of panic when we are moved at all. The occasional outbreaks of overbearing offensiveness or contumely towards natives, the slight estimation of their ideals and their literature, which are the only blot on our occupation in India, and one for which our Government is not in the least to blame, are evils which must be mitigated, and our sympathy with natives will have to be increased, in front of a power whose whole command over Asiatics is said to lie in her placing them on a footing of social equality with her own central race, and her absence of all caste feeling. Too much has been said, it may be, on the Continent, about her capacity for sympathy and absorption—her '*Assimilationsfähigkeit*,' as those wonderful Germans call it: too little has been said here, we are sure. It may be well to reflect that the words '*nigger-classic*,' applied to Firdausi and Hafiz, are not as yet to be found in the Russian dictionaries; and that the two great vernacular languages of extra-Arabian Asia, neglected here, are taught in Russia with admirable vigour and success. In India nobody is taught Turki, knows anything about it, or seems to have heard of it; and Persian, when learnt voluntarily by us, is learnt as a dead, not as a vernacular language—as the Persian of '*Stratford-atte-Bow*,' not of the Eastern Frenchmen of Isfahan. Yet the encouragement of Persian study, we believe, would go far in breaking up the standing Mussulman Hetairia which frets under and almost menaces our rule. If Hindustani, adopted by us as the future general language of India, is to be a language, and not a jargon, it must become so by means of its alliance with Persian, the speech which all Indian Mussulmans have at their heart, and use as the one feeder, or channel of other feeders, for all their abstract thought, their politics, science, and poetry.

Military invasion of the territories of a Power holding the Khyber and the Bolan defiles we conceive to be so utterly out of the question as not to be worth a moment's unprofessional discussion. A stampede of irregulars, Timur and Jenghiz fashion, is to the holders of the passes but as a cloud of mosquitos. A regular army would have to cross six passes, only open for a few months, to get from Turkistan to Cabul; and Cabul, viewed and  
occupied

occupied by us as the political capital of the country, is not on the high road to India but off it. If on it at all, Cabul and its mountains are only so as Meiringen and the Bernese Oberland are on the way to Italy, *a way*, but not *the way*. The true military road to India lies by Herat and Candahar. If there be such a thing as a key to India above the passes, it is this latter city. Our power was maintained here, during the Afghan war and rebellion, not only triumphantly but also beneficially. The awful disasters of Cabul have made us forget the success with which Candahar was held, and the ability with which its civil administration was exercised by Rawlinson. There is no reason whatever to make us shirk and shut our eyes to the contingency—which we trust may never be realised—of a second occupation in the event of a seriously hostile attitude assumed towards us by Russia. The possession of Turkistan, the submersion of the Caucasus, the reduction of Persia to a state of moral vassalage against the grain, we hold to be no hostile attitude, and have been long prepared for them. These things—deplorable as is to us that one particular of the annihilation, in the very teeth of their half-hearted and injudicious bottle-holder, of a European race of warriors and patriots, wild, bold, and primitive as the Germans of Arminius or the Iberians of Viriathus—are not directly alarming to us more than to other Europeans, but they call imperiously for our attention and our pondering well in mind. We are fully confident that our Indian statesmen are herein doing their duty and acquiring the needful knowledge on the subject; and we trust that our home public, augmenting and steadying its interest in the same, will continue to put the best face on the matter, without overstraining and distorting its features into a mere meaningless smile of self-complacency. Russia was not all vice ten years ago, nor is she all virtue now. She may seem, and in some degree is really, modifying her former policy; but she has not yet turned her swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning-hooks. They yet reek with the heart's blood of a most noble European nation. She must be watched, and she must be understood. We do not deplore, nor do we ecstatically admire, but on the whole look favourably, on Jenghiz Khan's reappearance in our day as a Prince of the Empire, a wearer of white gloves, discoursing on potichomanie with Mr. Sala; or on the son of a Kirghiz Khan coming forth as a scientific traveller under the name of Velikhanoff, and not sparing his fellow tribesmen in his new-born imitative European zeal. The prospect open to us is, under certain conditions, encouraging; and we think that, in this direction at least, Europe and Asia will be benefited, even assimilated, by mutual contact. The Russia of Alexander II. is  
not



not the Russia of Catherine and Potemkin; and she now bids fair to become content with a natural growth where formerly she was barbarously eager to covet and to annex. An attempt now to arrest her progress up to a certain point is, to use the striking metaphor of Abbott, the Khivan, but an attempt to confine a vigorous young forest sapling within the glass walls of a greenhouse. Beyond this we honestly believe that both Russia and England can each, in the long run, be the better for being thus placed on the best behaviour at home and abroad, if only by a respect for the moral leverage which each may exhibit to its former rival as lying in its hand ready for it to exercise over the native population of the other. The victory, if contest there be, will favour the conquering empire at least as much through its sympathy with Asia as through its command of European arts and forces, and it will therefore be a deserved victory.

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ART. IX.—1. *New Commentaries on the Law of England (partly founded on Blackstone).* By Henry John Stephen, Serjeant-at-Law. Fifth Edition. London, 1863.

2. *A Treatise on the Law of Libel and Slander, and incidentally of Malicious Prosecutions.* By Thomas Starkie, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Third Edition. London, 1830.

3. *History of Trial by Jury.* By William Forsyth. London, 1852.

4. *A Bill to amend the Law of Libel, and for more effectually securing the Liberty of the Press.* Prepared and brought in by Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Longfield, and Mr. Hennessy.

‘THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men  
 Having to advise the public may speak free,  
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise;  
 Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.  
 What can be juster in a state than this?’

With these noble words from the ‘Suppliants’ of Euripides Milton most appropriately begins his ‘Areopagitica,’ as they admirably foretoken the drift of that grand argument for free printing, in which was set forth, perhaps for the first time, the true principle whereon a most important division of jurisprudence, the law of libel, should be based.

The weightiest of the benefits of free printing he describes as follows:—

‘For this is not the liberty which wee can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth, that let no man in this world  
 expect;

expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reform'd, then is the utmost bound of civill liberty attain'd that wise men look for. . . . This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad, are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few; but to redress willingly and speedily what hath bin erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a vertue (honour'd Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.'

Milton, however, was not unaware of the dangers to be guarded against in this coveted state of freedom:—

'I deny not,' says he, 'but it is of the greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how bookes demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for bookes are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are.'

The great problem, indeed, is, how to combine the most perfect freedom of discussion with the prevention of publications pernicious to the commonweal and injurious to individuals.

In Milton's time the question was nearly new. A strict censorship of the press (if we may so call it) found a place in the ideal republic of Plato, and seems at all times to have been generally deemed necessary; though some of the greater thinkers, as the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, had occasional glimpses of the truth.

Here, as well as abroad, according to Mr. Serjeant Stephen, the art of printing, soon after its introduction, was looked upon as merely a matter of State, and subject to the coercion of the Crown. It was therefore regulated by the King's proclamations, prohibitions, charters of privilege and of license, and finally by the decrees of the Court of Star Chamber, which limited the number of printers, and also of the presses which each should employ; and prohibited new publications, unless previously approved by the licensers. This odious jurisdiction was abolished in 1641; but the Long Parliament, after their rupture with Charles I., assumed similar powers with respect to licensing books, and in 1643,\* 1647, 1649, and 1652, issued their ordinances for that purpose, founded principally on the Star Chamber decree of 1637. In 1662 was passed the Statute 13 and 14 Car. II. c. 33, which, with some few alterations, was

\* The *Areopagitica* was written as a remonstrance against the first of these ordinances.



copied from the Parliamentary ordinances. This Act expired in 1679, but was revived by a Statute of the first year of James II., and remained in force until 1692, when it was continued for two years longer; but although frequent attempts were made by Government to revive it in the subsequent part of King William's reign, they encountered so strong a resistance, that the Licensing Act finally expired in 1694, when the press became really free.

Since that time (save as regards documents deemed by the Houses of Parliament to infringe their privilege, a matter foreign to the subject of this article) no preliminary obstacle has been placed in the way of publication,—punishment or the enforcement of damages being relied on for the repression of seditious, blasphemous, obscene, and defamatory compositions.

And this state of things has met with general concurrence, even those who have held the strongest views as to the necessity of punishing libels being entirely opposed to intrusting the authorities with any powers of preventing their publication.

Thus, Lord Ellenborough, by whom so many persons charged with libel were tried and sentenced, announced from the bench that—

‘Liberty of criticism must be allowed, or we should neither have purity of taste or of morals. Fair discussion is essentially necessary to the truth of history and the advancement of science.’

According to Blackstone—

‘To subject the press to the restrictive power of a licenser, as was formerly done, both before and since the Revolution, is to subject all freedom of sentiment to the prejudices of one man, and to make him the arbitrary and infallible judge of all controverted points in learning, religion, and government. But to punish, as the law does at present, any dangerous or offensive writings, which, when published shall, on a fair and impartial trial, be adjudged of a pernicious tendency, is necessary for the preservation of peace and good order, of government and religion, the only solid foundations of civil liberty.’

The objection sometimes taken to our law of libel, that it is too vague, is well answered by Mr. Starkie. Absolute and certain prohibitions, as he well shows, are excluded by the very nature of the subject-matter, for if such were imposed, they must either consist in general and peremptory rules, encroaching greatly on the freedom of communication, or in minute and special ones, the particularity whereof would subject them to the easiest evasions. The law might either totally prohibit all discussion on a particular and specific subject, or might go the length of tolerating all that can be said or written upon it; but

there

there are many questions in respect of which total prohibition or entire toleration would be prejudicial to the community. A total prohibition would be inconsistent with the first principle of civil liberty, for a penal restraint would be thereby imposed to a greater extent than was necessary for the welfare of society; on the other hand, there are subjects whereon unrestrained license would be liable to the greatest abuse, and open the door to intolerable mischief.

As, therefore, it is beneficial to society that freedom of communication should be tolerated to a large extent, while, on the other hand, it would be highly inconvenient and mischievous to permit unbounded license, it becomes necessary to establish a limit; and this must always be a work of great difficulty. A libeller, therefore, has no more right to complain that the law has not specifically laid down what words constitute a libel, than has the creator of a nuisance to plead that the Legislature has not defined what vapours are noxious, or how many cubic feet of them it is lawful to issue.

To this general agreement upon leading principles must be attributed the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the frequency with which the law of libel has been put in force, and the strong political feelings aroused by the manner in which it has been administered by the Courts, few serious legal difficulties (except in matters of procedure) have, until recently, been encountered in the administration of this branch of our jurisprudence.

Within the last few years, however, several causes have come before our Courts in which the decisions upon questions of law have given rise to much conflict of opinion. But before coming to these controverted matters, it will, perhaps, tend to make the subject more clear to our readers if we briefly sketch the leading principles of the English law of libel.

The legal term *libel* implies matter written or printed, spoken defamation being denominated *slander*. But there are kinds of libel which do not, perhaps, come under the head of defamation—viz. seditious, blasphemous, and obscene libels. Of these, however, we do not intend to treat. Prosecutions for them have become rare, and at present that branch of the subject does not seem likely to excite much interest. Libels, defamatory of individuals, public or private, are what now usually come before our Courts of Justice, and upon the due dealing with these depends, in a great measure, the freedom and legitimate influence of the press, and the preservation of the just reputation of individuals, high and low.

There are some remarkable differences in the laws relating to spoken and written defamation. The former (except by the  
obsolete



obsolete prosecution for *scandalum magnatum*, i.e., speaking ill of high persons) is not punishable criminally. Nor can an action be maintained for it except upon proof that the plaintiff has sustained *special damage*, or unless the slander is one of a class which the law holds to have a strong and direct tendency to occasion serious mischief to him—as when a man is accused of having committed an indictable offence, or where the aspersion is of a nature likely to injure him in his calling, as designating a lawyer a rogue, a physician a quack; or where the slander is likely to disparage a public officer in his office—as accusing a magistrate of corruption; and in a few other cases.

Libel, on the other hand, is punishable criminally, and is always actionable, notwithstanding that no special damage is shown to have accrued. The reason of this distinction is obvious. Words may be uttered in the heat of the moment, whereas writing, and still more printing, is a deliberate and lasting act. To make mere spoken words punishable criminally (except, of course, when they are intended to incite a person to commit a crime, in which case they become an offence of another class) would be to interfere unduly with the liberty of the subject; while to make them generally actionable would give rise to an infinity of trumpery and vexatious litigation. In one respect, however, we must be permitted to think the law wrong (and for this view we have the support of high authority)—namely, that a woman has no remedy for one of the greatest injuries she can receive—an imputation upon her chastity—unless when made in writing, or in the event of her being able to prove that special damage has arisen. Surely such a case comes within the reason of the rule which gives a person damages for slanders having a direct and manifest tendency to injure him seriously!

Mr. Starkie thus justifies the discrimination made by the criminal law between libel and slander:—

‘The restraining the criminal offence to written defamation is a provision which, whilst it leaves the ordinary communications incident to the daily business of life unfettered, at the same time guards against the mischief which would result from unlimited licence, by subjecting to punishment all such as are guilty of the more deliberate, studied, and therefore malicious attacks upon character—the more dangerous and injurious as being more permanent in their nature, and more capable of a wide and extensive circulation. This, therefore, is a mode of restraint which, whilst it leaves open considerable channels for communications affecting character, yet visits all those attacks upon reputation to which the foregoing remarks on the necessity for penal restraint more particularly apply.’

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The law makes an important difference between criminal prosecution and civil actions for libel, in regard to the defences which the defendant may set up. To the latter, the truth of the charges complained of is always a complete answer, while to the former, this defence was not, until recently, admitted at all, some of the judges having even held the strange doctrine—'the greater the truth the greater the libel.' This was based on the principle that a libel is prosecutable, not for the satisfaction of the person attacked, but because its publication has a tendency to promote a breach of the peace, by provoking him to take vengeance on the defamer, whereas a civil action is undertaken by the person attacked with the object of obtaining damages for an alleged injury, to which of course he can have no claim where the charge is true. It must be admitted that the principle was carried to an extreme. However, by Lord Campbell's Act of 1843, the law has in this respect been placed on a footing conformable with reason. Now, a person prosecuted for libel may plead the truth of the imputations, but he must also plead that it was for the interest of the community that they should be published. Unless the jury find both these issues in his favour, his pleas do not help him. Thus, while the law no longer punishes the salutary exposure of evil doing, attacks prompted by malicious or corrupt motives, and the publication of which is not for the interest of the community, are liable to penalty, even though the facts stated may be true.\* Lord Campbell's Act also authorises a defendant sued civilly to plead in mitigation of damages, that he made or offered a public apology before the action, or at the first opportunity after its commencement.

Towards the latter end of the last century an important improvement was made in the procedure in criminal trials for libel. A long current of decisions had established a rule—the conformity of which to the principles of the common law it is difficult to discover—that the jury had merely to find specially

\* Mr. Starkie, writing before the passing of Lord Campbell's Act, remarks:—

'But in the next place any evil consequence which might otherwise result from subjecting written defamation, without regard to its truth or falsity, to penal censure, is best corrected by exempting largely from penal liability in all cases where the party acted with a fair and *bond fide* intention, with a view to a recognised legal object; and this without regard to the truth or falsity of the communication in fact; for in numerous instances, where the party acts honestly in pursuit of a legitimate object, it is far more consonant with the principles of natural justice and policy to make his criminality depend on the motive rather than on the result of an investigation as to the truth of the matter published. One man may violate the principles of honour and justice and the dictates of his own conscience, though he publish that which is strictly true; whilst another may act under the influence of a strong moral feeling, in publishing what he believes to be true, but which turns out eventually to be false.'



the fact of the publication of the alleged libel and the truth of the *inuendoes* (i.e. explanatory statements interpolated in the copy of the matter complained of set forth in the indictment, showing the meaning of the words and expressions), leaving the question of libel or no libel to be determined by the Court; thus withdrawing from the consideration of the jury the question, whether or not the accused was actuated by malice; for the *truth* of his imputations did not at that day come in issue. This doctrine was called in question in the celebrated case of Woodfall, tried before Lord Mansfield in 1770—when an attack was made on that eminent judge, in the House of Peers, by Lord Chatham and Lord Camden, who denied Lord Mansfield's ruling to be law,—and also in the prosecution of the Dean of St. Asaph, in 1784, where the Court of Queen's Bench followed the ruling in Woodfall's case. It was generally considered that this doctrine of the judges encroached upon the principle that no man is to be punished until found guilty by a jury of his peers. So, in 1792, the Act of 32 Geo. III. c. 60 was passed, at the instance of Mr. Fox, supported by Mr. Pitt, which declared that the jury ought, in libel prosecutions, to find a general verdict of guilty or not guilty. The judge, however, is enjoined to direct them as to the law of the case, as in other criminal trials.

In the well-known cause of *Stockdale v. Hansard* it was held, that the House of Commons could not authorise their printer to publish matter defamatory of individuals so as to protect him from action; and this decision produced a sort of collision between that House and the Court of Queen's Bench. The dispute was, however, ultimately settled by the passing of an Act granting immunity to publications made by order of either House of Parliament.

We should remark that the offence, civil or criminal, is not the *writing*, but the *publication* of a libel. If a man compose such a document and merely keep it in his desk, he has not broken the law; but if he show it to any person, other than him who is aspersed, he becomes a libeller, as the law holds any showing of a document to be a publication.\* An analogous rule applies to slander; for if the words are spoken in the presence only of the person attacked, or if the others present do not hear or understand them, no action will lie; and upon this principle it has been held that where the words complained of are in a foreign language it

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\* But it seems that sending a defamatory writing to the person reflected on is an offence punishable criminally, as tending to incite him to commit a breach of the peace.

must be proved that persons were present who understood the language.

Truth, as we have seen, is always a bar to the civil remedy for defamatory words, whether written or spoken; but the verity of the charges must be proved by the defendants—a provision flowing from the admirable principle of law that every person is presumed to be innocent until shown to be guilty.

The action for slander or libel is grounded on its being *malicious*; that is, that the plaintiff has suffered from the malice of the defendant; the word *malice* in law including not only personal hatred, but any wrong motive.\* All defamatory words are, on the principle above mentioned (*i. e.* that the plaintiff is supposed to be innocent of the charges made against him until shown to be guilty of them), *primâ facie* malicious. But if the imputations are proved to be well founded, the action is at an end, as the law holds that a man is not wronged by the publication of the truth.

Absolute proof of the truth of charges is, however, in many cases impossible; besides which, the most careful persons may be mistaken, even after having availed themselves of all means in their power of arriving at the truth. If, therefore, no defamatory words were excused except on proof of their perfect accuracy, a most mischievous check would be placed both upon the freedom of private communication in matters of necessary business and upon the discussion of political affairs and other subjects in which the public is interested. To prevent this mischief, the law permits the presumption of malice to be rebutted by showing that the words were uttered or published under circumstances which conferred a *privilege* upon them; that is, that there was some duty cast on the defendant, to discuss or communicate upon the matter, or, at any rate, that he had a good and sufficient reason. Thus, when asked the character of a servant, a master is not liable to action for what he says, even though he may state what may turn out to be untrue, unless it is shown that he knew it to be false, or was actuated by some wrong motive. If he volunteered the statement in conversation, he would be liable, unless he could prove that any imputations he made were strictly true; but being asked the character as a matter of business, he is privileged.

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\* Lord Chief Justice Erle thus defined malice:—

‘But then the plaintiff is not entitled to receive your verdict for defamation unless he establishes that the defendant was actuated by malice. The law, however, does not require that the plaintiff should show personal malice or ill-will in the sense of private hatred, but that the defamatory observations were published without any of those causes which the law considers will justify them.’



‘If fairly warranted by any reasonable occasion or exigency,’ said Mr. Baron Parke, now Lord Wensleydale, ‘and honestly made, such communications are protected for the common convenience and welfare of society; and the law has not restricted the right to make them within any narrow limits.’

The same rule applies to publications. Wherever there is some proper reason why a man should write upon a subject, he may do so with impunity, so long as he acts *bonâ fide*, notwithstanding that he makes charges against individuals, the truth of which he may not be able to prove, and even though the falsity of them be shown; for the occasion rebuts the presumption of malice. He must not, however, go beyond the occasion, as, for instance, if he publish that to the whole world which merely concerns certain individuals.

Any document put forth to the public is a subject for privileged discussion.

Thus, in an action by one Paris against the ‘Daily Telegraph,’ observations had been made by the sitting Alderman at the Mansion-house upon a placard which the plaintiff, a marine store dealer, had exhibited, offering prices for kitchen-stuff, candle-ends, pewter, plated goods, &c., and proposing to fetch them from private houses. The ‘Daily Telegraph’ had published some remarks on the occurrence headed, ‘Encouraging servants to rob their masters.’ Lord Chief Justice Erle directed a verdict for defendant on the ground that the placard was a matter in which the public was interested, and upon which, therefore, criticism was proper; and that the article did not go beyond the placard, or attack the plaintiff in anything not fairly arising out of that document.

The privilege of public discussion is based on the ground that all persons are interested in the demeanour of public officers in public matters, in books and other published works, and in the proceedings of courts of justice; and thus it is held, that what is put forth in the fair discussion of these matters is privileged from being called to account. The necessity or reason of the occasion rebuts the presumption of malice, which attaches *primâ facie* to all defamatory matter. But it is competent to the plaintiff to show express malice on the part of the defendant, either by extrinsic evidence, or from the words themselves, where they are so violent or manifestly unfair as to negative the supposition that the author could have composed them in an honest spirit. It is not enough that the observations are not well founded; the jury may entirely disagree with the remarks; may consider them unfair, uncalled for, and in bad taste. But this will not justify them in finding against the defendant: that, they

have no right to do, where the occasion is privileged, unless they are satisfied, not only that the remarks are unfair, but that they are not made *in an honest spirit*; that the sole object of the writer was not the lawful one of expressing his opinion on a matter of public interest, and denouncing what he considered (however mistakenly) to be wrong, but that he had behaved recklessly, or had some sinister object, and was therefore, in legal parlance, actuated by malice. If the writer goes beyond the occasion—if, for instance, not satisfied with attacking the public doings of a public man, he follows him into private life, or if, not confining himself to criticising a book, however severely and mistakenly, he attacks the private character of the author—then his privilege ceases; and, unless he can prove the truth of his allegations he is answerable in damages.

The privilege of free discussion is not confined to comments or remarks, it extends to the statement of *facts*, where those form part of what is a fair matter of discussion. Any imputations beyond these limits are not privileged, and must be strictly proved to be well founded.

A report of the proceedings in a court of justice is privileged, provided it gives a fair and impartial account of what took place, notwithstanding that persons may have been aspersed by the statements of witnesses and counsel; but this immunity does not extend to the reporting of *ex parte* statements, where both parties have not been heard, nor of extra-judicial proceedings, though they actually took place in a court of justice. And it would be well if the law, in this respect were more strictly observed.

In an action against the 'Daily Telegraph,' a few years ago, for a report of an investigation in a metropolitan police-court, Lord Campbell made the following excellent remarks:—  
'As to magistrates,' said he, 'if, while occupying the bench from which magisterial business is usually administered, they, under pretence of "giving advice," publicly hear slanderous complaints over which they have no jurisdiction, although their names may be in the Commission of the Peace, a report of what passes before them is as little privileged as if they were illiterate mechanics assembled in an alehouse.'

Lord Campbell, however, well drew the distinction, as regards the privilege attaching to reports, between a proceeding like this, and the proper business of the Justices' Courts. 'It was contended at the bar,' continued he, 'that in no case have the proceedings before magistrates any privilege. To this general proposition we can by no means assent.' Lord Campbell then went on to show that it is clear that, where magistrates are proceeding



ceeding summarily (that is, where they are dealing with a matter finally, and not merely as preliminary to the action of another court), a report of their transaction is as much privileged as that of the proceedings of any other tribunal. Where magistrates are making a preliminary investigation of a charge of an indictable offence, with a view of committing the accused for trial, they may sit, if they please, with closed doors (which would be unlawful during summary proceedings), and in that case a report of their doings would not be privileged; but if they choose to sit in open court, the report is protected, at any rate, where the inquiry ends with the discharge of the accused,—as was the case in the proceedings, the report of which formed the ground of the action against the ‘Daily Telegraph.’ It was objected that there the prisoner was brought up three times, and that the proceedings at each hearing were immediately reported, so that the accusations were read by the public before the answers to them had appeared. Lord Campbell, however, held that, as the two former of these reports were in a shape implying that the remainder of the proceedings would be given, it was analogous to the report of a trial lasting several days, in which case it has long been the practice to report each day’s proceedings as they take place. His Lordship did not decide whether, if the plaintiff had been committed for trial, the report would have been privileged; but he showed a leaning to the affirmative view by quoting Lord Denman’s evidence before a select committee of the House of Lords on the law of libel, which was strongly in favour of the utility of such reports.

We conceive that we have correctly stated the true principles whereon a law of libel ought to be founded, and which, we feel satisfied, are embodied in the general current of the decisions of our Courts upon the subject.

Many indications have, however, appeared of late years that the law and its administration does not satisfy some influential writers for the public journals. Seldom is a verdict found against a newspaper for libel, but it is denounced in various quarters as an infringement of the liberty of the press. We believe that we shall be able to show that in one or two instances these complaints are not altogether without foundation; but in most cases they, in effect, amount to a demand that the existing safeguards of character should be abolished.

It has frequently been contended in newspapers of great influence that there is no necessity for actions and prosecutions on account of defamatory attacks on individuals; for if a man’s conduct is arraigned he may defend himself in print,—the columns of the paper are open to him, &c. But when a man, who has

been attacked in a leading article or other prominent part of a newspaper, sends an answer, it is often printed in small type (if indeed it appear at all) in some obscure corner, and, if noticed in the leaders, is sneered at and misrepresented, the journalist trusting—generally safely enough—that the public will not take the trouble to read the letter.

Were the law of libel abolished or modified as demanded, no man's character would be safe; and, since irresponsible power corrupts the human heart, the press might, from being a most valuable servant to the community, become its tyrant.

But, in truth, a just and well administered law of libel is essential to the real interests and legitimate influence of the press itself. Now, if a man's reputation is assailed, he can summon his assailant to meet him on equal terms in open court, where the matter is investigated by an impartial judge and jury. Suppose this course were closed to the object of the censure, however well founded it might be, he could always deny its truth, urging that there was no mode open to him of proving his innocence. And, as this could not be gainsaid, it would be impossible to treat him as a man is now treated who has allowed a serious charge to be made against him by a respectable journal without vindicating his character through legal proceedings. Thus, the press would soon fall into a condition like that in which it is said to be in some of the States of the American Union, where its attacks are simply disregarded.

We will now proceed to consider some of the principal libel causes which have given rise to controversy within the last few years.

Many of our readers will remember the excitement occasioned by an action brought in the Court of Session in Scotland, in 1856, by a gentleman named McLaren, which resulted in a verdict of 400*l.* damages against the 'Scotsman' journal. This verdict was denounced by many newspapers as a great blow to the freedom of the press in Scotland, and the judge and jury were severely censured; yet on a calm examination of the actual facts of the case, we can see no fair ground of complaint. The occurrence arose out of the first election of Mr. Black as member of Parliament for Edinburgh. Mr. McLaren took a leading part in supporting the rival candidate, Mr. Brown Douglas, in which course he was thought by the writers in the 'Scotsman' to have acted inconsistently with his former political professions. The 'Scotsman,' not content with inserting a series of articles and squibs in which Mr. McLaren was most severely, even virulently, handled, gave a description of his speech and behaviour in the chair of an election meeting which, if correct, would have shown him



him to be guilty of conduct highly discreditable in a public man. The article contained the following passages:—

‘At Mr. Brown Douglas’s meeting, on Monday, with the electors of the south side, the most conspicuous feature was the conduct of Mr. Duncan McLaren, as chairman. The like of it, we venture to say, was never seen before at an Edinburgh meeting, however low in character, and though presided over by the humblest man or the keenest partisan. Every elector that rose to exercise his right of speech or question, was received with a volley of taunt and insolence from the chair; and if he happened to have once been a member of the chairman’s own committee, so much the more was he insulted and browbeaten. If the spirit of last night’s chairman were to descend to audiences in due proportion, Edinburgh public meetings would become mere contests of uproar and ruffianism. . . . At this moment, not insidiously but to his teeth, we charge him with deserting principles and traducing friends and deceiving enemies, and acting only for his own purposes, and especially for his own malignities.’

Another article relied on by the plaintiff contained these observations:—

‘Mr. McLaren’s long and absolute rule over his followers is an undeniable proof of his power of mind and will; but all things have their limits, and surely he yesterday overstepped the bounds permitted to him, even by the most blinded and besotted of his followers. It was a most painful instance of how a clever and useful man may ruin himself by mere sourness of soul. We cannot trust ourselves to comment on such a speech; old principles cast to the wind; old friends traduced, their lives scoffed at, and their deaths predicted; venom in every word and a dagger in every sentence. No man is entitled to say that this is too strong language unless he heard the speech; for the perusal of even the fullest report can carry but a faint idea of the animus. It may be strong language, but it is true that the effect of some portion of this unhappy outbreak was to make the blood of the hearers run almost as cold as that of the speaker.’

The writers of these articles, it will be seen, by no means confined themselves to remarks. Serious charges were made. Not only did the evidence adduced for the defence fail to show that the charges were well founded, but it proved nothing on which a man writing in a fair spirit could have based such statements and comments.

The Lord Justice Clerk summed up to the effect that this was particularly a case for the jury, and told that body that it need not be afraid of finding a verdict for the pursuer lest that course might tend to endanger the freedom of the press; for, as the question they had to determine was entirely one of fact, their finding could establish no rule affecting that most important object.

The high character of the ‘*Scotsman*’ was frequently urged  
against

against the justice of this verdict. But it is really an argument in its favour. If a man is attacked by a journal of bad reputation, he may safely treat it with contempt. Indeed, the praise of such a publication is more to be deprecated. But the influence and authority of a paper of high standing gives a force to its censure, which no man who values his reputation can afford to despise. Had the state of the law been what, in their more thoughtless moments, some respectable writers have desired, Mr. McLaren would have been obliged to remain, in the minds of a large proportion of his countrymen, under the serious imputations of the 'Scotsman,' instead of being able to disprove them, as he did, in open court.

The action against the 'Saturday Review' (Campbell v. Spottiswoode), which was tried in the summer of 1863, gave much dissatisfaction to a portion of the press, and in one respect, as we think, with good reason. Here the plaintiff was editor and part proprietor of a religious journal, called the 'British Standard and Ensign,' in which he wrote a series of letters, entitled 'Missions to China,' advocating efforts for the evangelisation of that empire. Many appeals appeared in the paper exhorting the readers to take all measures for promoting the circulation of the numbers containing those articles, urging that the salvation of four hundred millions of souls would be thereby promoted. Several letters, which purported to come from correspondents, also strongly recommending the wide circulation of these numbers, were inserted, as were lists of subscriptions for the purpose. The name of Mr. Thompson, of Prior Park, was frequently mentioned, and such subscriptions as 'R. G., 250 copies,' 'a London minister, 120,' 'an old soldier, 100,' &c., appeared in the lists.

The 'Saturday Review' commented severely upon these proceedings, characterising them as an attempt to puff an obscure journal into notoriety, speaking of the editor as an 'impostor,' charging him with 'scandalous and flagitious conduct,' insinuating that the subscriptions and the correspondents' letters were fictitious, speaking of Mr. Thompson as a 'Mrs. Harris,' and remarking that 'few readers will have any doubt in their minds as to who is the "old soldier."' "

At the trial the Mr. Thompson mentioned was placed in the witness-box to prove that he was an entity; and after hearing plaintiff's evidence, the defendant's counsel admitted that the letters and subscriptions were genuine.

Chief Justice Cockburn directed the jury that the subject was one for criticism, but went on to ask them, 'Is the passages merely to comment on the reasonableness of the proposal, or do they impute, not only that it was delusive,



delusive, but that it was induced by the base and sordid motive of promoting his own pecuniary interest?' The Lord Chief Justice then proceeded to tell the jury that it was for them to decide whether the insinuation as to the non-existence of Mr. Thompson was said merely in a spirit of banter, or with a view of charging the plaintiff with fraud, expressing a strong opinion that the imputation that the subscriptions were fictitious was also an accusation of fraud. He then laid down that it was admissible for the defendant to characterise the plaintiff's scheme for evangelising China as an idle one, not likely to effect its object; but he went on to say—

'But the question is, whether the writer has not gone beyond these limits, and whether he has not gone the length of imputing to Dr. Campbell, not merely that he has proposed a delusive and mischievous scheme, but that he has done so with the sordid motive of abusing the confidence of the public on subjects the most holy and sacred, and for the pitiful purpose of increasing the subscriptions to his newspaper. If you think that, then the case assumes a different character. It is said that the circumstances were such as not only to entitle the writers of the "Review" to criticise in a hostile spirit the scheme of the plaintiff, but also to impute to him sordid and base motives in putting it forward, for that it is obvious that it could do good to nobody but the proprietors of the paper. I own, however, that my view of the law does not accord with this. A public writer is fully entitled to comment upon the conduct of a public man, and this was a public matter and a fair subject of comment. *But it cannot be said that, because a man is a public man, a writer is entitled, not only to pass judgment upon his conduct, but to ascribe to him corrupt and dishonest motives.* That, in my view, is not the law; and the privilege of comment does not go to that length. Take the case of a statesman. His public conduct is open to criticism in speeches or in writings. But has any one a right to say that he has sold himself, or that he has been inspired by base and sordid motives, unless prepared to justify these allegations as true?'

Sir Alexander Cockburn then directed the jury, that if they were of opinion that the writer, though imputing the evil motives to Dr. Campbell, did so under a full belief that he was actuated by them, they should not deliver a general verdict for the defendant, but find that matter specially in his favour; 'for,' said the Lord Chief Justice, 'it is a question of such great importance, that, although my own opinion upon it is clear, still as it is now for the first time raised in a court of justice, I will give the defendant leave to raise it in the full court.' The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with 50*l.* damages, finding specially that the writer in the 'Saturday Review' believed his imputations to be well founded.

The cause came subsequently before the Court of Queen's Bench *in banco*, when the ruling of the Lord Chief Justice was confirmed unanimously. In giving judgment Sir Alexander Cockburn said:—

'But it seems to me that a line must be drawn between hostile criticism upon a man's public conduct and the motives by which that conduct may be supposed to be influenced, and that you have no right to impute to a man in his conduct as a citizen—even though it be open to ridicule or disapprobation—base, sordid, dishonest, and wicked motives, unless there is so much ground for the imputation that a jury shall be of opinion, not only that you may have honestly entertained some mistaken belief upon the subject, BUT THAT YOUR BELIEF IS WELL FOUNDED AND NOT WITHOUT CAUSE.'

The puisne judges seem to have taken a similar view to that of their chief; but they appear to have mixed up the making of the specific charges against the plaintiff—of publishing fictitious letters and lists of subscriptions—with the question of the right to impute motives.

Of the verdict we do not think there is any reasonable ground to complain. The defendant clearly went beyond the occasion, and so lost his privilege. The circumstances justified the writer in making strong remarks, but not in stating or insinuating the fact that the letters and subscriptions were fictitious. Had he contented himself with observing that the public had no means of forming a judgment as to their genuineness, and therefore should give little weight to them, he would not have overstepped the limits of allowable criticism; but there was nothing upon which he could fairly have founded the actual charge of falsity. Before a writer makes such an accusation he is bound to use every reasonable means of ascertaining its truth. In the present instance the name and address of the Mr. Thompson, whose non-existence was hinted, had been given, and a very little trouble would have enabled the writer to ascertain who that gentleman was.

But though we think that the verdict was justified both in fact and in law, and was therefore rightly upheld by the full Court, we conceive that the doctrine enunciated by the Chief Justice in his summing up to the Jury, and also in his judgment *in banco*, is open to serious question, if we correctly understand him absolutely to deny the right to impute bad motives. This is the first time that the doctrine has been so laid down, and we must be allowed to contend—with very great respect to so high an authority—that it is not the law of England; for it is certainly opposed to that liberty of discussion which is essential to rational freedom. Indeed, if writers are not allowed to impute motives,



motives, how are they to exercise their admitted right of criticising the acts of those in authority? Many an action is in itself indifferent; as, for instance, the appointing a person to an office for which he is not unqualified: but if this is done from a corrupt motive, the act becomes an evil one, and a subject for legitimate censure. If a writer is liable to punishment whenever he makes such an imputation, unless he can absolutely prove it to be true—a thing in most cases impossible, for who can dive into the recesses of another's heart?—the most flagitious conduct must remain unexposed. The Chief Justice laid it down that one may not charge a public man with having sold himself, or a general who has surrendered a fortress with having corruptly betrayed his post. To make such imputations recklessly or malignantly would undoubtedly be a wicked act, meriting severe punishment; but not so if the writer had grounds for his belief, although they might not be sufficient to prove the fact—or not even, in the opinion of the jury, enough to make the fact probable—provided that they were such as a fair-meaning man, after due consideration, might have thought sufficient. That, we contend, is the question which ought to have been left to the jury.

Reluctantly passing over, for want of room, the case of *Morrison v. Belcher*, in which the Lord Chief Justice adhered to the law thus laid down by the Court of Queen's Bench in this case of the '*Saturday Review*,' we turn to the important cause of *Turnbull v. Bird*, which having a bearing upon polemical questions, attracted much attention.

The plaintiff in this action was a Roman Catholic gentleman, eminent for his archæological attainments, who had been appointed calenderer of foreign papers in the State Paper Office, at the recommendation of the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Romilly, being employed on the documents belonging to the period between the Reformation and the Revolution. Mr. Turnbull was a convert from Protestantism, and had published strong opinions in favour of Roman Catholicism, and particularly of the Jesuits, of whom he was a great admirer. This appointment excited the indignation of the defendant, who was Secretary to the Protestant Alliance. Mr. Bird wrote a letter to the '*Daily News*,' in which he mentioned Mr. Turnbull's Ultramontane views, and his strong bias towards the Jesuits; whence he inferred that that gentleman was a most improper person to be intrusted with manuscripts belonging to a period so important in the history of the struggle between Protestantism and Romanism, as he might be tempted to destroy or mutilate documents which contained proofs of the truth of charges against his co-religionists. Mr. Bird, quoted published opinions of Mr. Turnbull to the  
effect

effect that Garnett, the Jesuit, who was executed on the charge of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, was a martyr, and that Babington's conspiracy against Elizabeth (which that conspirator, however, always declared to be merely a scheme to liberate the Queen of Scots) was a 'gallant confederacy,' with other expressions betokening a very strong party feeling. Mr. Bird went on to mention instances in which, at various times, documents bearing upon the matters in difference between Protestants and Catholics had disappeared from divers public collections, or had been mutilated under circumstances raising a probability that the mischief had been perpetrated by persons interested in suppressing testimony militating against Romanism; and he expressed a strong feeling that there was danger that Mr. Turnbull might thus deal with the State Papers. Among other statements Mr. Bird alleged that, when a deputation from the Protestant Alliance waited upon Lord Palmerston on the subject, that Minister read a letter from the Master of the Rolls justifying the appointment of Mr. Turnbull,—

'in which he stated,' says Mr. Bird, 'that he (Sir J. Romilly) had appointed Protestant gentlemen, since the agitation of the subject, to examine and compare the papers prepared by Mr. Turnbull, and to see that he had done his work fairly; and also another gentleman was appointed to examine the state of the original documents, on their being given to Mr. Turnbull, and, on their being returned by him, to examine and see that they were whole and un mutilated, and to certify to that effect. I write from memory,' proceeds Mr. Bird, 'but *I know that I have given the true effect of the letter.* If Mr. Turnbull is perfectly qualified for his office, and his integrity be unimpeachable, what need of three gentlemen to watch him, and to put the country to the expense of employing four persons to do the work of one?'

The actual words of Sir J. Romilly's letter were,—

'However, since the matter has been agitated, I have requested two very competent Protestants, members of the Record Department, to inspect the papers intended to be calendered by Mr. Turnbull, and to make a report to me upon them; and if I find that any of them have a religious tendency, I will take care that every calendar of these papers shall be tested with the original documents by a gentleman without any Roman Catholic tendencies.'

The meaning of these words is quite different from the account of them given in the libel. The Master of the Rolls evidently expressed no suspicion that Mr. Turnbull was capable of mutilating or destroying papers, but, at the most, merely took precautions against the possibility of that gentleman's opinions giving a bias to the abstract of the original documents inserted in his calendars; or, what is more probable, Sir John provided himself



himself with a ready answer to complaints such as those of Mr. Bird.

The evidence proved that Mr. Turnbull had done his duty most satisfactorily, and that there was no ground for the imputation that persons were set to watch him, or that there was any suspicion entertained of him in the office. Indeed to those who were acquainted with Mr. Turnbull (he is now unhappily deceased) the charge is simply ridiculous, for he was candid and outspoken to a fault.

We do not maintain that Mr. Bird's expression of opinion, that Mr. Turnbull's religious views might induce him to destroy or mutilate documents, exceeded the limits of allowable discussion. To some the notion will no doubt appear unreasonable, to others well founded; but clearly it is what a man might honestly believe even after having well considered the matter. When, however, he alleged that Mr. Turnbull was watched to prevent his destroying or mutilating documents, particularly in so positive a manner,—stating that he knew he was giving the true effect of Sir John Romilly's letter,—he was certainly doing what cannot be brought within any reasonable rule of privilege. Many months elapsed between the deputation and the writing of the letter to the 'Daily News,' and no doubt Mr. Bird's memory misled him; but he ought not to have trusted to memory in such a case. Before making so serious an imputation on the moral character of a gentleman, it was his duty (as Lord Chief Justice Erle seems to intimate in his summing up) to ascertain what the Master of the Rolls had really written.

The Lord Chief Justice told the jury that—

'Defamatory matter is presumed to be malicious unless it is published in the performance of any duty, legal or moral, or in the exercise of any right. The defence on the present occasion,' said he, 'comes under the last head, as a matter necessary to the protection of the public interests, or the exercise of a public right. And the law is, that a man may publish defamatory matter of another holding any public appointment, if it is a matter in which the public have any interest, within the limits I will lay down in accordance with decided cases. Every person has a right to comment on the acts of a public man, which concern him as a subject of the realm, if he do not make his comments the vehicle of malice or slander. . . . And for the purposes of this trial, I shall lay it down, that if you are of opinion that the defendant, in the comments that he made was guilty of any wilful misstatement of fact, either by the exaggeration of what actually existed, or by the partial suppression of what actually existed, so as to give it another colour; or if he makes his comments with any misstatement of fact, which he must have known to be a misstatement if he exercised ordinary care, then he loses his privileges, and the occasion

occasion does not justify publication, which would then be actionable, and the verdict must be for the plaintiff.'

The jury found for the defendant.

In this charge it will be perceived that the Lord Chief Justice enunciated the principles which we contend to be the law of the land, and he left the case as a question of fact to the jury. It would, however, perhaps, have been better if he had drawn their attention more particularly to the misquotation of the letter from the Master of the Rolls. Had their minds been specifically directed to this fact, it is possible that the jury might have found a different verdict; for it will hardly be contended that the defendant 'exercised ordinary care' to state the effect of that document aright. The plaintiff intimated his intention to move for a new trial, but ultimately the parties compromised the matter, each paying his own costs.

We have now considered the principal libel causes of recent years having a permanent interest from the legal doctrines which their mootings has caused to be laid down, and, we trust, have enabled our readers to form a judgment upon the English law of defamation by speaking, writing, or printing,—how far it attains its great object of preserving the sanctity of the statesman's honour and the citizen's character, while permitting 'freeborn men, having to advise the public, to speak free;' and we venture to hope that they will agree with us in feeling that, though not entirely free from blemish, it is a noble monument of the honesty and wisdom of our Legislature and Courts of Justice.

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Since this article was put in type, a Bill has been brought into the House of Commons by Sir Colman O'Loughlen 'To Amend the Law of Libel, and for more effectually securing the Liberty of the Press;' it contains—with several harmless and even beneficial provisions—others which would effect serious changes in the law, chiefly, we fear, for the worse.

The most important clause is the third, which relieves the publisher of a newspaper reporting a speech made at a public meeting from responsibility for libellous matter contained therein, unless it is proved that the defendant has refused to publish an answer.

With every respect for the motives of the amiable author of this measure, we must protest against its principle, which, we fear, would open a door to mischievous defamation, and, indeed, seriously impair the safeguards of character. The Bill proposes to transfer the responsibility, criminal as well as civil, to the speakers themselves; but this would be in many cases illusory,



as such persons are often mere men of straw; besides, *the real sting is in the newspaper report*. The actual auditors of a speech are but few, and those who hear of it at second hand not many; but when reported in the leading journals, the whole nation may be counted among its audience. Besides, to cast upon a speaker, who may be carried away by the zeal of debate and the excitement of oratory, the liability which fairly attaches to a deliberate writer, would be to introduce into the law a principle entirely new and highly unjust; and such a responsibility could not fail to limit seriously the freedom of debate. Surely an editor ought to exercise some discretion as to what he inserts in his paper! There is no reason why the privilege should go further than that already accorded, viz., the right to discuss freely subjects of public interest.

The Bill proposes also to remove the obligation, now placed on a defendant who pleads the truth of an alleged libel, to set out in his plea the particular facts on which he relies as a justification of his charges, by providing that it shall be sufficient for him to plead simply that the alleged libel is true in substance and matter of fact; an innovation that, in cases where the charge are vague or general, would work much injustice upon plaintiffs and prosecutors, by depriving them of notice of the accusations which the defendant will bring against them at the trial.

Another clause provides that belief by the defendant in the truth of a libel published without defamatory intent and with a lawful object, or *bonâ fide* as a fair comment on a matter in which the public are interested, shall be a defence, unless the plaintiff sustains actual loss, or unless the libel is calculated to cause loss or damage. The effect of this provision must be rather to restrict than to enlarge the liberty of the press, since it confers no immunity not already enjoyed (save, perhaps, under what may be held to be the pursuit of a 'lawful object'), while it seems to limit that immunity to cases where loss is not caused, or likely to be caused—a limitation now unknown to the law.

The dangerous clauses of this measure are so much in favour of what may seem to be the immediate interests of the newspaper press, that it may be feared that the Bill will not be subjected to that searching and impartial criticism in the journals which is so valuable in eliciting the real bearings of a measure. It is therefore the more necessary that Parliament and the public should direct their careful attention to it.

ART. X.—1. *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the present Time.* By John Earl Russell. New edition. London, 1865.

2. *Parliamentary Government considered with reference to Reform.* By Earl Grey. A new edition. London, 1864.

3. *The Liberal Dilemma. A Letter addressed to the Editor of the 'Times.'* By Charles Buxton, M.P. London, 1864.

THE preface which Lord Russell has written to the new edition of his youthful work upon the British Constitution might have been a work of permanent importance, if it had not been written on the eve of a dissolution. There is much that Lord Russell could write that would have an interest for more than the politicians of the day. He has played no inconsiderable part in his generation; and the times in which he has lived have been eventful. He knows a good deal, if he ever could be persuaded to reveal it, of one of the most remarkable, because one of the most bloodless, revolutions in history. He could throw, if he pleased, many a gleam of light over the details of that singular combination of political audacity and skilful intrigue by which a dominant class were persuaded or terrified into signing the decree for their own deposition from power. He is now probably the only person living from whom such a contribution to the history of our century could come. The time, however, for such confessions, if ever it is to arrive, appears to be distant still. The epoch of the Reform Bill has not yet receded far enough into the past to be treated with impartiality; for it has not yet lost its value for the purposes of the present. So long as it can be made to afford material for the electioneerer it will not yield much that can be relied upon by the historian. Lord Russell in this case is thinking more of the present than of the future judge. He will be sufficiently consoled for any chance of an adverse judgment upon his preface from posterity, if it produces a favourable verdict at the polling-booth next July. An autobiography from Lord Russell would be a very interesting composition, if it was written with no other purpose but to convey information; but this specimen belongs to the class of autobiographies which are usually prefixed to a begging-petition. It is an autobiography of the most laudatory kind, such as candidates for railway-directorships, or coronerships, or Government livings, sketch with a free hand. It is designed not only to place the past leaders of the Liberal party in the most favourable light; but also to give at least a due prominence in the picture of Liberal triumphs to the imposing figure of the author. Such autobiographies must be



be criticised on principles very different from those which apply to other forms of composition. You do not look in an advertisement for the qualities which belong to a history. It may be interesting to discuss how far the facts stated in the advertisement are accurate, or how far it has been necessary to distort or to overlay them; but it is not upon the accuracy of the facts that the merits of the advertisement will turn. If its appearance be opportune, and its treatment skilful, it has fulfilled the end of its being.

We are far from denying to it the first of these two merits. There can be no question that the need for some such manifesto was pressing. Both on the private merits of Lord Russell, and on the public services of the Liberal party, public opinion in its present condition needs an energetic alternative treatment. There has been an active competition going on recently among distinguished statesmen for the reversion of the Premiership, which is likely before long to be disposable: and the name of Lord Russell does not stand high upon the list of favourites. No small part of the preface we are considering seems to have been composed with the design of leading the public to a healthier frame of mind upon that question. Lord Russell does not, however, for this purpose dwell much upon the transactions in which he has been prominently before the world during the last fifteen years. He does not say much about the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—or the ‘stab in the dark’ which destroyed Lord Aberdeen’s Government—or the Vienna negotiations—or the two abortive Reform Bills of 1854 and 1860. For reasons which are, no doubt, satisfactory to his own mind, he prefers to pass over these more recent claims to public confidence, and to revert to the days of Lord Durham and Lord Grey. He had been usually in the habit of holding himself out as the author of the Reform Bill of 1832, though he was not even a member of the Cabinet by which it was passed; but he certainly shows in these pages that he had sufficient justification for doing so. Most of the important clauses in the Bill were derived from suggestions of his own, submitted in a plan to Lord Durham, and through him to Lord Grey. In some respects Lord Russell’s proposals were more conservative than the law ultimately passed. He proposed in new boroughs an alternative rate of voting of fifteen pounds, and in counties he would have put a stop to all manufacture of votes by Land Societies, by providing that no new rights of voting should be acquired in counties, except for properties of the yearly value of ten pounds. The Reform Act, however, in its main outlines corresponded closely with the project of Lord Russell. Whether the ideas he suggested were original, or whether  
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they were in any degree suggested by the chiefs who afterwards formally adopted them, cannot now be known. To Lord Russell at all events belongs the credit of having been the first member of the Government of 1830 to place them upon paper.

Though a considerable portion of the preface is devoted to the theme '*quorum pars magna fui*,' a larger part is occupied with a more general panegyric upon the Whig party. We are equally ready to admit the opportuneness of this part of the advertisement. The Whig party, materially speaking, is in a very prosperous condition; for it has been, with scarcely an intermission, nearly twenty years in office, and is in possession of all the influence which the exercise of patronage for so long a period can confer. But its position morally is embarrassing in the extreme. Its great victory of the Reform Bill, though loading it at the time with many spoils, laid upon it a burden which seems light at first, but under which its strength is gradually giving way. It has been condemned since that time to serve its masters, with demands equally exacting, and with views diametrically opposed. The Whigs have always been essentially an aristocratic party. While its opponents have found their strength among the smaller gentry, the old county families of England the Whigs have existed by virtue of the combination of a few powerful houses, the representatives of the victors in some or other of the great convulsions through which the country has passed. From the dissenters they have at various times received much effective support. But the older race of Whigs never appealed to the democracy. Charles Fox attempted it, and was rewarded by the loss of the best half of his adherents. In the Reform Bill the democratic element became powerful, and allegiance was naturally paid to the party to whom it owed power. For the time the combination between the magnates and the mob seemed to carry all before it. Even now, when the storm in America has blown the whole fabric of Democratic theory to the air, that combination is vigorous enough to make head against the strong flow of Conservative feeling which the last five or six years have witnessed. But it has the essential weakness, which numerical preponderance can heal, of uniting, in one force, direct antagonistic interests. The owner of half a county, and the holder of a long pedigree, can never desire the same distribution of political power, or the same adjustment of taxation, as the artisans of a manufacturing town. The transactional organization of party, and the zeal of those to whose ambition it minister, may for a long time induce the wealthy duke and the poor peasant to throw their vote into the same scale even after their interests have diverged; but the time must come when the hollow



hollowness of the alliance will betray itself. There are many things which the great Revolution families have been willing to surrender for the sake of retaining political power; but there is one thing that they will not surrender,—and that is political power itself. The time comes at last when the Democratic allies begin to clamour in earnest for such a portion of political power as shall make them independent of their aristocratic leaders, and when that time comes the alliance is in effect broken up. The great families will humour the populace by giving it everything, except the power of taking what it likes without waiting for the gift. They will indulge their pet, but they will not make him master.

Indications are not wanting that this fatal point has been reached. The genuine Radicals are becoming dissatisfied with the humble office of stepping-stone to Whig ambition. To have to live on pledges never fulfilled and perpetually renewed, and to be put off with a few insignificant places in the mean time, is not satisfactory either to the personal or the political aspirations of men who have contributed so large a contingent to the conquering army. Such of them, of course, as are Radicals only in word, are satisfied that the promises they extract should never go farther than words; but the more energetic spirits are sincere in their subversive schemes. They really dream of social equality, and equal division of land, and government at the uncontrolled will of the labouring man. So long as they think they are approaching to their ideal, they are content to support that aristocratic party which is the least adverse to their views. They are quite willing to make tools of the Whigs for the purpose of hastening the advent of the democracy to power, and ostensibly to abate their extreme demands while the process is going on. But they are not at all willing that this judicious compliance of theirs should be used for the purpose of enabling a Whig Ministry to remain in power without passing Liberal measures. In recent years the Whig idea of a model political system has been this—that the Whigs should furnish the place-men, the Radicals should furnish the votes, and the Conservatives should furnish the policy. But this division of labour has been far from satisfactory to the Radicals, who would gladly have furnished a little of the policy and a few of the place-men too. Their love accordingly has cooled marvellously, and their support of the Government has not been enthusiastic. It is true, their obvious discontent has not directly affected the Whigs in great ‘confidence’ divisions. Those who complain that the Whigs are too Conservative will naturally not be eager to replace them by politicians more Conservative still; but it chills their zeal and paralyzes their fighting power. They do not desert the Whigs,

but they do not uphold them with any heart; and this lack of warmth, though it may disturb the balance of parties in the House of Commons very little, has a terrible effect among the constituencies. In more than one borough, Whig and Radical have ceased to present a united front to the Tory. There are politicians undoubtedly among the Whigs sufficiently blinded by the fury of the combat to be willing to seize even Radical weapons, if so they could only win the elections. But the entire divergence of ultimate aim between the two parties to the alliance is now so thoroughly brought home to the consciousness of each that any attempt to retain power by such a surrender of conviction would be self-defeated. As many votes *would* be lost on one side as would be gained by the other. Any pledge decided enough to keep the Radicals to their allegiance, would be the signal for wholesale desertion among the Whigs.

When the future and the present are both uninviting, it is consoling, and may be profitable, to take refuge in the past. An appeal to the reminiscences of former triumphs involves no pledge as to future operations. It cannot be denied, therefore, that Lord Russell has shown considerable sagacity in selecting the form of his electioneering manifesto. The superior wisdom of his choice is sufficiently shown by the melancholy fate of his eldest son; who, daring to pierce into the future, and meddle with definite pledges, has been compelled, by the conflicting terrors of home and hustings, to eat his words twice in the space of a short two months. The topic which Lord Russell has selected is one that is a great favourite with Liberals at present, as it was with Tories five-and-thirty years ago. It is the prosperity of England under the government of the particular party from among whom her rulers have been taken. England has been under the rule of some Liberal leader or other, with little real intermission, ever since the year 1830. During that time she has on the whole prospered well. Her population and wealth have increased greatly, and she has been free from violent political disturbance. From this it is argued that it has been the Liberal Government that has made her prosperous. The argument has been used with great pertinacity and some effect. It would be more effective if it were not capable of being retorted. Between the years 1784 and 1826 England was under the government of Mr. Pitt and the statesmen whom he formed—the Tory party of the day. It is equally true that during that period she increased largely in prosperity, population, and power. It should result by a parity of reasoning that these blessings are the result of Tory rule. It is, in the same way, a very favourite commonplace with Liberal advocates to assert that the contentment



ment of the people has much increased in consequence of the Reform Bill, and the measures which immediately followed it. If that were so, the effect should have been most conspicuous when the memory of the benefit was liveliest. Yet during the Chartist riots of 1839 discontent was as active and as demonstrative as it has been at any time since the close of the American War. The truth is, that political arrangements have always been the subject of such keen interest to the educated class, that it is apt to exaggerate enormously the effect produced by them upon the large sections of the community whose minds are fully occupied with the absorbing care for the gain of their daily bread. It is not an abuse or an anomaly more or less that will stir the lower classes to sedition; it is not a Reform Bill that will dissuade them from it when they are moved to it by other causes. There is loyalty and contentment now, because there is no wide-spread distress. There was equal loyalty in 1784, and again in 1789, when the whole nation rallied enthusiastically to the King to rescue him from the tutelage of a clique of great Whig families. At neither period was there the slightest indication of deep-seated discontent with the institutions of the country. Yet those demonstrations of attachment to the constitution, and others which took place at the outset of the Revolutionary War, took place under an unreformed Parliament. The truth was, that neither the loyalty of 1789 and 1864, nor the discontent of 1817 and 1839, had any genuine connexion with any matter so wholly uninteresting to the great body of the bread-winning classes as the national representation. The terrible waste of the great war produced a pressure upon the most helpless class, which was only removed in proportion as railways and steamers infused a new life into the commerce of this country and of the world. As this distress recurred in sharp fits from time to time, the men who were suffering under it became desperate, and passionately turned against the social system whose overthrow could bring no loss to them. They saw that their own class was starving in the midst of luxury, and they believed that if the whole power of legislation were committed to their hands the anomaly would be corrected, or at all events reversed; and any social system would have been equally liable to the hatred of men so driven by the goad of want. That no such hatred exists now in any formidable degree is due to the fact, not that our institutions are better, but that the country is more prosperous.

A fallacy similar in kind is often employed to magnify the merit of our recent financial policy by those who have an interest in doing so. Lord Russell dwells upon it at great length in the

preface before us, and Mr. Gladstone has employed it repeatedly in his speeches; and no doubt upon the occasion of the approaching Budget, with the election full in view, he will make the same boast again. The prosperity of the country has been increasing steadily for a great number of years past; but it has specially increased since the year 1840. It is also true that since that time a large portion of our modern free-trade measures have been passed. It is inferred that the Ministers who passed those free-trade measures are the authors of the prosperity we now enjoy. The claim might be plausible if no other cause of equal or greater magnitude had been in operation at the same time. It might be sustainable in argument, if the prosperity had been confined to the countries in which the policy of free-trade has been adopted. In either of these cases the boast might have enjoyed the benefit of some doubt; but as matters really stand, the case is too clear for argument. Two classes of causes have been in operation since the year 1840: on the one side, a certain number of Excise and Customs' duties have been abolished or reduced; on the other, nearly the whole of our vast railway system has been created, and the gigantic gold discoveries of California and of Australia have been made. The question is, to which of these two classes is the enormous increase of England's material wealth during the last quarter of a century to be ascribed? There is no comparison between the power of the two. One of them affects only a limited number of articles, and a comparatively small section of trade; the other affects the whole internal, and very much of the external, commerce of the kingdom. The modern facilities of conveyance have added practically twenty-four hours—often much more—to the commercial day; and, of course, the yearly profit of capital employed in trade has increased in the same proportion. The discoveries of gold have added some five hundred millions to the wealth of the world, and they have performed a service more important still. They have enormously extended the scope of an undepreciable circulation; and, in proportion as they have done this, they have taken the heaviest strain off confidence and credit, and have emboldened timid capital to many a remunerative enterprise, from which, without such an encouragement, it would have shrunk. These two causes combined have at once accelerated and facilitated the operations of commerce, and furnished in unexampled abundance the material symbol of exchange, by whose instrumentality alone it could be securely carried on. These causes, wide in their working as trade itself, and introducing into the machinery of barter new conditions of security and speed, must have had an effect in quickening the accumulation



mulation of wealth, which it is ridiculous to compare to the effect of a slight remission of taxation, and the removal of some restrictions upon a few isolated articles of commerce. But the question is not left to be decided by theoretic calculation. One of these two causes has been confined in its operation to England alone; the other has extended to the whole civilised world. The question, therefore, to which of them the increase of England's material prosperity is owing, is simply answered by ascertaining whether it has been confined to England or not. If so, it is clearly due to the cause which is confined to England. If, on the other hand, it appears that the prosperity of other countries has increased even more rapidly than that of England, it is evident that the cause to which it is to be ascribed is one that extends to them also. This has actually been the case. Let us take the ten years from 1847 to 1856. It is a fair test period. It commences immediately after the full development of Sir Robert Peel's free-trade policy, and it includes several of the measures of Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. In those years the imports of this country increased from 90,000,000*l.* to 172,000,000*l.*—at the rate of 90 per cent. Those of France, in the same period, increased from 955,000,000 francs to 1,872,000,000 francs, or at the rate of 96 per cent. English exports, during the same period, increased from 58,842,000*l.* to 115,826,000*l.*, or at the rate of 96 per cent. But the exports of France, during the same period, increased from 719,759,000 francs to 1,865,800,000 francs, or 159 per cent. The exports of Austria during the same ten years increased 124 per cent. The growth of trade in Austria and France has, therefore, in recent years, been more rapid than the growth of trade in England, in the proportions respectively of 124 to 96 and 159 to 96; and the prosperity of Austria and France, at least, are not due to the patriotism of Sir R. Peel and Mr. Gladstone. Lord Russell arrays the modest sum of our exports in 1842, by the side of the gigantic totals to which we are accustomed now, and concludes his review of the whole subject with the magniloquent exclamation, 'So much do the strengthening breezes of freedom prove better nurses of hardy offspring, than the confined atmosphere of monopoly and restriction!' A very fine sentiment—very! It seems almost cynical to mar it by any prosaic reference to facts. But still there the awkward fact is, that the 'confined atmosphere' in two other large countries has produced a more rapid growth than the 'strengthening breezes' in our own.

It is natural that men should exaggerate the importance of the affairs in which they have themselves been concerned, and the efforts in which they have borne a part. Captain Marryat tells

us that it was a fixed persuasion among the Barbadians that the staunchness of Barbadoes was the one thing which enabled England to brave with success the perils of the Revolutionary war. Mr. Gladstone looks upon the energy and the industry of Englishmen from a point of view very similar to that of the gallant Barbadians. Englishmen may be deluded enough to think that if they have multiplied forges and factories, mines and docks—if they spread their commerce over every sea, and filled every market with their industry—if they have accumulated unexampled wealth—the result is owing to the happiness of their invention, the boldness of their enterprise, the tenacity of their perseverance, and the bounty of Nature, which all these qualities have turned to the best account. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell know better. It is due to their wisdom in taking off the duty on corn in 1846, the duty on soap in 1853, and the duty on paper in 1861. We are far from contesting the salutary nature, speaking abstractedly, of these and of some other similar changes which have taken place in the levy of Customs and Excise duties. They may have been made hastily, sometimes with undue partiality to special interests, and to the neglect of other remissions which had a preferable claim. But in principle they were sound, and, so far as they went, have been beneficial in their operation. But it is ridiculous to suppose that they have added any appreciable volume to the vast and swelling stream of English commerce.

The detailed narrative of what are called Liberal triumphs is evidently meant by Lord Russell to serve another purpose. The policy that was pursued in years gone by under one set of circumstances, has very little bearing upon a different policy, to be pursued under different circumstances in years that are to come. But Liberal politicians, for want of a better, frequently have recourse to the argument, that as the Liberal measures of the past have not fulfilled the sinister predictions with which their passage was accompanied, it is safe to despise the fears with which the democratic proposals of the present day are received. At best, the argument is a curious perversion of analogy. Even if it be true that the measures proposed by Liberal politicians were passed, and that they have been innocuous in their results, it by no means follows that other measures passed by Liberal politicians would be innocuous too. There is a certain power of resistance to noxious agencies which all organised bodies, physical and corporate, possess; and its vigour under the severest trials often surpasses the most sanguine expectations. A man may live in an unwholesome atmosphere, or persevere in injurious habits for a certain number



number of years, and no apparent harm may come of it; but it by no means follows that he can, with equal impunity, continue to do so for twice the same number of years. A three-bottle man may laugh at the warnings of his doctors for a long time, but if he acts upon the Liberal theory, and argues that what has done no harm once can do no harm again, the gout will find him out at last. The British Constitution has considerable stamina, and can throw off one or two doses of democracy with no evil consequence beyond a temporary uneasiness. But it would not be safe to infer that the experiment could be repeated without more serious consequences. Had the Reform Bill, therefore, been a much more extreme measure than it actually was, the fact that it has not been the ruin of England would be no argument for passing a second. But the fallacy is still more extravagant, if the Reform Bill is to be considered as having been a drastic, but exceptional remedy for a condition of unusual disorder. Strong remedies may have been on one occasion salutary for a patient who was diseased, but their probable efficacy, or even harmlessness upon a second application, can well be inferred when the renewed presence of the disease has been established.

There are other considerations which make the argument as to future policy from the result of past Liberal measures perfectly untrustworthy. Those measures were compromises after all. The warnings of opponents, which are said to have been stultified by events, were in effect not wholly futile at the time. In no case was all accorded for which the mass of the Liberal party clamoured. Numbers of measures which were urged by large sections of those who supported the ministries of Lord Melbourne and Lord Grey, have been successfully resisted up to this time. The Reform Bill itself was moderate compared to the changes which had been demanded by many Liberals for upwards of half a century; and the Reform Bill did not pass as its authors introduced it. The Chandos clause, which has had so powerful an effect in modifying its democratic tendencies, was introduced at the instance of those very opponents whose opposition is said to have been stultified by events. But for that opposition the proposals of Lord Grey's Government would neither have been so moderate as they were, nor would any corrective amendments have been introduced. The assertion that our subsequent prosperity proves the opposition of that time to have been unreasonable, is very like the cry we sometimes hear that the peace we now enjoy with France proves that the armaments of 1860 were a useless expenditure of public money. Both lines of reasoning deserve to be compared in point of wisdom with those of the householder who took

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down his lightning-conductor because, he said, his house had never been struck for thirty years, and it was evident that all the talk about lightning was a foolish panic.

Yet modified as the Reform Bill was both by the powerful opposition which it was necessary to disarm, and by the amendments that were introduced into it as it passed through, it is early yet to boast of its success. The adverse predictions that were made concerning it amounted to this, that it would ultimately destroy the constitution by weakening the monarchical and aristocratic parts of it. Whether these predictions will be fulfilled or not, it is still for the future to disclose. Our present prosperity and quiet cannot be taken as a conclusive answer. We have been threatened now for fifteen years past with constant schemes for still further weakening the influence of property. They have received the sanction of Governments and the support of the majority of the House of Commons. They have been resisted up to this time with unexpected success; but this success has been due more to the blunders of our chief Radicals and to the lesson which America has been reading to us, than to the vigour or resolution of the defenders of the Constitution. The struggle will no doubt continue for some time, and no man can foresee the result. No one can yet tell whether the disintegrating elements that were introduced into the Constitution by the Act of 1832, will or will not crumble its fabric into dust. It is idle to boast before the battle is lost or won. But if the issue should be disastrous, it will be slender comfort to remember that the errors to which our ruin was due did, before that ruin was consummated, secure to us a brief lull of deceptive peace.

Whatever the ultimate success of the Reform Act may be, and whatever our destiny in respect to that question, there can be no doubt that the Tory party showed far less power of resistance to the popular storm when it came, than those who had seen it at other critical junctures had reason to expect. This is an important point, because it affects materially the policy of resistance. Resistance is folly or heroism—a virtue or a vice—in most cases, according to the probabilities there are of its being successful. The perils of change are so great, the promise of the most hopeful theories is so often deceptive, that it is frequently the wiser part to uphold the existing state of things, if it can be done, even though, in point of argument, it should be utterly indefensible. But the condition is essential. It is true in political resistance, as in other things, that nothing succeeds like success. A Government which is strong enough to hold its own will generally command an acquiescence which, with all but very speculative minds, is the equivalent of contentment.

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This doctrine has been justified in the case of rulers whose system of government all schools of political opinion, in this country at least, concur in condemning. There was no danger of revolution under Louis XV., though his court, his nobility, and his people, were tainted with every vice that can debase a nation. It was not till the strength of the Government had been paralysed by the amiable concessions of the vacillating Louis XVI., that the catastrophe came. The same lesson is being taught us by the events of our own day. The large freedom that prevailed under Louis Philippe, the philanthropy and liberal tendencies of Frederic William, did not avail to save Paris and Berlin from the horrors of revolution in 1848. They lacked the strong hand, without which every other virtue a ruler may possess may only contribute to his fall. On the other hand, the present systems of government in those two cities do not furnish very abundant topics of eulogy, either to the lover of freedom or to the moralist. But, whatever else is wanting, the strong hand is there; and therefore the Governments stand.

We have no intention of comparing the Government of this country before the Reform Bill to the Government either of M. de Bismarck or of the Emperor Napoleon III. Nor, on the other side, do we desire to maintain that the exclusion of the great manufacturing wealth of the country from its due share of the Government was other than a great mistake. It drove into the ranks of democracy a most powerful class, whose natural sympathies were on the side of property; and the consequence of the mistake has unhappily endured even till our time. But the judgment which must be passed on such an error depends greatly on the right which the then holders of power had to believe that they could continue to uphold such an exclusion. In any case, the course which they took was not the wisest that could have been selected. But it was not only unwise, but suicidal, if they had the slightest ground for expecting their resistance to break down as it did. The causes, therefore, which led to the collapse of the Tory power in 1830, are important elements in judging of the forecast of the leaders who committed their party so closely to the then existing system of representation. Those causes are well known; they are summed up by the mention of the name of Sir Robert Peel. The Reform Bill was in effect that statesman's work, as much as it was Lord Grey's; because if the strong fortress of Toryism had not been carried, the Reform party would have achieved a less overwhelming and less destructive victory, and would have done the work they had to do in a less democratic spirit.

spirit. It is true that Sir Robert Peel did not lead the assault; but he made the breach. And the worst of the case was that he made it from the inside. Any notice, therefore, of the Reform Bill, and other of the extreme or one-sided Liberal measures which have been carried during the last five-and-thirty years, would be imperfect without a notice of the acts of that statesman through whose strange career alone such measures became possible. To this subject, accordingly, Lord Russell devotes a few pages.

He treats Sir Robert Peel's abandonment of his party in 1839 and in 1846, as people generally treat the desertions of men from the other side to their own. He thinks it a sufficient answer to say that the claims of country are superior to those of party:—

'To give effect to his convictions he forfeited the confidence of that party which had matured his talents and adopted him as its chosen child and champion. In this sense

'Fuit in parentem

'Splendide mendax.

But he had another parent of stronger affinity and paramount claims. His country, her welfare, her safety, had a right to his filial duty, and for her sake he twice made a sacrifice for which he deserves her perpetual and grateful commendation.'

Such is Lord Russell's present judgment upon the 'sacrifices' made by Sir Robert Peel. He is kind enough to add that they deserved 'the perpetual and grateful commendation of his country.' The acknowledgment, at all events, comes a little late. He apparently forgets that the commendation which he at least bestowed upon Sir Robert Peel was anything but perpetual. On the contrary, he utilized the sacrifice of 1846, with characteristic promptitude, to turn the statesman who made it out of office, and to make himself Prime Minister in his place. We certainly cannot approve of the factious use which Lord John Russell then, for his own advantage, made of the quarrel between Sir Robert Peel and his followers; but still less can we concur in the eulogy which he now thinks it for his credit to pass upon the two great blemishes in his rival's fame. With respect to the conduct of both these statesmen in the year 1846, we are inclined to adhere now, after the lapse of nearly twenty years, to the judgment that we passed upon it at the time:—

'Lord John Russell's Free-Trade scheme was merely a manoeuvre to outgeneral Sir Robert. Sir Robert is acting on the graver, and we are willing to believe more conscientious but assuredly more dangerous principle of absolving himself from the obligations of party—a principle



ciple absolutely inconsistent with the Constitutional Administration of such a Government as ours.\*

It is with great reluctance that we follow Lord Russell in reverting to this bygone controversy. We would have gladly remembered Sir Robert Peel, not by the errors which he made, but by the qualities which will secure for his name a place in history—his clear intellect, his ready eloquence, his unrivalled Parliamentary talents, and his devoted public services. But Lord Russell has, apparently with deliberation, again raised a controversy which cannot be passed by. The conduct of Sir Robert Peel upon these occasions is not now a mere personal question between those who agreed and those who differed from him. Apart wholly from the merits of the questions he was handling, his behaviour involves great questions of public ethics, upon which it is of the highest importance, not only to this, but to every age, that a right judgment should be formed. Sir Robert Peel, when he looked back himself upon these transactions, was not insensible to the grave public interest of the moral considerations which his conduct to his party raised. In a letter which has been quoted upon the question, the following language is used by him to indicate the character of the transactions in which he was on those occasions concerned, and to defend them against such censures as those which we felt ourselves bound to pass:—

‘It appeared to me,’ writes Sir Robert Peel, ‘that all these considerations—the betrayal of party attachments—the maintenance of the honour of public men—the real interests of the cause of constitutional Government, must all be determined by the answer which the heart and conscience of a responsible minister might give to the question, What is that course which the public interests really demand?’

‘I was not insensible to the evil of acting counter to the will of those majorities, of severing party connections, and of subjecting public men to suspicion and reproach, and the loss of public confidence; but I felt a strong conviction that such evils were light in comparison with those which must be incurred by the sacrifice of national interests to party attachments.’

Such was his own deliberate judgment upon the circumstances which caused an angry severance between him and the Conservative party, and lighted between them a flame of animosity, which neither the lapse of time nor his early death have been able wholly to extinguish. We do not concur in that judgment. In our belief, it contains not only a false estimate of the past, but a dangerous rule of morality for the guidance of

\* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. lxxvii. p. 606.

future statesmen. Of the motives of the late Sir Robert Peel there can be no question. In fact, his policy at these two junctures was so suicidal, that it is almost a contradiction in terms to impute to him any motives of personal ambition. But his errors are not less liable to the adverse judgment of posterity, because his motives may have been free from blame.

Sir Robert Peel never seems rightly to have understood the obligations which the exertions of a party impose upon a party chief. Party has been cynically defined to be the madness of the many for the profit of the few. There is this amount of truth in the description that the labour and the reward are very unequally distributed. The gratification to pride or pocket, whatever its amount may be, which is conferred by office, can only be the lot of a small fraction in the party. The rest labour, in the main, for their opinions alone. That these may triumph, they take part in an expensive and laborious organisation; spend health and time to little profit and less pleasure in the labours of Parliament; and, often at enormous cost both of money and of ease, fight for the cause they love in their own constituencies. The leaders, on the other hand, spend laborious lives within the walls of Parliament; but it is labour of which every step carries its own reward to those who are actuated by ambition. The result of these conjoint labours is that the leaders obtain place, and what is called in this country power; while the followers obtain the pleasure of seeing their own opinions prevail in the Government and legislation of the country. But the leaders obtain these distinctions, which are evidently of great value inasmuch as men struggle so hardly to secure them, entirely by the help of their followers; and these offer their help at so much cost to themselves distinctly on the understanding that their own opinions are to prevail. The leaders, therefore, in consenting to accept office by the aid of followers who offer it with this aim, pledge themselves that they will use the power so confided to them to promote these opinions. A party struggle is a campaign fought in the main by volunteers, who ask for no pay except the triumph of their cause. The leader, who gathers more substantial spoils, and who in reputation at least receives a disproportionate reward, is bound in honour to the scrupulous payment of the solitary recompense demanded by the followers to whom his victory is due. He is bound to it both as a fair return for effective aid, and as the fulfilment of an implied pledge. He would never have been their leader, if they had not believed him true to their principles. It is a belief which every leader diligently encourages; they trust him with power precisely because he has encouraged it  
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with success, and induced them to entertain it undoubtingly. The power of a Prime Minister in Parliament is something very different from that which his own abilities would by themselves have attained. The position gives him an influence far beyond what could be commanded by any personal qualities. He has accepted that position, and the influence which attaches to it from his party for the purpose of giving effect to their political opinions. If he does not use it for that purpose, but on the contrary employs it in promoting the opinions to which they are opposed, he commits a clear breach of the understanding upon which it was received. To accept an agency or representative position of any kind upon the understanding that you will use it to promote the views of the person from whom you accept it, and then to use it against him, is in every other sphere of action treated as the gravest crime. In law it is punished as dishonesty. In society it is scouted as dishonour. We are well aware, and gladly concede, that neither of those terms could receive any application, in the slightest degree just, to the upright motives and noble disinterestedness of Sir Robert Peel. But it is no slight calamity that he should have himself devised, and have handed down for the misguidance of others, a perverted conception of duty, which not only relaxes, but reverses, the rule of ordinary morality, and holds up as the ideal of a politician's patriotism, acts that in private life would, by common consent, be shunned as fraud.

No one who remembers or has read the history of the years 1828-9 and 1840-46, can entertain any doubt that Sir Robert Peel obtained office in the year 1828, and afterwards in the year 1841, mainly because he was believed to hold Protestant opinions in the one case and protectionist opinions in the other. The latter case was, perhaps, the more strongly marked, because the elections that seated him in power were decided distinctly upon the Protection cry; and, therefore, it furnishes the more forcible illustration of the character of the acts to which, in Liberal eyes, he owed his fame. It is quite unquestioned that if, in 1841, he had proclaimed the opinion which he announced in November, 1845, that majority of ninety which enabled him to oust Lord Melbourne, would never have existed. He must have given way, as Conservative leader, to some other statesman. But he made no such declaration. On the contrary, he declared himself in favour of Protection.\* Relying upon his words, the Protectionists worked for him. They brought the whole force of the landed interest to support him; they placed him in power; and when

\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxi. p. 292.

he had received it from them upon the strength of this language, he used it to defeat, and, as a political party, to destroy them. It is said that between the years 1841 and 1846, he changed his opinions. There are some who, on the ground of the Elbing letter, have harboured doubts as to the reality of this change. Lord Russell certainly does not believe in it. Full of admiration of the policy of Sir Robert Peel, he gives this description of it:—

‘But if the Protectionists counted on Sir Robert Peel to confirm the reign of monopoly, they were wofully deceived. It is true that *with characteristic prudence* he left for a time unassailed the corn of the landed gentry, and the sugar of the West Indies. But he struck down all the minor monopolies, and advancing like a great general, left the fortresses of corn and sugar held by mere garrisons in a conquered country.’

It is evident, therefore, that in Lord Russell’s opinion the gradual development of a free-trade policy, which marked Sir Robert Peel’s administration, commencing with his sliding scale in 1842, and culminating with the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1846, was all part of one ‘prudent’ and well-concerted plan. Nor does Lord Russell recall the history of such a plan with anything approaching to disgust. Certainly, if his theory of Peel’s conduct be correct, the poor Protectionists were indeed ‘wofully deceived.’ They thought that they were following an honest leader, not that they were being led by a disguised free-trader into an ambushade. Lord Russell does not, however, appear to think that ‘deception’ is any drawback to the perfection of the character he is extolling. It is to be presumed that the conduct which he admired he would not, under similar circumstances, be ashamed to follow. Whatever may be the truth with respect to Sir Robert Peel, there can be little doubt left concerning the political morality of Lord Russell. He would think little of gaining power by professions of belief upon which he never intended to act, and by the avowal of attachment to laws against which it was his purpose to advance one by one, ‘like a great general’ in a hostile country. He would expect to have such a political strategy attributed to nothing worse than ‘characteristic prudence.’ There are certain passages in Lord Russell’s life, connected with the Irish Church, and the Irish Coercion Bill, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and more recently with the Reform Bill, which have sometimes puzzled his admirers to explain. There has been in all those cases a curious contrast between the promises made when there was an object to be gained, and the performance which followed when the object had been secured. But this criticism



criticism upon Sir Robert Peel's career explains that these contradictions were not accidents, but part of a fixed political system. They were in Lord Russell's view only measures of that prudence which should distinguish a great political general.

We are not, however, disposed to adopt without demur this estimate of the career of Sir Robert Peel. It would be impossible if we did to give him credit for the pure motives by which we believe him in truth to have been actuated. No high-minded statesman could have deliberately lent himself to such a deliberate scheme of political jesuitry. Nor are the probabilities in favour of such a theory. In spite of the ambiguous language of the Elbing letter, it is more likely that he reached his ultimate convictions unwillingly, and by degrees, and that for a long time he believed it was possible to leave the 'fortresses held by a mere garrison in a conquered country.' Even so, however, it is difficult to reconcile his conduct with the rules which most men would frame for their guidance in private life, or to deny that he inflicted—as he himself confesses in the extract we have quoted—a deep and lasting wound upon the morality that guides public men. He had been invested with power that he might uphold Protection. No change of opinion could justify him in retaining power that he might destroy it. In his last speech he acknowledged that the repeal of the Corn-laws had been carried by the influence of the Government. He was bound to have remembered that the influence of that Government was not merely his own creation. It had been built up for him laboriously by the co-operation of thousands of men on the faith of an understanding which he was scattering to the winds. No one could impeach his honour because he had changed his opinion, or, having changed it, if he should refuse to abide by a cause in which he had ceased to believe. But it should scarcely have needed argument to prove to him that when he found that he could no longer perform the contract upon which his partnership with his party was based, he was bound at least to relinquish the power of injuring them, which on the faith of that contract they had conferred upon him.

The importance of the changes of which Sir Robert Peel was the author, and the danger which it is said might have resulted if they had been delayed, are advanced by him, and have often been pleaded by others in his defence. Ireland would not have been restrained from rebellion, it is alleged, if Roman Catholic Emancipation had been deferred; and it has been maintained by many that England would have suffered as severely as other countries from the revolutionary contagion of 1848, if that year had found her with the Corn-laws still unrepealed. With-  
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out stopping to inquire how much of truth there may be in these suppositions, it is sufficient to reply, that if the charge of 'betrayal' be, as he admits, in any degree justified by his conduct, such pleas are wholly beside the question. The allegation that a certain line of conduct is disloyal, is not disposed of by the reply that it is profitable either to himself or to others. No amount of public gain will even extenuate a course of conduct which involves a 'betrayal of party attachments,' and is open to the reproach of compromising 'the honour of public men.' In no condition of public emergency can any modern Marcus Curtius be called upon for his country's sake to plunge into the gulf of dishonour. But the plea of utility, even if it were worth anything, could not be sustained. Both measures would, without doubt, have been passed in some shape or other, though Sir Robert Peel had insisted upon resigning his office, and had left the task of carrying them to the rivals who had advocated them more consistently, and would undertake them without discredit. It is true that if, instead of being carried in the first surprise of such a desertion, they had been carried through under the ordeal of a legitimate party conflict, they would probably have assumed in the end a less hasty form, and their immediate operation would have been attended with less danger. On the other hand calamities would have been avoided, which cannot now be repaired.

The great Conservative force which had been called forth by the bloody failure of Republican theories in 1793 would never have been broken up if Peel, its chosen leader, had not shattered it with his own hand. And nothing but a break-up of the Conservative force would have permitted the passage of a Reform Bill so crude and so one-sided as that of 1832. It was an utter failure of strength in the party that is responsible for the safeguard of our institutions, just at the moment when strength was most required. The storm of popular passion which swept across the country at the outset of King William's reign would probably have left behind it an extensive change of some kind; but it was only the paralysis of the Tories, consequent upon the events of 1829, that allowed a measure so rude, so ill-balanced, so provocative of further changes, to become law. Sir Robert Peel's second great act of 'betrayal of party attachments' narrowly missed producing events still more disastrous. As no fidelity to a party-leader could survive two acts of desertion, the disorganisation produced in the Conservative ranks by the events of 1846 was more complete than that of seventeen years before. The paralysis of the party was more incurable, and the opportunity for tampering with the *Constitution* even more favourable. That no use has been made



of it, and that Peel's second breach with his party was not marked like the first by a successful democratic inroad, is due only to a series of happy accidents. For years it seemed as if there was no chance of averting another Reform Bill, which would have given to the democracy an irresistible preponderance. The tenacious Toryism of Lord Palmerston's early training, which resists all later lessons—the fortunate blunders of Mr. Bright—and the instructive experience of America, have apparently rescued us, at least for a time; but the escape—if we are yet entitled to call it so—has been a narrow one. It will be a warning to the Conservative party, which they will probably never forget, not again to trust themselves to the guidance of any leader who shall show himself more anxious for the good opinion of his opponents than of his friends.

Sir Robert Peel's best defence is, that he never appears to have admitted the existence of any reciprocal duty between a Minister and his party. He was a strict disciplinarian, and looked with official horror upon independent members. But the obligation in his mind was all upon the side of the followers, and was little more than a decorous form upon the part of the leader. He was not consciously guilty of any breach of faith to his party; for he never contemplated them as the possible objects of such a crime. He knew but little of the feelings and wishes of the class of members who constitute the numerical strength of a party, still less of the far larger mass of partisans out of doors, whom they represent. He had been in a leading position almost all his public life; and he had had little opportunity of becoming acquainted, either by experience or observation, with the sacrifices which are made in a party's cause by numbers who feel no other ambition except that of seeing their principles prevail. A man in such a position could hardly look upon his party as the subjects of an honourable obligation. He had studied them all his life, and knew them well, zoologically, as the phrase is; he had watched their habits and their tempers, their peculiarities and their powers; he had learnt to manage them with skilful words, and train them to united voting; but when he had once made up his mind as to what he conceived to be the public interest, he attached, as we have seen, scarcely more weight to the charge of disappointing their belief in him, than a clever chess-player would have attached to that of disappointing his castles or his pawns. But though the special bent of his mind may serve to clear his reputation, neither his good intentions nor the advantages that may be attributed to his measures will outweigh the injury which he confesses that his example has inflicted upon the morality of public life in England.

England, and upon the confidence which the nation was once wont to repose in the professions of public men.

That Lord Russell, the leader of a great party, should impute to him, however wrongfully, a policy of deliberate treachery, and should describe it with expressions of ignominious commendation, is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, of the sinister influence such an example as his has exercised over the inferior minds that attempt to follow it.

As the chief object of the publication of Lord Russell's preface at this juncture was not to vindicate the past but to influence the future, the portions of it which treat of the future are those to which the public will turn with the greatest interest. He does not say much of the policy, if there be any, which he intends that his party shall take up; nor does he pledge himself at all. With regard to all the questions that have a special interest just now, and especially with regard to the question of Reform, he prefers to operate on the minds of the electors rather by way of hint and adumbration of what he may do than any bold assertion of what he will. The attitude which he desires his party to take up towards ardent and pressing Reformers is that of a coy, but not wholly inexorable, reluctance. He has been brought up to value the Constitution; but if they will only be sufficiently enterprising, the resistance of Whig prudery will not be carried to a cruel extreme. He explains away the celebrated words, 'Rest and be thankful.' The traveller rests, but does not bivouac on the height he has attained:—

'But to drop metaphor, it seems no violent assumption to suppose, after overcoming the strength of resistance armed with legislative power in the boroughs disfranchised by the Reform Act, the force of religious prejudices entrenched in the Acts which excluded Roman Catholics, Protestant Dissenters, and Jews from the privileges of the Constitution, the powerful combination of interests which guarded the Corn Laws and all other monopolies—that after the victorious issue of all these contests the remaining struggles with selfishness and ignorance will not offer the same difficulties nor be achieved at the same hazards. I speak of course in the expectation that no great organic changes are to be attempted by any considerable party in the State.'

At first sight the latter sentence seems calculated to justify the hope that Lord Russell in his old age is returning to the earlier and better teaching of his party, and is labouring to hand over to his successors its traditional aversion to organic change. But it is only a momentary illusion. Appearances are saved; but nothing more. It is evident from the context that Lord Russell does not look upon the Emancipation Act or the Reform Act as organic



organic changes: that he contemplates a series of future struggles with what, from the height of his unsalaried patriotism and boundless learning, he is pleased to look down upon as selfishness and ignorance: and that these struggles which he proposes are to differ from the former ones in which he has been engaged, not in their nature or in the magnitude of the object at which they aim, but only in the greater ease and certainty with which they will be accomplished, now that all refractory interests have been beaten down.

'Selfishness and ignorance,' applied to any set of persons by a Reformer, merely indicate that those persons have the misfortune to differ with him upon some question of public interest. From this announcement of Lord Russell's we may conclude that he is looking forward, or at least is ready to be forced into, new assaults upon the institutions which he has made so many efforts to undermine. It becomes a matter of interest to inquire upon what points these attacks are likely to be directed. Fortunately this is not a question upon which much doubt can be entertained, as Lord Russell has himself pointed out their nature with sufficient clearness. They will be pointed in the same direction, and guided by the same object, as those which at other periods of his career he has been engaged in directing. In other words, his aim will be to make the representation more democratic, and to weaken the position of the Established Church. From the tactics that have been pursued in Parliament, there is very little doubt that these objects will be generally pursued by the Liberal party at the approaching elections. The trumpet is forced to give an uncertain sound, lest it should alarm the scanty but powerful section of Whigs who have no stomach for democracy. But the order of the day is perfectly well understood by the political agents whose business it is to see it carried out, as well as by the considerable number of Radicals who, for the time, until their present unpopularity shall have somewhat abated, are masking the most subversive wishes under the language of moderation. It may be worth while, then, to cast a glance at least at the present position of the first of these two questions, upon which Lord Russell, if he is ever allowed again to grasp the Liberal baton, proposes once more to try his strategic skill.

It cannot be expected that the question of the reconstruction of the House of Commons will ever be permanently laid to rest. As long as Parliamentary government exists the lower portion of the electoral body will not wholly cease from efforts to establish a mastery over the higher. The blind conviction that a larger share of political power will bring some respite to the struggle for subsistence in which their lives are passed

has been impressed upon a certain section of them by three generations of agitators. An increase of political power being their fixed idea, there is no way in which it can be realized except by importing from below a large reinforcement of new voters, who at least in the struggle with property will be their allies. The demand, therefore, for what is called Reform will probably be a chronic malady of our constitutional system. It will always be appealed to by every candidate who wishes to be returned by the votes of the poorest class upon the register in those places where the dearness of house-rent gives a highly democratic effect to the ten-pound franchise. This view of the future may at first sight seem to present a dreary vista of perpetual contest to the champions of the Constitution. It holds out to them no hope of repose from the contest, no period when the controversy will be settled, and our institutions will cease to need perpetual watchfulness to protect them from organic change. But such a state of things has its compensations; or rather it implies the conditions under which alone the Constitution is really safe. The struggles of the lowest class of the constituency, aided by the non-electors, even if they should act with far greater unanimity and earnestness than they have ever yet displayed, or are ever likely to display, in seeking so problematical a good, cannot of themselves do much to imperil the Constitution. They must be powerfully aided by the owners of property before they can hope for success for their efforts. The materials for a natural history of revolutions exist, not, indeed, in any great abundance, but in quantity sufficient to justify a generalization upon the necessary conditions of their existence. Setting aside those revolutions which have taken place with the aid of a foreign force, the small residue may be divided into two classes. The first would include those which take place as the simple result of an insurrection in the capital. They can only occur in countries where the authority of the capital is decisive—in other words, where the government is strongly centralized, and where in consequence at the critical moment the safety of the body politic depends upon the courage and sagacity of a single man. The revolutions of 1830, of 1848, of 1852, in France, and some of the revolutions in Germany in 1848 belong to this class. To a Government like that of France the discontent of the poorest class is a very formidable danger; it can only be guarded against by maintaining a garrison in the capital in constant readiness for action. One night's neglect may place a mob in the possession of the Tuileries, and terminate monarchy. But this sort of revolution can never take place in France. It would be a frightful thing if at any pe-  
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in power were to suffer London to fall into the hands of a mob. But such a calamity would not disturb the ordinary course of Government throughout the rest of the country; and the example of the capital assuredly would not shake the allegiance of a single English county. All other revolutions will be found to belong to the second class. Wherever a native revolution has not been carried by a *coup de main* in the capital, it has been due at the commencement or at least to the co-operation of a large section of the owners of property. This was true of the Great Rebellion and the Rebellion of 1688 in this country, of the Revolution in America, and of the Great Revolution in France, of the revolution in Hungary in 1848, and of that of Naples a few years ago. If, therefore, the past is to be any guide to the future, it is quite clear that the British Constitution has nothing to fear from revolution, unless the owners of property are beguiled into helping to undermine the institutions which protect them.

The danger, then, of the Constitution is not the discontent of those who have not the franchise, or of their allies within its pale, but the apathy of the mass of those who have it. The present generation has been taught by very recent experience that this apathy is no imaginary peril. In quiet times it is not the most numerous or the most powerful that have their way, but the most active. The very disposition that makes men friendly to order and distrustful of speculative theories makes them, in the absence of any pressing alarm, apathetic in the assertion of their political views, and too slow to combine effectively in their defence. The temper that makes men advanced Reformers makes them also busy politicians. Even when in a considerable minority, they are often more than a match for their sluggish adversaries, till the danger of their proceedings becomes very palpable. The temptations of party conflict, and those fever-fits of theoretic innovation which periodically afflict highly-civilized communities, may gain them at any time a temporary accession of recruits; and if the Conservative classes happen to be off their guard, concessions may be hastily made which can never be recalled and which make further resistance hopeless. The first condition of security is that the vigilance of the owners of property shall not be suffered to flag. We cannot, therefore, look upon the vitality of this controversy as by any means an unmixed evil. It is with no good will to the Constitution that Mr. Bright and Mr. Baines continue their inflammatory labours: but, though they do it unconsciously, they are discharging to the Conservative mass of the English upper and middle classes the useful office which in Dean Swift's tale the flappers performed to the sages of Laputa. So long as the menacing speeches of our demagogues shall

shall continue to keep before our minds that democracy is the true ideal of those who in the House of Commons only ask for a six pound franchise, the Constitution, we may fairly trust, is in no serious danger.

Undoubtedly, one of the most favourable circumstances of our present position is the declaration that was made a few weeks ago by Mr. Potter, and other representatives of the working men, to Mr. Bright, that they would not co-operate with him for any object short of universal suffrage. The most formidable kind of proposal with which the defenders of the Constitution have had to deal is that which goes straight in the direction of democracy, but dare not advance very far upon the road. Such are the schemes which have been offered by Lord Russell, and which, if democracy really be his object, do credit to his astuteness. A bare proposal to lower the suffrage to eight pounds or six pounds is, of all schemes of Reform, the most dangerous upon this account. The change it introduces, though large, falls enormously short of manhood suffrage. The electoral body which it would create would still probably be considerably less than half of the adult male population. That apparent moderation enables its advocates to profess a respect for the Constitution, and even—if it is convenient to do so—to declare that they dislike democracy; and it gives a pretext to men who, for party's sake, wish not to take alarm, to put their alarms aside. But the change that it does make is purely and entirely in the direction of democracy. When it is made, the democratic force is so much the stronger, the Conservative force so much the weaker. The Radical army starts upon its next campaign with a better base and a larger force; and in proportion as it has gained its adversaries have lost. No better plan of operations could have been adopted by the Reformers, if they could have persevered in it. It secured to them, by a process gradual but sure, all the advantages that the most triumphant agitation could have extorted violently. They would have sapped resistance peaceably and slowly, instead of running the hazards of beating it down; and, at the end, the revolution would not have been the less real because it had been taken by inches. It is a matter of earnest congratulation to the Constitutional party that the dangerous adroitness of this strategy has been so exposed under the light of constant discussion that it has lost in a measure its value. The House of Commons has hitherto rejected it by increasing majorities, and the ablest Reforming leaders no longer think it worth any very enthusiastic advocacy. It is not very safe to attempt political prognostications in so changeful a time, but, as far as present appearances justify a conjecture, it may be concluded that the day  
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of simple but gradual degradation of the suffrage is past. We shall make the journey to democracy much more rapidly, or we shall avoid it altogether. But the time is gone by when we should have cheated ourselves into the belief that by making it in short stages we were not making it at all.

While, however, the plan of dealing with the demand for democratic change and fragmentary concessions has been falling into disrepute, there have been under discussion another set of schemes for adjusting the franchise which may possibly furnish at some future time a basis for satisfactory legislation. The plans which have been proposed by Lord Grey, by Mr. Buxton, and by several anonymous writers for the extension of the franchise differ very widely from each other. But they agree in this,—that an extension to the lowest class of the right of voting in the form in which it is now exercised by the present electors, would be to invest that class with absolute and unchecked power. In different degrees they all recognise the injustice and the peril of such a course. It is impossible, indeed, for any reasonable man who reflects that the chief function of Parliament is to regulate either the taxation or the rights of property, to see without disquietude the powers of Parliament surrendered to the class which is entirely, or almost, destitute of property. Schemes have been proposed by several writers, varying both in kind and degree, for the limitation of the supremacy which, by an extension of the present suffrage, would fall to the poorest classes. Mr. Hare, and those who have eulogised the Danish constitution, and the various advocates of the representation of minorities, are content with securing that the propertied classes should be represented according to their numbers, such as they are, instead of being entirely effaced from the representation, as they would be under the American system, or under the proposals of Mr. Bright. These precautions would be a boon as far as they go, but they would not touch the real danger of a democratic representation. The owners of property would still be heavily overmatched; and the question whether the rights of property should be maintained or not, will be decided at the discretion of those who have little or no interest in maintaining them. Lord Grey's plan goes more to the root of the matter. Its object is to give all classes some share in the government of the country, without converting the constitution into a democracy. The arrangements which he has devised to attain this end are conceived with great ingenuity, and in a spirit of statesmanlike impartiality. Though he in no way repudiates the great measure with which his father's name is associated, but rather clings to it with pride, he yet acknowledges that it is marred by many defects, some of which

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were necessarily incident to the tempestuous crisis in which it was passed, and others unsuspected at the moment have since been revealed by time. He draws out at great length the changes to which the working of the constitution will be exposed if the democratic elements introduced by the Reform Bill should be suffered to attain a still greater predominance. The peril which impresses itself most forcibly upon his experienced mind is that pointed out by the Duke of Wellington's celebrated question, 'How is the King's government to be carried on?' The House of Commons, though it will retain the government of its choice in office, will not give it support of sufficient constancy to enable it to pursue any definite and consistent policy. A still greater difficulty is beginning to show itself, which, if no remedy to it can be found, will make Parliamentary government almost an impossibility. The most valuable feature of the unreformed Parliament, which almost compensated for its other defects, was the facilities which it gave to men of ability to enter Parliament, and the perfect freedom in the choice of their political course which it secured to them whilst they were there. In our present system scarcely any trace of such a provision is still left. Lord Grey's proposals for remedying these evils involve large and complicated changes. But the principle upon which he mainly relies is that of indirect election. A portion, though of course much the largest portion, of the House of Commons is to be elected by the constituencies; and these are to choose the remaining portion. By an application of one of the plans of voting which secure the representation of a minority, provision is made that the members elected by the House itself shall not represent the Government alone. By the help of the same principle Lord Grey proposes to place a check upon the large numbers who, under an extended franchise, would be admitted to the elections. The constituencies would not vote directly for a candidate, but they would be formed into primary colleges, each of which would annually choose an elector; and to these electors the choice of a Member of Parliament would be referred whenever a dissolution came. By itself this plan of indirect election does not seem to have answered the expectations of those who originally devised it as a check upon popular violence. The example of the United States, where it has been tried upon the largest scale in the election of the President, has not been encouraging, for the electors have become simply ciphers. Unless some other duty is given to the electors to perform besides that of voting, they are likely to be elected simply in order to vote for a designated candidate. The plan, however, might be made use of, as it is in Prussia,



for the purpose of giving a different value to the votes of different classes of electors, in proportion to their substance. The members of a small electoral college are, of course, proportionately more powerful than the members of a large one, if each college returns an equal number of electors. If the size of the colleges is so arranged as to be in inverse proportion to the wealth of those who constitute it, the suffrage may be extended indefinitely without any risk of under-representing the property of the country.

Mr. Buxton's scheme is far less elaborate than Lord Grey's. It is only directed to the attainment of one of the objects which Lord Grey appears to have had in view, namely, that of protecting property from the unchecked rule of the non-propertied classes. And it effects this object in a far more simple, or, an antagonist might say, in a far more naked, way. He merely proposes to adapt the principle of Sturges Bourne's Act. His scheme is based on the idea of giving an extra vote or extra votes to those who have rateable property of more than a certain amount. There is no doubt that this principle, if applied with sufficient freedom, would furnish an ample guarantee for the rights of property. His proposal is that ten-pounders and upwards should have two votes, and six pounders should have one. In addition, he proposes that freeholders in boroughs should have analogous rights of voting. Perhaps if it were worth while to alter the electoral qualification at all, it would be better to admit more of the unenfranchised class, at the same time multiplying more freely the gradations of vote-power, which are to form the security for property. But the exact adjustment of the details of such a scheme, if ever it were decided to adopt it, must depend upon facts which would have to be carefully collected for the purpose. His pamphlet has a value apart from that which may be attached to the details of his project. It comes from a Liberal of a very decided hue, though one who thinks for himself; and it indicates that the minds of the more moderate men of the Liberal party are beginning to realise that there is a difference between giving the working class a share of political power, and giving them the whole of it. His argument upon this point is not only so clear in itself, but stands in such favourable contrast with the nonsense that Mr. Fawcett and others have talked upon this subject, that it is worth extracting. He is speaking of Mr. Baines's bill:—

‘In short, Sir, while we demand for the working classes a fair share of power, we cannot blind ourselves to the plain truth, that such a measure as this would, sooner or later, render those classes not simply co-ordinate with the rest, but supreme. It would take away their political

political power from those who are now electors, and make it over to those below them. We may of course hug ourselves with the hope that they will not abuse this supremacy. Nay, we may even hope that they will not use it. Some think they will; some think they won't: some prefer not to think about it. That, however, is a fair topic for theorising. But it is no topic for theorising, it is a dry proposition in arithmetic, that the supremacy will be theirs. It needs no De Tocqueville, it scarcely needs Cocker, to tell us that twenty votes will have four-fold, and even fifteen votes will have thrice, the potency of five. Whether the new voters will abuse their supremacy, or use it, or let it alone, will lie with them. Should any supposed interest, any sympathy, any impulse, any cry, combine them, we who are now constituents shall be as powerless as Ferdinand under the wand of Prospero. In his words they might say to their members—

“Thou shalt be free

As mountain winds; *but then exactly do*  
*All points of my command.*”

‘Let us trust that nothing will ever thus combine them. Let us trust that they will still permit us to share in moulding the policy of the realm. Still, this privilege will be on sufferance. We shall hold it, not for life, but during pleasure. Upon my word I think we are marvellously goodnatured fellows, thus to shovel out our power to others. Heaven send they may prove Cordelias!’

This is the plain truth; and that it is stated thus forcibly by a thoroughgoing Liberal, who votes for the Ballot, shows how far discussion has dissipated the cloud of fallacies which once surrounded this subject.

Whether such schemes as those of Lord Grey or Mr. Buxton can ever find favour with a people so closely bound to precedent as the English, may be fairly questioned. It will always be easier to persuade them to follow, even to their destruction, a road along a part of which they have already travelled, than to make for the goal they desire to reach by one that is wholly strange to them. We should not, therefore, for the sake of improvement, guaranteed by no experiment, but only by *à priori* reasoning, desire to disturb a law whose working is salutary on the whole. It would need a very substantial and certain benefit to tempt us to recommit to the hazards of legislation institutions so vital to the well-being of the nation. It would be something worse than rash to throw them back into the crucible, until we know with certainty what are to be the hands by which they are to be recast, and what the moulds from which their new shape is to be borrowed. Looking at the near balance of parties, the apathy of the public mind, the uncertain authority of leading men, and the growing distrust of all political experiments, we should say that, whatever there may be that is theoretically attractive in the proposals of  
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Lord Grey and Mr. Buxton, there is no motive at the present moment that would justify the risk implied in all changes, and especially in changes which depart so widely from the principles of representation that have hitherto been received.

The state of the case would be different if either of these gentlemen were at the head of a party sufficiently powerful, and backed by a sufficient mass of opinion out of doors, to make it probable that they would, if not resisted by the Conservatives, be able to carry their opinions into effect. The contingency is not likely to occur; and it is not very easy to estimate with confidence the advantage that would be gained if we could at once, and without risk, substitute for our present anomalous though tolerable system, arrangements that would correspond more nearly to the rights which both those who have property and those who have it not may fairly claim. There is, at first sight, one argument which will strongly prepossess every Conservative in favour of the attempts that have been made to extend political privileges to the working classes without peril to the supremacy of property. It is, that these schemes have been bitterly opposed both by Lord Russell and by the democratic daily papers. We profess the most unbounded confidence in the sagacity of such critics. Like all active minorities, making their way by sheer dexterity and untiring vigour against an apathetic majority, they know every inch of the field on which they are fighting, and can tell at a glance the true bearing of every movement. We may be quite sure that if the suggestions of Lord Grey or Mr. Buxton had tended, however indirectly, to the promotion of democracy, they would not have incurred the anger of Lord Russell or of his admirers in the press. The Radical newspapers have been very outspoken in their indignation. They speak of the independent Liberals who have made these suggestions as men do of an accomplice who has 'split,' or a marplot who has spoiled a practical joke. Lord Russell necessarily speaks more sedately; but the extreme flimsiness of the objections which he urges betrays some deeper fear, which it would be too indiscreet to expose to criticism:—

'But I am not without apprehension on a different score. There appears to me a danger more pressing and more insidious than that of universal suffrage and democracy. This danger is that, with a view of satisfying the demands of those who require an extension of the suffrage, some apparent concession may be made accompanied by drawbacks, or securities as they will be called, inserted with a view to please the large Conservative party in the two Houses of Parliament. This is no imaginary danger. Lord Althorp in vain warned the members of his own party against granting to 50*l.* tenants at will the same right of voting in counties as had been hitherto enjoyed by independent

pendent forty-shilling freeholders. The sound of extension of franchise tickled the ears of the Reformers: the Chandos clause was carried: and, as Lord Althorp predicted, the county representation has been weighed down by the influence of the great landowners. At the very moment of carrying the Reform Bill, Lord Grey was beset by the section called the Waverers, who endeavoured to induce him still further to degrade the county electoral body, by transferring to the boroughs the forty-shilling freeholders in towns and boroughs. By a similar provision, coupled with a power of sending votes by the post, the last Conservative Reform Bill would have created thirty or forty nomination boroughs, and this perhaps in a way unperceived by the professed authors of the Bill. In fact, the subject is full of unknown pitfalls, and it is far better for the great Liberal party in the country *to consent to no candid compromise, to place no weights in the scale against democracy*, to trust to no nice tricks of statesmanship, no subtle inductions of ingenious theorists, than to be parties to a plausible scheme, which under the guise of an improvement of the Reform Act of Lord Grey might sweep away half its fruits and give us a worthless husk in exchange.

This paragraph is valuable, because it betrays the real animus with which our Reformers are inspired. In order to smooth their present path, they may profess a horror of democracy; in fact, a protest against universal suffrage is a sort of necessary form in all Reforming speeches, except those of the most extreme partisans. But Lord Russell allows us to measure the intensity of his dislike to democracy. He looks upon it as an evil far inferior in magnitude to the possibility of an increase in the power of the landed gentry. Any provision which shall make the influence of wealth felt in the elections is a pitfall so dangerous that, rather than step into it, the Liberal party should renounce for the time all projects of extending the suffrage, if that can only be done by the operation of some such compromise. Of course, the objections of Lord Russell are precisely the reasons which would dispose Conservatives to consider such schemes with favour. It is exactly because some of the projects put forward will operate as a make-weight to democracy, that those who love the Constitution ought to scrutinise them without any adverse prepossession. There is no need for legislation at this moment. But the time may come when the working-classes may clamour with earnestness and with some approach to unanimity for a share of electoral power. If their demand takes the form which is given to it now by those who assume to speak in their name, there is no choice but to resist. No evil results of resistance can outweigh the evils of concession. Discontent, insurrection, civil war itself, will, in the long run, produce no worse dangers than absolute and unrestrained democracy. Such commotions can only end in  
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a military government; and the despotism of a successful soldier is a lighter burden than the despotism of the multitude. Resistance, therefore, even to the uttermost, to such claims as these, may be contemplated without misgiving as to the result; for it may, and probably will succeed, and at the worst, its failure will be no worse than yielding. It is true that disunion or incapacity may ruin the fairest cause, and the fickleness of the fortune of war must never be left out of calculation. But defeat can only lead to submission at last; and there is no reason that the educated classes should place the heel of the multitude upon their necks, because their subjugation may in a possible but remote contingency be the result of an unsuccessful struggle.

But such an extreme decision is not likely to be required by events. It is scarcely probable that any earnest or united demand will be made by the working-classes for such a submission. It is only under the influence of transient fits of passion that the folly of demagogues is adopted by large masses of men,—least of all when those masses are composed of elements so practical as the English workman. He is not likely to turn away from pressing duties and solid gains to chase the phantom of so-called ‘enfranchisement.’ The thirty-thousandth part in the choice of a Member of Parliament is not in itself a prize to kindle a warm enthusiasm. The results of a class victory in the Legislature might of course bring with it some material advantages. Taxes, that press now with partial weight upon the poor, might be piled exclusively on the shoulders of the rich. Public expenditure, which is now restricted to an exact correspondence with public necessities, might, when fed from the purses of the rich, be largely stimulated for the sustentation of the poor. The rights of property, even, might receive a new interpretation according to the rules of that political economy which prevails in the councils of the Trades Unions. These are the material spoils which might tempt the working-class to a contest for supremacy. But they could only be the reward of a long and doubtful struggle. However confidently the hope might be entertained that the class would win, it must be at a frightful cost of individual suffering. Social convulsions may dethrone the sovereign or humble the magnate; but they are certain to starve the workman. And the reason of the working-classes themselves will convince them that only through a social convulsion can they set up a system of government which would place every other class in the nation under their feet.

The chances of victory are scarcely tempting enough to nerve them to such an enterprise as this. It would hardly have been a possibility worthy of mention, if the menace of it had not been

for many years past one of the favourite weapons of democratic agitation. But there is another alternative, which is less unpleasant to contemplate, and of which the probability is less remote. No one who regarded the true interests of the working men would counsel them to spend much of their energy in the pursuit of political privileges, which their numbers and their toilsome life render them almost incapable of exercising for the general welfare. But it is not impossible that they may learn to seek, as a point of honour, the concession of rights, to the real enjoyment of which they will be indifferent. They may not ask for supremacy. They will probably be shrewd enough to see that it can never be extorted, save by a convulsion less disastrous to their antagonists than to themselves. But they may ask for a share of political power proportioned to the share which their labour gives them in the country's wealth. Such a claim, if it be advanced, must be met in a very different tone from that which has been justly used to repel the intolerable claim of supremacy. It is probably in view of some such contingency that the Conservatives have always abstained from meeting any of the bills for the extension of the suffrage with a direct negative. To have done so might have countenanced the impression that they held to the Whig Reform Bill of 1832 as to a sacred charter, and that they had pledged themselves beforehand against all reconstructions of the representation which should include the working-class. Such an impression would have been no true rendering of their principles. Their doctrines are not adverse to the claims of any particular class, except when that class is aiming to domineer over the rest. And, therefore, there is nothing inconsistent with their principles in any system of representation, however wide its scope may be, so long as it does not ignore the differences of property which exist in this country, and maintains, with an even hand, the balance of power among the various classes of which the nation is made up.

It would no doubt be a fortunate event, if any political conjuncture should enable us to escape without danger from the combination of pedantic uniformity and obtrusive anomalies which marked the legislation of 1832. For there is a very genuine and formidable objection to anomalies—not on account of the harm which they do, but on account of the disrepute in which they are often held. The evil with which they may be taxed is not objective but subjective. If the intellectual training of our age had not produced an unreasoning passion for symmetry, this generation might be content to look upon anomalies which practically worked well with as much equanimity as the shrewder but less philosophic generations that went before it. But there



is no question that that craving for logical accuracy and squareness, to which the French have been slaves for a century past, has become a powerful political factor among ourselves. Its influence varies at various times. Just now theories of all kinds are at a heavy discount, and few people believe much in any political science, except the rule of thumb. But there are still a faithful few who, if they could secure an audience, would still be philosophic politicians. Fifteen years ago such men were all but supreme. The fashion has changed and may change again. Practice and theory succeed each other among us by ebb and flow. A few years of successful practice breeds a whole crop of theories; and the failure of a few theories, here or elsewhere, brings the reign of humble experimental politics back again. The age of political symmetry may come upon us before we know it. Some obscure cause determines the intellect of the country for a period to this disease. It rages for a time with the fury of an epidemic, and does not spare the soundest brains. Hard-headed Englishmen seem for the time as if they were metamorphosed into German Professors. Even the oldest statesmen seem bitten with the fancy of grinding out Constitutions upon the calculating machine; and the Universities pour upon us troops of rising statesmen, all armed to the teeth with formulæ for the logical government of mankind. The coincidence of such a malady with a period of popular excitement constitutes a danger to the constitution which it is difficult to overrate. It furnishes to the multitude precisely that auxiliary contingent from among the educated class which is necessary to their success. Such a combination never can last long, for the causes are transitory which furnish both its constituent parts—the popular frenzy on the one side, and the scholastic Utopianism on the other. But while it lasts, the defences of the Constitution are exposed to a terrible strain. At such a time of trial it is of enormous importance to have made good any weak points at which the syllogisms or the ridicule of the theoretic politician could be directed with success. The removal of anomalies, therefore, if opportunity offers, is no ideal gain, though the actual improvement it may effect in the working of the Constitution may be imperceptible.

The occasion, however, for entertaining considerations of this kind has hardly arisen yet. There is nothing in the present attitude of the public mind to encourage any attempt at the adjustment of the Reform question upon principles which could be accepted as equitable by Conservatives. For the present our energies must be concentrated upon the defence of the Constitution from more immediate danger. Democracy, whether im-  
ported

ported in bulk by Mr. Bright from America, or plausibly smuggled in in small packets by Mr. Baines, has not ceased to be formidable because its favour has happily declined. So long as a party not contemptible in its numbers, and powerful in its activity, is seeking, under cover of the cry for Reform, to give to the Trades Unions the election of the majority of the House of Commons, so long every minor care for subordinate improvements in the Constitution must be merged in the one anxiety to deliver our free country from this most odious despotism.


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NOTE to No. 233, p. 105.

In our notice of Lord Derby's translation of the 'Iliad' we took exception to B. 8, v. 100—

'The other steeds in dire confusion threw;'

because we supposed the translator to imply that Nestor's was a four-horsed chariot, a thing foreign to the 'Iliad': while we were ourselves under the impression that there were only two horses in the chariot. We have subsequently learnt from some observations of Lord Derby's upon the passage that he understood it to mean that the wounded horse was one of *three*. We think that his Lordship has established his position most conclusively, both from the subsequent account in this book, and from a very similar passage in B. 16, v. 470; thus not only fully vindicating his translation of the verse in question, but also affording fresh proof of the accuracy and unwearied diligence of his researches.





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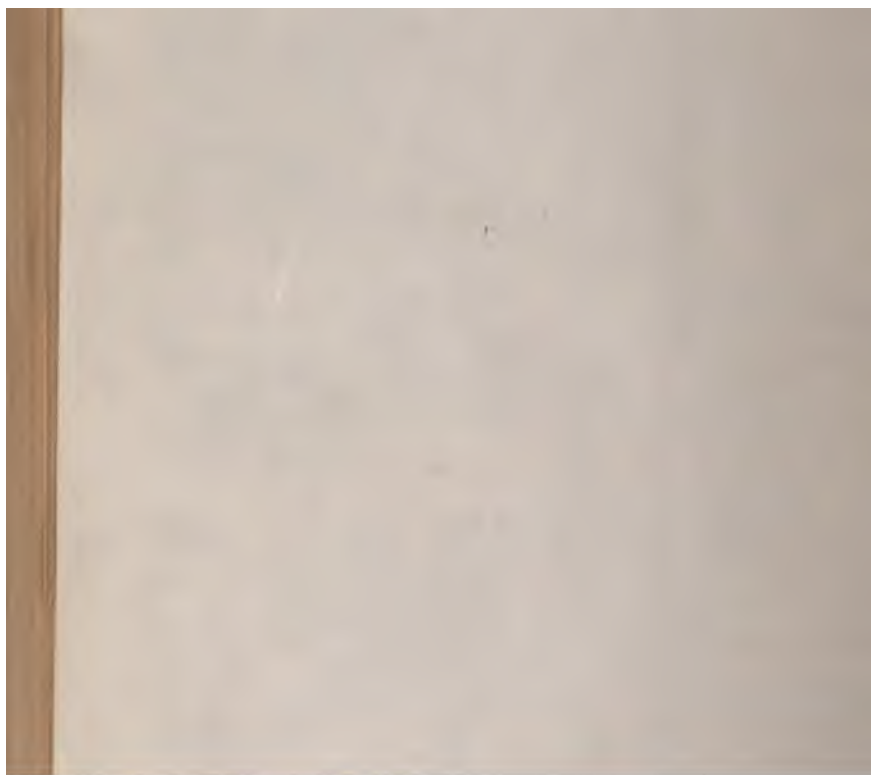
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